

Current Literature

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VOL. XIX., No. 6 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. JUNE, 1896

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Have the Plots been Exhausted?

The critic of to-day in viewing fiction says the plots have all been used, the stories have all been told, and future novels must be mere rehearsals and rearrangements, old tunes set to different keys. In support of this position they quote Solomon's words, "There is no new thing under the sun." They seem to forget that while there have been no new elements added to the world since the creation, every day discovers new and original combinations of these elements. Thousands of shades and tints may be formed from the combinations of the seven primary colors, and millions of years of study could not exhaust the possible combinations of the ten numerals.

The first novel was written in the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and nearly every work of fiction since that time has been but an adaptation, a change, a modification or a development of that first scene in history. There first were shown the elements of fiction the novelist uses to this day. The tempter, a strong temptation, the treacherous friend, the surrender, the disobedience, theft, woman's generosity, the family quarrel, regret, the hiding from justice, the discovery of the guilt, the questioning, deception, circumstantial evidence, the confession, man's selfishness, the test of love, throwing the blame on another, false testimony, the verdict, the eviction, divine retribution, the dress problem, the labor question, family disgrace, emigration, and the punishment, and suffering through heredity!

The reason for the scarcity of original plots in novels is found in the morbid searching on the part of writers for a wild, striking plot, a powerful dénouement; they select the climax, and work the characters they create in a way to reach that, they begin to build their pyramid from the apex downward. The novel and its plot with them is created, not begotten, thus as with Frankenstein's monster, there can be no growth or development. Their very attempt to be original narrows and limits them, confining them to mere exaggerations, modifications, and distortions of the conventional plots. The mechanism shows constantly and evidences are met on every line that like guide-posts point and lead to a climax or "scene."

In the best and lasting novels of the day, it is only by putting the memory to a strain that we can recall the plot, it is really but the background of the picture, not even that, it seems only of importance in giving opportunity to the character to say or do whatever its characteristics dictate, and this being accomplished, the value of each part of the plot in turn ceases and we hardly remember it existed. The common novelist parades his plot, the master disguises it. With the common writer the plot is the edifice, with the master, the plot is but the scaffolding from which the edifice was reared.

The true method for the making of a plot is

the development of what may be called a plot, germ. Take two or three characters, strongly individualized morally and mentally, place them in a strong situation and let them develop. They must merely act out their characteristics and a plot will be evolved that the mind of the author might never conceive of if he worked from the climax backward. There are hundreds of these plot-germs in our every-day life, conversation and newspaper reading, and the slightest change in the character at starting will give a wide difference in ending, as the merest move of the rudder of a mighty ship may change her destination many leagues.

There are but three primary elements in a novel: man, country and circumstances; man is the embodiment of the characteristics of mind, heart, and body; country is the element that gives those characteristics tone, color and intensity, and circumstances make them exist as actions.

As a germ-plot take a noble and pure woman loving her father and her lover equally strongly, the two loves though differing in kind being each of maximum intensity. The situation is one in which she is forced to sacrifice either the one or the other. Placing this germ for development in English society produces one plot, subjecting it for development to the warm impulsive life of Italy forms another, the restrained life of India still another, China with its strict social laws for the conduct of women would again bring another plot to life. Change the country and the entire atmosphere is changed, the elements are subjected to new influences which develop new incidents and so a new plot. Make the heroine Jew, Christian, Pagan, Brahmin or Atheist and an element has been introduced that must form an entirely different plot. Cause her to lose her lover's affection if she still loves, an additional potent force has been introduced. Change any vital part in any character and the plot must be different. One might almost say two plots thus developed from the same plot-germ can have no greater resemblance than two shells cast up by the ocean.

The question of originality thus lies to a great extent with the individual writer. It is to a certain degree one of method. Constant twistings and turnings of worn-out situations with characters who lack characteristics will never produce it. Chess and checkers may be played on the same board, but the games are widely different. In the first, all pieces have different powers, different characteristics, and different possibilities; while in the other it is a clear, regular, even disposition of one power, thus proportionally narrowing the possibilities of situations and crucial positions.

Life is the wide board upon which the novelist has to play, and with pieces, whose characters and powers change with every move, influenced and controlled by past, present and future, so that the combinations are infinite.

THROUGH JUNGLE AND DESERT: IN EASTERN AFRICA *

BY WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER

The Camel Train on the March:—

The march from Marefano to Kinekombe was uneventful; we journeyed along, at times close to the river bank, and at times prevented from so doing by the thick undergrowth, and forced to take a line some distance from the river, where the country was more open. We usually broke camp about 7 A. M., that is, an hour after dawn, and took up the march. As it was our invariable custom to camp near the river, our path at first led through very tall grass and over plantations.

While on the march, from my horse's back I could just see the heads of the tall spears carried by the Pokomo guides, which danced and gleamed in the light of the rising sun. Presently we emerged from the grass and were confronted by a tangled and impassable grove, which called for the use of axes and machettes. These came at a call, and soon the forest rang with the resounding blows of the axes, the cracking of broken boughs, and the shouts of the workmen. In three-quarters of an hour a path was made; and where but a short time before all was noise and disorder, the caravan wended silently and smoothly on its way.

There was something imposing in the picture presented by the caravan, when viewed from a short distance. The camels swayed gracefully and majestically onward beneath their high-piled burdens, followed by a winding line of men, made tall and imposing by the massive loads borne upon their heads. Following the men, were the cattle and donkeys, which added solidity to the column; and, bringing up the rear, as a fitting finish to the whole, rode tall Lieutenant von Höhnel on his white pony. As a rule, not a sound was to be heard. Occasionally, however, some porter, bursting with vitality unsuppressed by the eighty-pound burden he bore, caroled forth some simple lay, such as: "Vily, vily, sawa, sawa, pocho!"—the burden of the song being of food just partaken of, or looked forward to with expectation. Occasionally an obstacle was encountered by the caravan, and then the even, and I might say almost solemn, movement was at once broken. The camels were forced to kneel, bellowing forth the while their displeasure at such an indignity; the donkeys ran hither and thither among the loads thrown down by the men; shouts, curses, and blows from the ever-ready stick filled the air, and the pandemonium continued until the difficulty—whether river, hill, thicket, or forest—had been surmounted and passed, when the caravan again swung into its accustomed smooth and noiseless movement toward its goal.

Marriage Customs in Africa:—

When a young woman has reached a marriageable age, and her hand has been sought by some warrior, the young man pays his attentions to her father. He bargains for her as he would for merchandise—so many goats, so many yams, so much

work upon the father's plantation, etc. When the purchase price has been mutually agreed to, the young man must by hook or crook possess himself of a sufficient quantity of honey-wine to enable his future father-in-law to indulge in a state of thorough intoxication. This latter act is considered a necessary one, and a fitting seal to the bargain. After consent has been wrung from the unwilling parent, the young woman is decked in all her finery, and sent in company with another girl (invariably one of plainer appearance, that she may fittingly act as a foil to the future bride's charms) from village to village, and in some cases from district to district, where she dances and shows herself to all her friends and acquaintances, in order that she may receive from them gifts appropriate to the occasion of her marriage. This is continued for several days, ceasing only when she or her parents are satisfied that the generosity of the neighbors has been exhausted. Then is she given over into the hands of the old women. The young man presently comes to claim his bride, and from that day on they are man and wife.

The position of women here is from birth an entirely subservient one, unless by chance in their old age they are sufficiently intelligent to convince their neighbors of their possession of supernatural power; in which case their influence is almost as great as that of a medicine-man.

The Potent Spell of Cartridges:—

Upon arriving at Daitcho, Hassan said that he found the entire surrounding country in a state of excitement, and that his appearance was greeted with shouts of fear and terror. After reaching the village of Bykender, where he was warmly welcomed, the cause of the excitement was disclosed. Several of the loads of brass and iron wire, which I was unable to carry, I had buried in the neighborhood of my camp at Daitcho, and, in order to prevent the natives from stealing it, I had told them it was protected by a spell, which would have the most disastrous effect upon them, should they venture to dig up the things I had buried. With the wire I had also buried a few .577 cartridges. The natives had hardly waited until I got out of sight, ere greed overmastered their caution, and they dug up the wire, divided it among themselves, and carried it away to their villages—at the same time taking with them all the .577 ammunition.

The people of Daitcho were very fond of the brass shells of cartridges, which they converted into snuff-boxes, and when they saw these cartridges they at once appropriated them for the purpose aforesaid. But their rude tools and lack of skill proved inadequate for the extraction of the bullets from the shells. Finally some inventive genius suggested that they put them in a fire, and for that purpose a large one was built, and they all gathered around it to watch the result of the experiment. Of course, the cartridges exploded, and, I regret to record, with unpleasant results to the Daitcho; three were killed, and five or six severely wounded. At once, those

*From a most important work on Africa entitled Through Jungle and Desert. By William Astor Chanler, published by Macmillan & Co.

not so fortunate as to have possessed themselves of any of the wire or cartridges, reminded the wounded and the friends of the dead of what I had told them before I set out, and the minds of these credulous people forthwith accounted for the explosion by the terrible spell which I had pronounced over the goods upon burying them. During the following day all those who had stolen the goods and wire returned them to Bykender, with whom they left them to await my return, fearing to keep the smallest possible quantity.

At a Native Dance:-

One day I received a message from Bykender, that the natives of his village were about to hold a dance, and he wished me to come and see it; my presence would not only please the natives, but would enhance his influence over them. The dance was held at a spot about thirty minutes' walk from my camp. The pleasant sound of male voices in song guided me to a little clearing in the thick bush and I there found gathered together some 500 natives of all ages and both sexes. I was welcomed with smiles, and room was made for me under a spreading tree, about ten feet from the nearest dancers.

The dance was simple in its movement, consisting of a sharp rise upon the toes, the heels returning with a dull thud to the earth; the shock of which was diminished by bending the knees, and inclining the upper part of the body forward. The dancers were ranged in three double circles (one within the other), each circle consisting of pairs of youths and maidens. They faced their partners, each placing hands upon the shoulders of the other. In the middle stood the master of ceremonies, an elderly man wearing a monkey-skin headdress of vast proportions. He beat time on a huge drum, and led the song in a high, falsetto voice. The dance began at sunrise, and lasted with but little intermission until sunset. Occasionally a dancer stepped out of the ranks to rest for a moment or two; but even at such time his sympathy with his fellows kept his legs on the move and his voice in time. Surely the movement must be most fatiguing, and doubtless is one of the causes of the fine development noticeable in Daitcho legs. The singing was continuous, but the songs changed abruptly and with frequency; still, as the Daitcho register does not comprise a great variety of notes, to a European the songs all sounded alike.

The dance is an important function, and, being a full-dress affair, it brings to view all the finery the dancers possess. The men daub themselves from head to foot with red clay and grease; in this they are imitated by the women and girls. The men wear a waist-cloth, and the women clothe themselves from waist to knee with skins, to which a liberal coating of clay and grease is applied. All the girls wear their hair dressed into curious little balls, about the size of an ordinary marble. This effect is produced by gathering their wool into separate tufts, and then plastering each knob with clay and grease. Some of the women had veils made of iron chain covering the face from the roots of the hair to just above the eyes. The effect produced was pleasing. In all, there were about 250 men and women engaged in the dance. The air was filled with sound, dust,

and the odor of the many perspiring bodies; but one's senses become blunted after a stay in Africa, and the unpleasantness passes unnoticed, if there is the least evidence of happiness or pleasure on the faces of the simple savages.

Dancing is a serious business among the Daitcho: I rarely saw a man even smile; a woman, never. All round the dancers were gathered groups of old men and women, perhaps parents of the participants in the dance. Some small children were holding an impromptu ball of their own near at hand. Occasionally the old women, whose recollections of past joys in the dance kept them young, would give vent to their pleasant feelings and thoughts by a shrill trill. On the whole, the affair was pleasant to view, and one could not but feel cheered at the sight of so many harmless beings thus enjoying themselves, beyond the spell of civilization.

With the Caravan:-

A small caravan of Zanzibari was encamped near the villages of the Daitcho, buying donkeys. This party was thirty in number, and composed entirely of slaves. They had left Mombasa five months before, whence they had been sent by their masters to trade for ivory. The method adopted in fitting out one of these caravans is generally as follows. Several Arabs get together and agree to enter into a loose partnership for a trading journey into the interior. Each member of the partnership furnishes a number of slaves, generally from six to eight. He then gives his note to some Hindoo or Banyan merchant for such trading-goods as he supplies to his slaves for purposes of barter. This note generally bears interest at the rate of twelve per cent per annum, or one per cent per month, as the duration of such a journey is very uncertain.

When the slaves who are to form the party are gathered together, the slave possessing the greatest experience in caravan work is made the leader. The qualifications necessary for this position are, first, a knowledge of the language and customs of the tribes through which the caravan will pass; next, an inkling of the route over which the journey is to be made; last, but far from least, ability as a magician. No caravan leaves the coast without a "Mganga," who is supposed to be able not only to tell future events, but also to ward off evil by his skill in the black arts.

On these expeditions there is always a copy of the Koran taken along, and the leader must possess a slight knowledge of the contents of this book. From its pages he derives information of the future, and by the repetition at given times of some of its phrases he is supposed to ward off evil from his followers. They also carry at the head of the expedition a white flag called "kome," which is covered with curiously wrought figures, triangles and circles, and many phrases from the Koran. This flag is supposed to be possessed of occult power. The makers of these kome are great medicine-men, who for the most part have made long journeys into the interior during their youth, and in their old age derive a fair income from the manufacture of these flags. I have known a caravan leader to pay \$200 for one of them; but this flag was so highly valued principally from the fact that it had been carried by Tippoo Tib upon one of his marauding expeditions into the interior.

LAFCADIO HEARN: THE AUTHOR OF KOKORO*

BY COL. JOHN A. COCKERILL

I met here in Japan recently a man who, in his way, is as remarkable in literature as Goldsmith, Keats or Shelley. Every reader of magazines in our country knows something of him and his splendid literary work, though they know little of the man himself. I refer to Lafcadio Hearn. Some twenty years ago I was the editor in charge of the daily newspaper in a Western city. One day there came to my office a quaint, dark-skinned little fellow, strangely diffident, wearing glasses of great magnifying power, and bearing with him evidence that Fortune and he were scarce on nodding terms.

In a soft, shrinking voice he asked if I ever paid for outside contributions. I informed him that I was somewhat restricted in the matter of expenditures, but that I would give consideration to whatever he had to offer. He drew from under his coat a manuscript, and tremblingly laid it upon my table. Then he stole away like a distorted brownie, leaving behind him an impression that was uncanny and indescribable.

Later in the day I looked over the contribution which he had left. I was astonished to find it charmingly written in the purest and strongest English, and full of ideas that were bright and forceful. I printed the article, and the next day the writer called for his money, which, as I remember, I paid from my own exchequer. I became interested in him, for it seemed strange to me that a person of such appearance should show such writing talent and marks of education. He wrote more, and I paid him inadequately. That was Lafcadio Hearn. He told me that he was a native of Smyrna, that his father was an Englishman and his mother a Greek, and that he was securing a precarious livelihood as a proofreader in a publishing house. Subsequently he asked for steady employment on the newspaper, and I gave it to him at a salary so ridiculously low that I am ashamed to recall the fact. But those were the days of cold, small things.

He sat in a corner of my room and wrote special articles for the Sunday edition as thoroughly excellent as anything that appeared in the magazines of those days. I have known him to have twelve and fifteen columns of this matter in a single issue of the paper. He was delighted to work, and I was pleased to have him work, for his style was beautiful, and the tone he imparted to the newspaper was considerable. Hour after hour he would sit at his table, his great bulbous eyes resting as close to the paper as his nose would permit, scratching away with beaver-like diligence, and giving me no more annoyance than a bronze ornament.

His eyes troubled him greatly in those days. He was as sensitive as a flower. An unkind word from anybody was as serious to him as a cut from a whip-lash, but I do not believe he was in any sense resentful. The classics were at his fingers' ends. He was poetic, and his whole nature seemed attuned to the beautiful, and he wrote beautifully of things which were neither wholesome nor inspiring. He

came to be in time a member of the city staff at a fair compensation, and it was then that his descriptive powers developed. He loved to write of things in humble life. He prowled about the dark corners of the city, and from gruesome places he dug out charming idyllic stories. The negro stevedores on the steamboat landings fascinated him. He wrote of their songs, their imitations, their uncouth ways, and he found picturesqueness in their rags, poetry in their juba dances.

One day the spirit of restlessness came upon our Chatterton and he drifted away to New Orleans. There the climate and the sensuous life of the Creoles charmed him. He wrote for the press, and we heard of his sketches of Creole life. He wrote of their crude beliefs, their music, their songs, and their wild voodoo dances. Before Cable had made us familiar with their dialect Hearn had fathomed the mysteries of their minds, had with marvelous research and detail fished out their folklore and made us familiar with their domestic lives. This singular work attracted the attention of a New York publishing house, and Hearn was sent by them to the West Indies to write of the natives as he had written of the Louisiana Creoles. This work established his literary repute in the East. His amazing dreamy sketches of the West Indian negroes, his familiarity with their patois, his pictures of their homes and their pets and their flora showed him to be a master of the pen and a child of genius.

And in all those days, as in all days subsequent, he was as indifferent to worldly matters as Poe, and was as profoundly shrinking as the "Learned Minister of Watergrasshill," Father Prout. Offers from publishers came to him, but he only wrote in his moods, and money could not tempt him beyond his realized capacity. I heard of him often in New York living in humble retirement, enjoying his own rich thoughts, and letting the world roll on in its old, whimsical way. If he produced little with his pen, that little excelled in all the essentials.

Five years ago Mr. Hearn came to Japan. He was not long in adjusting himself to these contented, polite and sensitive people. Their philosophy appealed to him, and their life was as his dreams had been. He found occupation as a teacher in their schools at Matsue. He mastered their language. He studied the Japanese with the same faithfulness he had shown in the study of other dark races. He lived among them, wore their garb and ate their food. The legendary lore, their goblin stories, their methods of thought, their characteristics became familiar in time to him. He became acquainted with their scholars, their priests and their pretty children. He studied and wrote, and in time the result was a work entitled "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," published by a New York house, and admitted by all to be one of the most just and interesting of all the modern books published on Japan. Mr. Hearn travelled and lived in remote districts—even in far Oki—looking for the real life of the country. He found much in custom and lore that no ordinary foreign investigator ever came in touch with.

*From The New York Herald. Mr. Hearn's latest book is Kokoro which is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SIGNING THE CONTRACT: TOM GROGAN'S ENEMIES

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

[A selected reading from *Tom Grogan*. By F. Hopkinson Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) In his latest book, the scene of which is laid on Staten Island, Mr. Smith has created a new character, Tom Grogan. Tom is a woman contractor, who with teams and carts and workmen carries on the stevedore business of her husband, bearing his full name, and very proud that she has made it an honor in the community. Her success has brought upon her the persecution of labor organizations; they have insulted her and her children, tried to foment trouble with her laborers, set fire to her stables, and sought in every way to ruin the growing business built up by her untiring industry. Throughout it all Tom is womanly, aggressive, tender-hearted, fearlessly honest and ever lovable. She is a rare character study, a strange mingling of seeming antagonisms, but really only different manifestations of the same sterling characteristics. On the night of this reading, Tom is preparing to start out to the Town Hall to sign a valuable contract awarded to her despite the violent efforts of her rivals in business, who determine that she shall not sign the paper but that Daniel McGaw's bid shall be forced upon the trustees so that the contract must be awarded to him.]

By the time she reached the water-trough her old manner had returned. Her step became once more elastic and firm; her strong will asserted itself. She had work to do, and at once. In two hours the board would meet. She needed all her energies and resources. The lovers must wait; she could not decide any question for them now.

As she passed the stable window a man in a fur cap raised his head cautiously above the low fence and shrank back into the shadow.

Tom threw open the door and felt along the sill for a lantern and matches. They were not in their accustomed place. The man crouched, ran noiselessly toward the rear entrance, and crept behind a stall. Tom laid her hand on the haunches of the horse and began rolling back his blanket. The man drew himself up slowly until his shoulders were on a level with the planking. Tom moved a step and turned her face. The man raised his arm, whirled a hammer high in the air, and brought it down upon her head.

When Cully led the Big Gray into his stall, a moment later, he stepped into a pool of blood.

At the appointed hour the Board of Trustees met in the hall over the post-office. The usual loungers filled the room—members of the Union, and others who had counted on a piece of the highway pie when it was cut. Dempsey, Crimmins, and Quigg sat outside the rail, against the wall. They were waiting for McGaw, who had not been seen since the afternoon.

The president was in his accustomed place. The five gentlemen of leisure, the veterinary surgeon, and the other trustees occupied their several chairs. The roll had been called, and every man had answered to his name. The occasion being one of much importance, a full board was required.

As the minute-hand neared the hour of nine Dempsey became uneasy. He started every time a new-comer mounted the stairs. Where was McGaw? No one had seen him since he swallowed the tumblerful of whiskey and disappeared from O'Leary's, a few hours before.

The president rapped for order, and announced that the board was ready to sign the contract with

Thomas Grogan for the hauling and delivery of the broken stone required for public highways.

There was no response.

"Is Mrs. Grogan here?" asked the president, looking over the room and waiting for a reply.

"Is any one here who represents her?" he repeated, after a pause, rising in his seat as he spoke.

No one answered. The only sound heard in the room was that of the heavy step of a man mounting the stairs.

"Is there any one here who can speak for Mrs. Thomas Grogan?" called the president again, in a louder voice.

"I can," said the man with the heavy tread, who proved to be the foreman at the brewery. "She won't live till morning; one of her horses kicked her and broke her skull, so McGaw told me."

"Broke her skull! My God! man, how do you know?" demanded the president, his voice trembling with excitement.

Every man's face was now turned toward the new-comer; a momentary thrill of horror ran through the assemblage.

"I heard it at the druggist's. One of her boys was over for medicine. Dr. Mason sewed up her head. He was drivin' by, on his way to Quarantine, when it happened."

"What Dr. Mason?" asked the trustee.

"The man what used to be at Quarantine seven years ago. He's app'nted ag'in."

Dempsey caught up his hat and hurriedly left the room, followed by Quigg and Crimmins. McGaw, he said to himself, as he ran downstairs, must be blind drunk, not to come to the meeting. "—him! What if he gives everything away?" he added aloud.

"This news is awful," said the president. "I am very sorry for Mrs. Grogan and her children—she was a fine woman. It is a serious matter, too, for the village. The highway work ought to commence at once; the roads need it. We may now have to advertise again. That would delay things a month."

"Well, there's other bids," said another trustee—one of the gentlemen of leisure,—ignoring the president's sympathy, with hope now of a possible slice on his own account. "What's the matter with McGaw's proposal? There's not much difference in the price. Perhaps he would come down to the Grogan figure. Is Mr. McGaw here, or anybody who can speak for him?"

Justice Rowan sat against the wall. The overzealous trustee had exactly expressed his own wishes and anxieties. He wanted McGaw's chances settled at once. If they failed, there was Rowan's own brother who might come in for the work, the justice sharing of course in the profits.

"In the absence of me client," said Rowan, looking about the room, and drawing in his breath with an important air, "I suppose I can represent him. I think, however, that if your honorable board will go on with the other business before you, Mr. McGaw will be on hand in half an hour himself. In the meantime I will hunt him up."

"I move," said the Scotch surgeon, in a voice that showed how deeply he had been affected, "that the whole matter be laid on the table for a week, until we know for certain whether poor Mrs. Grogan is killed or not. I can hardly credit it. It is very seldom that a horse kicks a woman."

Nobody having seconded this motion, the chair did not put it. The fact was that every man was afraid to move. The majority of the trustees, who favored McGaw, were in the dark as to what effect Tom's death would have upon the bids. The law might require re-advertising and hence a new competition, and perhaps somebody much worse for them than Tom might turn up and take the work—somebody living outside the village. Then none of them would get a finger in the pie. Worse than all, the cutting of it might have to be referred to the corporation counsel, Judge Bowker. What his opinion would be was past finding out. He was beyond "pulls," and followed the law to the letter.

The minority—a minority of two, the president and the veterinary surgeon—began to distrust the spirit of McGaw's adherents. It looked to the president as if a "deal" were in the air.

The Scotchman, practical, sober-minded, sensible man as he was, had old-fashioned ideas of honesty and fair play. He had liked Tom from the first time he saw her—he had looked after her stables professionally—and he did not intend to see her, dead or alive, thrown out, without making a fight for her.

"I move," said he, "that the president appoint a committee of this board to jump into the nearest wagon, drive to Mrs. Grogan's, and find out whether she is still alive. If she's dead, that settles it; but if she's alive, I will protest against anything being done about this matter for ten days. It won't take twenty minutes to find out; meantime we can take up the unfinished business of the last meeting."

One of the gentlemen of leisure seconded this motion; it was carried unanimously, and this gentleman of leisure was himself appointed courier, and left the room in a hurry. He had hardly reached the street when he was back again, followed closely by Dempsey, Quigg, Crimmins, Justice Rowan, and last of all, fumbling with his fur cap, deathly pale, and entirely sober—Daniel McGaw.

"There's no use of my going," said the courier trustee, taking his seat. "Grogan won't live an hour, if she ain't dead now. She had a sick horse that wanted looking after, and she went into the stable without a light, and he let drive, and broke her skull. She's got a gash the length of your hand—wasn't that it, Mr. McGaw?"

McGaw nodded his head.

"Yes; that's about it," he said. The voice seemed to come from his stomach, it was so hollow.

"Did you see her, Mr. McGaw?" asked the Scotchman in a positive tone.

"How c'u'd I be a-seein' her whin I been in New Yorrul 'mos' all day? D'y'e think I'm runnin' roun' to every stable in the place? I wuz a-comin' 'cross lots whin I heared it. They says the horse had blin' staggers."

"How do you know?" asked the Scotchman suspiciously. "Who told you the horse kicked her?"

"Well, I dunno; I think it wuz some un"—

Dempsey looked at him and knit his brow. McGaw stopped.

"Don't you know enough of a horse to know he couldn't kick with blind staggers?"

McGaw did not answer.

"Does anybody know any of the facts connected with this dreadful accident to Mrs. Grogan?" asked the president. "Have you heard anything, Mr. Quigg?"

Mr. Quigg had heard absolutely nothing, and had not seen Mrs. Grogan for months. Mr. Crimmins was equally ignorant, and so were other gentlemen. Here a voice came from the back of the room.

"I met Dr. Mason, sir, an hour ago, after he had attended Tom Grogan. He was on his way to Quarantine in his buggy. He said he left her insensible after dressin' the wound. He thought she might not live till mornin'."

"May I ask your name, sir?" asked the president in a courteous tone.

"Peter Lathers. I am yardmaster at the U. S. Lighthouse Depot."

The title, and the calm way in which Lathers spoke, convinced the president and the room. Everybody realized that Tom's life hung by a thread. The Scotchman still had a lingering doubt. He also wished to clear up the blind-staggers theory.

"Did he say how she was hurt?"

"Yes. He said he was a-drivin' by when they picked her up, and he was dead sure that somebody had hid in the stable and knocked her on the head with a club."

McGaw steadied himself with his hand and grasped the seat of his chair. The sweat was rolling from his face. He seemed afraid to look up, lest some other eye might catch his own and read his thoughts. If he had only seen Lathers come in!

Lathers' announcement, coupled with the Scotchman's well-known knowledge of equine diseases discrediting the blind-staggers theory, produced a profound sensation. Heads were put together, and low whispers were heard. Dempsey, Quigg, and Crimmins did not move a muscle.

The Scotchman again broke the silence.

"There seems to be no question, gentlemen, that the poor woman is badly hurt; but she is still alive, and while she breathes we have no right to take this work from her. It's not decent to serve a woman so; and I think, too, it's illegal. I again move that the whole matter be laid upon the table."

This motion was not put, nobody seconding it.

Then Justice Rowan rose. The speech of the justice was seasoned with a brogue as delicate in flavor as the garlic in a Spanish salad.

"Mr. Prisident and Gentlemen of the Honorable Boord of Vililage Trustees," said the justice, throwing back his coat. The elaborate opening compelled attention at once. Such courtesies were too seldom heard in their deliberations, thought the members, as they lay back in their chairs to listen.

"No wan can be moore pained than meself that so estimatable a woman as Mrs. Grogan—a woman who fills so honorably her every station in life—should at this moment be stricken down either by the hand of an assassin or the hoof of a horse. Such acts in a law-abidin' community like Rockville bring with them the deepest detestation and the profoundest sympathy. No wan, I am sure, is more touched by her misfortune than me worthy friend, Mr. Daniel McGaw, who by this direct interposition

of Providence is forced into the position of being compelled to assert his rights before your honorable body, with full assurance that there is no tribunal in the land to which he could apply which would find a more willing ear."

It was this sort of thing made Rowan popular. "But, gentlemen,"—here the justice curry-combed his front hair with his fingers—greasy, jet-black hair, worn long, as befitted his position,—"this is not a question of sympathy, but a question of law. Your honorable board advertised some time since for certain supplies needed for the growth and development of this most important of the villages of Staten Island. In this call it was most positively and clearly stated that the contract was to be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder who gave the proper bonds. Two responses were made to this call, wan by Mrs. Grogan, acting on behalf of her husband,—well known to be a hopeless cripple in wan of the many charitable institutions of our noble State,—and the other by our distinguished fellow-statesman, Mr. Daniel McGaw, whom I have the honor to represent. With that strict sense of justice which has always characterized the decisions of this honorable board, the contract was promptly awarded to Thomas Grogan, he being the lowest bidder; and my client, Daniel McGaw,—honest Daniel McGaw I should call him if his presence did not deter me,—stood wan side in obedience to the will of the people and the laws of the State, and accepted his defeat with that calmness which always distinguishes the hard-workin' sons of toil, who are not only the bone and sinew of our land, but its honor and pride.

"But, gentlemen,"—running his hand lightly through his hair, and then laying it in his bulging lapels,—"there were other conditions accompanying these proposals; to wit, that within ten days from said openin' the successful bidder should appear before this honorable body, and then and there duly affix his signator to the aforesaid contracts, already prepared by the attorney of this board, my honored associate, Judge Bowker. Now, gentlemen, I ask you to look at the clock, whose calm face, like a rising moon, presides over the deliberations of this board, and note the passin' hour; and then I ask you to cast your eyes over this vast assemblage and see if Thomas Grogan, or any wan representing him or her, is within the confines of this noble hall, to execute the mandates of this distinguished board. Can it be believed for an instant that if Mrs. Grogan, acting for her partly dismembered husband, Mr. Thomas Grogan, had intended to sign this contract, she would not have dispatched on the wings of the wind some Mercury, fleet of foot, to inform this board of her desire for postponement? I demand in the interests of justice that the contract be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder who is ready to sign the contract with proper bonds, whether that bidder is Grogan, McGaw, Jones, Robinson, or Smith."

There was a burst of applause and great stamping of feet; the tide of sympathy had changed. Rowan had perhaps won a few more votes. This pleased him evidently more than his hope of cutting the contract pie. McGaw began to regain some of his color and lose some of his nervousness. Rowan's speech had quieted him.

The president gravely rapped for order. It was wonderful how much backbone and dignity and self-respect the justice's very flattering remarks had injected into the nine trustees—no, eight, for the Scotchman fully understood and despised Rowan's oratorical powers.

The Scotchman was on his feet in an instant.

"I have listened," he said, "to the talk that Justice Rowan has given us. It's very fine and tonguey, but it smothers facts. You can't rob this woman!"

"Question! question!" came from half a dozen throats.

"What's your pleasure, gentlemen?" asked the president, pounding with his gavel.

"I move," said the courier member, "that the contract be awarded to Mr. Daniel McGaw as the lowest bidder, provided he can sign the contract to-night with proper bonds."

Four members seconded it.

"Is Mr. McGaw's bondsman present?" asked the president, rising.

Justice Rowan rose, and bowed with the air of a foreign banker accepting a government loan.

"I have that honor, Mr. Prisident. I am willing to back Mr. McGaw to the extent of me humble possessions, which are ample, I trust, for the purposes of this contract"—looking around with an air of entire confidence.

"Gentlemen, are you ready for the question?" asked the president.

At this instant there was a slight commotion at the end of the hall. Half a dozen men nearest the door left their seats and crowded to the top of the staircase. Then came a voice outside: "Fall back; don't block up the door! Get back there!" The excitement was so great that the proceedings of the board were stopped.

The throng parted. The men near the table stood still. An ominous silence suddenly prevailed. Daniel McGaw twisted his head, turned ghastly white, and would have fallen from his chair but for Dempsey.

Advancing through the door with slow, measured tread, her long cloak reaching to her feet; erect, calm, fearless; her face like chalk; her lips compressed, stifling the agony of every step; her eyes deep sunken, black-rimmed, burning like coals; her brow bound with a blood-stained handkerchief that barely hid the bandages beneath, came Tom.

The deathly hush was unbroken. The men fell back with white, scared faces to let her pass. McGaw cowered in his chair. Dempsey's eyes glistened, a half-sigh of relief escaping him. Crimmins had not moved; the apparition stunned him.

On she came, her eyes fixed on the president, till she reached the table. Then she steadied herself for a moment, took a roll of papers from her dress, and sank into a chair.

No one spoke. The crowd pressed closer. Those outside the rail noiselessly mounted the benches and chairs, craning their necks. Every eye was fixed upon her.

Slowly and carefully she unrolled the contract, spreading it out before her, picked up a pen from the table, and without a word wrote her name. Then she rose firmly, and walked steadily to the door.

Just then a man entered within the rail and took her seat. It was her bondsman, Mr. Crane.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

A Sandal-Wood Fan..... Ernest McGaffey..... Poems

The fan of silk and sandal-wood
That lay within her shapely hand,
Moved light as any cloud-film could
That idly sails o'er sea and land,
While some faint breath from foreign strand
Rose, languorous, as it curved and swayed,
Spiced scents of burning Samarcand
Telling of tropic sun and shade.

The roses at her supple throat
Were opening to their coming close
With those deep tinges which denote
The coloring of that reddest rose,
The Jacqueminot—while still her fan,
That subtle, sensuous sandal-wood,
Had drugged me with its drowsy mood
Like poppy-juice of Turkestan.

Her lips, her eyes, her tawny hair,
Her dress of wavering velvet sheen
With its pale tints of olive green,
Grew on me like a vision fair;
And moved the fan as if it seemed
To lull me, as I lulling, dreamed,
While all the air was heavy there
With drifting fumes of odorous spice
Which locked my senses in a vise.

The actor strutting on the stage
I saw no more—the mimic play
Had faded as a moonbeam may
Writ on a river's liquid page;
I saw the face of Helen then,
I heard the voice of Circe sweep
Across a stilled, enchanted deep,
Enchaining there the hearts of men,
Who had no more its charm withheld
Than I the fragrant sandal-wood.

And ever as she moved her wrist
(A censor scattering sandal-balm)
I saw far shores by warm waves kissed,
And sculptured profiles of the palm,
And in my heart forebodings came,
A chill—a hope—a doubt—a flame—
While drooped a rose's flowering hood
Under the pungent sandal-wood.

*The Second-Hand Furniture Shop Alfred Cochrane**

In a pleasing confusion of eras of taste,
In a jumble of new and of old,
The rococo, the classic, the florid, the chaste,
They are ranged in the shop to be sold;
Yet, although but a trace of their grandeur survives,
Though they come to the hammer at last,
They were gods of the household, and part of the lives
Of the women and men of the past.

You may see the oak-chest from the Royalist line.
Where the kerchiefs in lavender lay,
And the glass-fronted bookcase of stately design
That was chiselled in Sheraton's day;
You may gaze at the modern magenta that flames
On a suite of Victorian chairs,
And the dining-room sideboard, by Gillow, that shames
All our latter-day gimcrack affairs.
Here's a table that echoes the ring of the glass,
When the port in the coaster was low,
On a rollicking night when the Marquis would pass
All the best that the cellar could show;

*From *Leviore Plectro* (Longmans, Green & Co.).

And perhaps in the earliest shimmer of dawn,
When the page-boy was draining the dregs,
We may picture the slumbering derelicts drawn
From between those mahogany legs.
And another still wearing the baize that it wore
When it served for piquet or quadrille,
Where her Ladyship pulled in the guineas galore,
As she punted with pam or spadille,
And the quaint old spinet that Miss Deborah played
To the ballad pathetic or blithe,
Side by side with the desk where the tribute was paid
When the Rector collected the tithe.
Nay! leave them alone with the stories they know,
Whether gathered from cottage or hall;
They are dusty and worn and they stand in a row
While the purchasers chaffer and brawl;
And the owners that knew them are laid in the earth,
And the laughter is mixed with the tears,
For they touch the remembrance of sorrow and mirth
With a pathos of far-away years.
Who now may distinguish the settle of oak
Where the clown of the tap-room would sit,
As he cracked of an evening his primitive joke,
And the rustics applauded his wit;
From the sofa that once was in Goldsworthy Chase,
With its dingy old cushions of red,
Where my young Mistress Dorothy buried her face
When they brought back Sir Christopher dead?
Who knows or who cares? They were sold with a sigh,
When a home was dismantled and lost;
They were bought with a price and a commonplace eye
To their merits of style or of cost.
And it is but the fanciful dreamer for whom,
While the wheels of the century stop,
Throng the ghosts in dim corridor, passage, or room
In the second-hand furniture shop.

At the Mermaid Inn.... Charles Lotin Hildreth... Poems
(After the first Performance of Hamlet).

At table, yonder, sits the man we seek,
Beside the ingle, where the crimson flare
Reveals him through the eddying tavern reek,
Reclining easeful in his leathern chair;
In russet doublet, bearded and benign,
He looks a worthy burgher at his wine.
Even so; but when thy veins ran fire to-night,
Thy hand crept knotted to thy sword-hilt there,
And through all moods of madness and delight
Thy soul was hurried headlong, unaware,—
It seemed the genius of the scene should be
Some radiant shape, brow-bound with majesty,
And lo! a man unsingled from the crowd
By quick recognition of reverent eyes,
A dim, inobvious presence, kindly-browed,
That sits apart, observant, thoughtful-wise,
Weaving—who knows?—what wondrous woof of song,
What other Hamlet, from the shifting throng.
A pale, plain-favored face, the smile whereof
Is beautiful; the eyes gray, changeful, bright,
Low-lidded now, and luminous as love;
Anon soul-searching, ominous as night,
Seer-like, inscrutable, revealing deeps
Wherein a mighty spirit wakes or sleeps.
Here, where my outstretched hand might touch his arm,
I gaze upon that mild and lofty mien,
With that deep awe and unexpressed charm
I feel in wide sea-solitudes serene;

Or on some immemorial mountain's crest —
Eternity unveiled and manifest.
For he hath wrought with nature and made known
The marvel and the majesty of life ;
Translating from the pages of his own
The mighty heart of man, the stress and strife,
The pain, the passion, and the bitter leaven,
The cares that quell, the dreams that soar to heaven.
So, whatsoever time shall make or mar,
Or fate decree of benison or blame,
This poet-player, like a wondrous star,
Shall shed the solemn splendor of his fame,
Wide as the world, while beauty has a shrine,
While youth has hope, and love is yet divine.

Down the San Joaquin . . . A. J. Waterhouse . . . Mag. of Poetry

As I float down the San Joaquin,
With fields and orchards shifting by
And trees that hide the southern sky
And low farm-houses set between,
All slipping past like beads a nun
Slides through her fingers one by one,
I look on fields of emerald green ;
The med' lark whistles in its glee,
And just to live is joy for me,
As I float down the San Joaquin.
As I float down the San Joaquin,
Float idly, gently, dreaming down,
The noises of the distant town
Break faint and fainter on the scene ;
The silver ripple in my wake
A hundred shifting shadows break ;
Then night drops down its somber screen,
Stars seek their places in the sky,
And peace is mine — I scarce know why
As I float down the San Joaquin.
As I float down the San Joaquin
So shall I float some other day
Adown a stream which floats away,
I know not to what wondrous scene,
Where time is neither young nor old
And life more fair than tongue has told.
Yet Heaven itself I fondly ween
Will know no peace exceeding this
Which fills my heart with tranquil bliss,
As I float down the San Joaquin.

*The Dervish's Prayer . . . Clinton Scollard . . . Hills of Song**

The tyrant Yusef, crime and passion stained,
Upon the throne of gracious Haroun reigned.
Day after day, through busy Bagdad ran
Dark rumor ripples, — how this ruthless man
Goaded invention, so that he might see,
With every sunrise, some new agony.
Fear brooded o'er the city ; then there came
Adown the breeze the murmur of a name,
And smiles again lit lip and eye, as though
The sun had pierced the midnight clouds of woe.
The blessed dervish, he whose feet had traced
The path to Mecca o'er the weary waste
Devout each year for years a rounded score,
Was seen to pass along the streets once more.
"His prayers will save," the happy people cried,
"For ear to him hath Allah ne'er denied."
Scarce had the echo of their triumph slept,
When on their hope base Yusef's minions swept,
And bore him swift to be the tyrant's sport
Where high he sat, amid his cringing court.
"Slave," said the monarch, with a brutal stare,
"Lift me to Allah straight a goodly prayer,

* Published by Copeland and Day.

Since it is noised through Bagdad broad that he
Will grant whatever may be asked of thee."

Thrice bowed the dervish Mecca-ward, the while
Around the throng ran changing sneer and smile ;
Then rang his voice, as piercing as a fife
Above the clangorous din of battle strife,
"I pray thee, Allah, take thou Yusef's life !"
A form fell forward, writhing on the stone ;
No more a tyrant ruled on Haroun's throne.

The Way of the World . . . Three Merry Men . . . Temple Bar

Three men rode out to the wide, wide world ;
(Sing ho, sing hey, for the merry, merry way !)
And the first joined the war, where the banner was furled :
(Sing hey, sing ho, where the skulls lie low !)

And the second had a post in the court of a King ;
(Sing ho, sing hey, for the bribe and its pay !)
But he crowed too high, for the throne he tried to sing ;
(Sing hey, sing ho, where the gallows-winds blow !)

And the third, he married a fine bonny wife ;
(Sing ho, sing hey, for the merry marriage day !)
But she spent his money, and led him such a life ;
(Sing hey, sing ho, to the funeral go !)

Such were the ways of these three merry men ;
(Sing ho, sing hey, at the world's sweet way !)
Some trifling pleasure, a hope and then —
(Sing hey, sing ho, for the grave below !)

The Giant Wolf . . . The Terror of the Snow . . . The Chap Book

The giant wolf, the woodland wolf,
Strode southward down the wind,
And the gale yelled keen, and the moon gleamed green,
And the little stars blinked blind.

The seething snow-snakes twined before
And hissed through the knotted grass,
And he heard overhead the sheeted dead,
That dance in the whirlwind, pass.

His shag gray locks roughed with the gale,
His white teeth fanged with wrath,
Now God be good to the man whose blood
He smells before his path !

Now God be good to the man whose feet
On the snow-blind, swirling way,
Shall meet the blaze of his hungry gaze,
And the snarling fangs that slay.

And happy he who sits at home,
Where the corn-fire smoulders warm,
When alone, in the white of the whirling night,
The gray wolf walks the storm.

Norway . . . Francis Saltus . . . Flasks and Flagons

High o'er the fjords and desolate pines the glow
Of red auroras, like a golden fan,
Falls on the herbless wastes of Norway's snow,
O'er lands that never knew the foot of man.

The maelstrom thunders on the craggy coasts,
Blue icebergs wander in the silent night ;
While the grim glaciers like gigantic ghosts,
Loom with their white peaks in the spectral light.
Bleak moors spread out deserted, chill and lone,
The wailing rooks whir cold wings on the shore ;
While o'er the boundless wilds of fir and stone
The frost elves revel and the cataracts roar.

The land knows not the charm of birds that sing,
No blossom of buds, no lithe and agile deer ;
Unsought, uncared for, in mute suffering
It bides its time, impassable and drear,—
While the aurora, like a fiery flower,
Blooms o'er the sterile leagues where none have trod,
And in the awful silence of the hour,
Dreams of its grandeur and communes with God.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Henry C. Bowen's Peculiar Home:—

The home of the late Henry C. Bowen, editor of the *Independent*, in Brooklyn is unique in its decorations. As one enters the hall, says the *Ft. Wayne Daily Gazette*, he finds himself surrounded by birds of every variety. On the ceiling there is a representation of a congress of birds to settle the question which was the best bird. The library table, the chairs, bookcases, piano, curtains, and all the other articles of furniture and decoration were made at his order. In ordering the carpet his idea was one giving the impression of a handful of roses strewn carelessly about the floor. When the decorators came to the ceiling, they proposed to put ideal pictures in the corners, but Mr. Bowen desired to have the faces of his wife and three daughters ever before him. The dresses are ideal, but the faces are real. From the ceiling of the parlor the faces of Mr. Bowen's fourteen grandchildren look down upon the visitor. On the floor above in one of the rooms are the heads of the father and his seven sons carved in the furniture. The historical chamber has groups representing the landing of Columbus, Washington at Valley Forge, Miles Standish, and Lincoln signing the Proclamation of Emancipation, while in the corners are the portraits of Standish, Washington, Columbus, and Lincoln.

Charles F. Lummis:—

Charles F. Lummis, the explorer and writer who has made the Southwest so well known, earns his literary material without grudging time, labor and hardship. He counts three years not too much preparation even for local color in short stories. A Harvard man, born in Massachusetts, he went to Ohio in 1882; and in 1884, for pure pleasure, walked to California—the 3,500-mile trip described in his *Tramp Across the Continent*, of which the London *Saturday Review* said: "His book has such heart in it, such simplicity and strength, it is as good to read as any story of adventure may be."

New Mexico particularly interested the pedestrian; and when a few years of newspaper overwork as one of the owners and editors of the *Los Angeles Times* brought on paralysis, he went to rest in the wilderness. For five years he lived directly among the Pueblo Indians, devoting himself to study and literary work. For three years and a half his left side was paralyzed; and a recurrent shock left him speechless and unable to walk for four months. But he took the frontier in earnest—from ordinary hardship to being riddled with buckshot—and not only learned it but recovered an extraordinary constitution. How hard, yet how fruitful, these five years were, he has given some hint in the autobiographic chapter of *My Friend Will*, in *McClure's Magazine*. His other books, *A New Mexico David*, *Some Strange Corners of Our Country*, *The Land of Poco Tiempo*, *The Spanish Pioneers*, and *The Man who Married the Moon* (a collection of Pueblo folklore), have been widely read and accepted as authoritative, though in popular style. In 1891 Mr. Lummis married a Yankee girl who became his intelligent and plucky companion. Their wedding tour

was six months on horseback through the remoter corners of the frontier. Their first housekeeping was in a Pueblo town. Their little girl was born there, and was named by the Indians—who adopted into their tribe and hearts the whole family, by whom they are loved in turn.

In 1892, with the historian Bandelier—to whom he had become attached in their New Mexican work—Mr. Lummis entered upon a scientific expedition to Peru and Bolivia, which was finally broken up by the failure of its backer, Henry Villard. The more than a year of exploration in that fascinating field gave a great fund of new material, most of which is yet to be used. A little has already appeared in *Harper's*; and, just issued, his latest story, *The Gold Fish of Gran Chimú* comes in beautiful form from Lamson, Wolffe & Co., who have won a high reputation for their artistic books. In this work Mr. Lummis writes of Peru and the finding of a treasure of gold. It is well-told, thoroughly interesting and daintily illustrated. Mr. Lummis is now settled in Los Angeles, where he is editing a characteristic magazine, *The Land of Sunshine*—"of and for California and the Southwest, against the field." In a year it has become a success, being widely read, and quoted for its Western-ness tempered with culture, and its authority on matters in its interesting field.

Rudyard Kipling's Australian Policy:—

Rudyard Kipling gives out this explanation of the statement in an Australian newspaper that "Rudyard Kipling landed on this island at twelve o'clock and at twelve-sixteen o'clock he had formulated an Australian policy"—A young reporter cornered me just after I landed. I treated him kindly, but said firmly that I was not to be interviewed. "I have not thought of interviewing you," replied the reporter, with a sadness in his voice; "I ask a much greater favor than that." It turned out that the reporter had an Australian policy which he knew would be of the greatest benefit to the country. No paper would print it. His modest request was that Kipling would let him put forth his theory as the scheme of the novelist. "They will print it," he said, "if I give it as coming from you." "All right," agreed Kipling, "fire ahead." So the young reporter got in four mortal columns telling the people of Australia how to run their country. "I never read the article," said Kipling; "but there must have been amazing theories in it from the storm it raised."

Edgar C. Beall, M. D.:—

Dr. Edgar C. Beall, a leader in phrenologic science, is editor of one of the oldest American magazines, *The Phrenological Journal*, which in its fifty-third year has changed its size and dress, and exhibited anew its wondrous vitality. Dr. Beall was born in Lockland, a suburb of Cincinnati. His mother, a daughter of Jesse Reeder, and a descendant of the Scotch theologian, Dr. James McKnight, was a fine Bible scholar and of a very poetic and philosophic temperament; his father, Alexander Beall, was a professor of mathematics and lan-

guages, and noted for his logical mind and his scientific attainments. Thus in the son there was a union of taste for both physics and metaphysics—a blending of talent for both observation and reflection.

When Dr. Beall was but twelve years of age his interest was roused in phrenology through the enthusiasm of a travelling lecturer. Though forced to continue his general studies and his music and languages under private tutors until he was twenty, the great dream of his life was to master phrenology in all its details, and to acquire fame in that line. From his twentieth to his twenty-fourth year he devoted himself with unbounded enthusiasm to the study of phrenology, and in 1877 received his diploma from The American Institute of Phrenology in New York City. He at once entered the field as a lecturer, and shortly after returned to Cincinnati to pursue certain philosophic investigations, particularly on the lines of theology. For five years this subject engrossed his attention almost to the exclusion of everything else, and made him a zealous advocate of phrenology a natural revelation of the mental constitution and the laws of its development, which he believed was not appreciated by the conventional interpreters of theology. His views on this subject were set forth in a book for which Robert G. Ingersoll voluntarily wrote a remarkable preface. The volume has been regarded by radical critics as a work of great originality and force.

Dr. Beall then entered upon a brilliant career as an examining phrenologist, and for eleven years sacrificed everything to his one purpose of presenting modern phrenology to the world in a thoroughly scientific manner. He studied occultism and allied subjects long and faithfully, and took a complete course in medicine at the Medical College of Ohio where he was graduated in 1891. It was not his intent to practice medicine, however, but merely to gain all possible knowledge that would aid him in his life-work. In 1892 he reluctantly sold his business in Cincinnati for the sake of the superior advantages of a residence in New York, and shortly afterward associated himself with the Fowler & Wells Co. Later, he became editor of *The Phrenological Journal*, a position which he occupies to-day.

The word "phrenograph," originated by Dr. Beall, has been officially recognized by the Standard Dictionary. It means a written analysis or description of character and talents. Dr. Beall's phrenographs are models of clear, accurate expression; he never gropes for a statement but tells in graphic language, with forcible illustrations, just what he means. His quick mind seems by intuition to differentiate subtleties in characteristics, as a trained eye discriminates not merely between colors, but between delicate shades and tints. His published analyses of distinguished characters from personal examinations, such as Chauncey M. Depew, Charles A. Dana, Robert G. Ingersoll, Annie Besant, William Dean Howells, Henry Ward Beecher, Joseph Jefferson, Henry George, Sarah Bernhardt, and scores of others, have been widely copied by newspapers and magazines.

Dr. Beall has no patience with the definition of phrenology that makes it a synonym for "bumpology." The founder of the science, Dr. Francis

Joseph Gall, discovered the location of the brain-centers through extreme instances which do produce elevations or protuberances upon the skull. But the practical phrenologist to-day studies normal heads wherein it is only abnormality that is so marked; he studies the site of the faculty not its monument. This is discovered by measuring the diameter of the head at certain points and by taking the distance from the opening of the ear. The popular mistake in regard to phrenology thus consists in confounding the method of the discoverer with the method of the modern practitioner. It was only by means of the excessive, or abnormal, developments, that Gall was enabled to trace the locations; and an imperfect idea of his method having become fixed in the popular mind, it has during a whole century, remained almost undisturbed, as the daily references to "bumps" in the newspapers abundantly attest.

Author of The Mill of Silence:—

The author of *The Mill of Silence*, says the Chicago News, is Bernard Edward Joseph Capes, of Winchester, England, whose literary pseudonym is Bevis Cane. He was born in 1854 at Brixton, in Surrey, England. His father, Frederick Capes of Brixton Hill (and later Clapham in the same county) and Brookhurst, East Grinstead, Sussex, was a proctor of doctors' commons, and shared in the grant of pensions upon the dissolution of that body. Both his father and his uncle, John Moore Capes, the latter at one time a clergyman of the established church and author of many works, theological and otherwise, became Catholics at the period of the Oxford movement, and brought up their families in the religion of their adoption. Of Frederick Capes' six sons three were educated at Cardinal, then Dr. Newman's oratory school at Edgbaston, and Bernard alone was sent to the Jesuit college of Beaumont, near Windsor, where he remained four years. At the age of seventeen he was put to coach for the army—royal engineers—at Dr. Wrigler's grammar school, Clapham; but he failed to satisfy his tutors as to his chance of success and was not submitted to the ordeal of an examination. Instead, he was placed in a mercantile house in the city of London, wherein during three years he suffered some of the most uncongenial experiences of his life. A brief period of desultory study at the Slade School of Art—then presided over by Prof. Legros—succeeded, and was followed by some tentative efforts at literature, which resulted (after the heart-breaking experiences usually encountered by young men who think to write themselves into notice in a day) in an occasional appearance in one or the other of the minor magazines. Thereafter long years of study, to better himself in the art he loved, followed, years excellent in discipline, no doubt, but practically fruitless.

In 1888 a book of his, *The Haunted Tower*, was published, and met with a degree of success that confirmed him in his determination to win his way ultimately up the difficult hill of letters, and an opportunity which offered in the same year of purchasing a principal share in a small publishing firm seemed an earnest of the opening he desired. This business proved a failure, but during the four years he was a member of the firm Bernard Capes gained

a mass of experience—not always of an agreeable nature—that was of the last importance to him. Like most persons who have made a long study of the value of words, he has not failed to feel the prick of dramatic ambition. Two one-act pieces of his have been produced—with indifferent success—in former years. But in December last his four-act drama, *The Uttermost Farthing*, made its bow to a Southampton audience and met with a reception enthusiastic to the last degree and his place as a dramatic writer of the first rank was assured. Readers of *The Mill of Silence* will readily appreciate this fact.

Brick Pomeroy's Famous Editorial:—

"Brick" Pomeroy, whose death is recorded, owed his fame and fortune to one short sentence in an editorial in his paper which was penned by a writer in his employ. The story, says the *Argonaut*, may be summarized as follows: When the war was started, Pomeroy was heart and soul in favor of the Union. He was commissioned as second lieutenant, unattached, and started for the front as correspondent of the *Chicago Times* and other papers. Not long after Mr. Pomeroy reached the front, his correspondence underwent a change. It was filled with denunciations of the commanders of the Union forces, until their author was sent under escort to the rear. He came home, and his attacks were more virulent than ever. Such was the excitement over his editorials that the Democrat office was like a fortress under siege. During this time, Mr. Pomeroy was in hiding in the woods, forty miles away. When "copy" was wanted, a messenger was sent to Mr. Pomeroy's hiding-place. All the editorial work was not done by Mr. Pomeroy by any means. The sentence which more than any other thing made Mr. Pomeroy famous and rich was written by an editorial writer he had employed. This was the sentence hoping that if President Lincoln did not keep the pledges made by him in his second inaugural some daring hand would strike a poniard into his breast. When Lincoln was assassinated, a few weeks afterward, this editorial, which was laid at Mr. Pomeroy's door, was reprinted by Charles Seymour, now and for many years consul at Canton, in his paper, the *La Crosse Republican*. A mob gathered with the avowed purpose of lynching Mr. Pomeroy, but the attempt fell through. The editorial caught the eye of Horace Greeley, and he printed it in black type on the editorial page of the *Tribune*. This was about the time that communications were again opened up with the South, and the *Tribune* publication was the best advertisement that Mr. Pomeroy and his paper could possibly have had. Every one in the South who had money enough left to pay a subscription at once sent it in. The circulation of the paper crept up until it passed the one hundred thousand mark, which was an immense circulation for those days.

The Zangwills at Work:—

People who are fond of being taken behind the scenes will enjoy G. B. Burgin's readable and entertaining paper, *How Authors Work*, in the current *Idler*. Speaking of Israel Zangwill, Mr. Burgin remarks: Most of his work is done away from London, but when at home he writes at a large table (in his

study) covered a foot deep with litter, amid which each page of copy gets lost as soon as written. A great search is thus entailed at the end of each sitting. Once the search was prolonged for hours because an important page could not be found. At last, when the gray dawn came creeping in, making the gaslight tawdry, and his own and his brother's anxious faces looked weird and haggard, it was discovered that he had inadvertently written on both sides of a sheet; on the bottom side of this sheet was the thing for which they had been looking. Mr. Zangwill's brother, who is well known as the author of *A Drama in Dutch* (written under the pen-name, Z. Z.), sits at the other end of the same table. He is a methodical, businesslike person, who stipulates that the litter is not to encroach on his own clear space. With this object in view he makes a line of demarcation; but, alas! as Mr. I. Zangwill warms to his task the space becomes smaller and smaller, and Mr. L. Zangwill's work is driven on to the floor. Then he resists and begins to recover lost ground, only to be again dispossessed. The two brothers chop metaphysics whilst working—an unnatural taste at the best—and their busiest time in the study is from ten P. M. to three A. M.

Col. John A. Cockerill:—

The news of the death of Col. John A. Cockerill in Egypt, says the *Buffalo News*, came with a startling suddenness and seemed hardly credible at first, for Col. Cockerill has always been a young man for his age and had lived but fifty-one years. He was, perhaps, the best type of the progressive generation of American newspaper men, and in the art of imparting nervous force to editorial expression he had scarcely a peer. As a paragrapher he was unequaled among the metropolitan writers. He rarely gave more than two or three sentences to a subject, but it always epitomized the vital features of the situation. His sarcasm was something terrific as some of the most prominent men in public life learned to their cost. He was versatile, incisive and epigrammatic. His censure bore a barb. In the broad field of general newspaper enterprise Col. Cockerill was in the front rank. He made the *World* a great newspaper and the *Advertiser* after it. His record in the West was as full of success. His correspondence, since he left the editorial desk, has been as marked in its character. In all branches of news gathering and editing Col. Cockerill was always close to the people and in touch with the strongest impulse in the public mind—which is the essential thing in modern journalism.

Col. Cockerill was born in Adams county, Ohio, in 1845. His first newspaper writing was done for the *Scion* of Dayton, Ohio, for which paper he worked as roller boy, printer's "devil," carrier boy. Although a comparatively young man, Col. Cockerill had seen journalism grow from the country newspaper handpress "work and turn" era, to the great metropolitan daily days, when thousands and thousands of complete newspapers are thrown off from perfecting presses. He was not more than twenty-two when he became part owner of a newspaper in Dayton. From then on his strides were rapid, and in 1870 he went to the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. He became its managing editor, and when the Russians and Turks got to fighting he went to

Europe as correspondent for the *Enquirer*. His letters attracted the widest attention everywhere and placed him in the front rank of war correspondents.

For one year he managed the *Baltimore Gazette*, and then, when the *St. Louis Post Despatch* wanted brains he became in 1879 its managing editor, remaining there until 1883. When the present proprietor of the *World* took hold of that newspaper, "the Colonel" went to New York as its editor. To his editorial management is due the immense strides made by the *World* in power. When Col. Cockerill left the *World* he became owner and editor of the *New York Advertiser* and the *Commercial Advertiser*. A year ago he went to Japan as correspondent for the *New York Herald*, and was preparing material for a series of letters from Egypt when he was stricken. He died a poor man, though he had enjoyed liberal incomes. The *World* paid him \$15,000 a year, and he was worth it. His generosity to younger or poorer men of his profession was unbounded. He was brusque in his exterior, but had a big heart and a pocket always open.

The Late Mrs. Charles:—

The late Mrs. Charles, says the *London Illustrated News*, was born in 1828, and began to write when barely out of her teens, her first volume being a translation from Neander, published under the title of *Light in Dark Places*. This was followed, in 1851, by *Tales and Sketches of Christian Life in Different Lands and Ages*, and during the next few years Mrs. Charles was remarkably active with her pen. In 1864 *The Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family* won an immediate success, which largely extended its author's growing reputation. Of her many subsequent works perhaps the most successful were *The Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan*, *The Draytons and the Davenants*, and *On Both Sides of the Sea*, which were very charming tales of Old World English life with historical background. Mrs. Charles' writings were all distinguished by a strong, but healthy religious feeling of a distinctively Anglican type.

Winifred Agnes Haldane:—

Miss Winifred Agnes Haldane, author of *A Chord From a Violin*, is a Chicago girl. She is, says *The Chicago News*, a quiet girl, just 17, and her extreme youth makes her achievement all the more remarkable. She is quite noted for her talents in the musical line and her devotion to this art has probably influenced her in the motif of her little novel. It is a coincidence that the tale reminds one of the famous story, *The First Violin*, which was written by Jessie Fothergill when she, too, was but 17. *A Chord From a Violin* is a story told by a wonderful violin made in Italy and transported to America, where it falls into the hands of a handsome young fellow, who is forced by his father's business failure to support himself by his music. His love for the sister of his dearest friend is the main thread of the story. The girl is engaged to another man, and the young fellow's sense of honor prevents him telling her of his affection. There is a disastrous fire at the close and in rescuing the girl's small cousin the hero meets his end. Though the dénouement is a hackneyed one, Miss Haldane manages to infuse a human touch and a pathos into the closing

scene which warrants it. There is much to commend in the book and much promise. There is, of course, evidence of inexperience and the occasional use of stock phrases, but on the whole the dexterity of the phraseology, the conciseness of the style and the artistic spirit in which it is written, together with Miss Haldane's few years prophesy well for her future. Miss Haldane has a beautiful home and that she believes in catholicity of affection is made clear by the fact that besides her music and her writing she finds time to enjoy the companionship of two beautiful dogs—a saucy, impudent little terrier and a silky-coated Irish setter, which stalks gravely through the drawing room, bringing his head in dangerous proximity to rare specimens of glass and pottery, which, with the ease of a Beau Brummel, he avoids knocking down.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's Struggles:—

"Yes, I've had a pretty hard fight," said Mr. Justin McCarthy recently to a representative of *Chums*, in reply to a question in regard to his early struggles. "When I was fourteen years of age I wanted very much to become a barrister, but owing to a scarcity of funds the idea had to be abandoned, and I went into a lawyer's office, where I spent twelve months."

"When did your newspaper career commence?"

"When I was fifteen. At that time, my father not being very well off, I began to cast about for something to do, with the result that Mr. Maguire, the owner of the *Cork Examiner*, invited me to join the staff of his paper, which I gladly did."

"But did you do much work in those early days?"

"Why, I was at work sometimes from morning until night, and often right through the night. When I was fifteen I knew shorthand, and began regularly to report political and temperance meetings. I also wrote some of the literary reviews. I had some terribly hard work in my boyhood days. I was engaged in reporting a celebrated criminal case at Clonmel when I was eighteen, and this is how I was obliged to do it. During the day I took full shorthand notes of the proceedings; on the rising of the court I jumped on the coach, and travelled practically all night until I reached Cork, when I straightway sat down and turned out, throughout the day, column after column of copy, after which I took the coach back to Clonmel and took my place at the reporters' table in the morning. In 1853 I went to Liverpool and became a reporter on the *Northern Daily Times*. Then I became in turn literary critic, descriptive writer, leader writer, and finally editor. The paper, however, broke down and stopped."

"Now, Mr. McCarthy, how would you advise a young fellow to commence a newspaper career?"

"I would advise him to send something to every paper, and not to be in the least alarmed if his work is not accepted. I also recommend him to read all the great authors, and as many small ones as he can put in. If he has staying powers, and anything in him, he is sure to come to the front. When the *Northern Daily Times* died there was nothing left for me but to come to London, where I knew absolutely nobody. I ought to tell you that I married about this time. In those days, when a young man was very hard up and had no immediate prospects, he got married. The only letter of introduction I had on coming to London was to the editor of the

Daily News, who, however, could hold out no hope of giving me employment, as his staff was complete. But I didn't break down under the discouragement. I considered what I should do, and sent an article on chance to the Westminster Review. It was accepted, John Stuart Mill praised it, and thus I got my first real lift. Some time after this I succeeded in obtaining a post on the Morning Star (which was afterwards merged into the Daily News). Here I worked my way up until I became editor, but in the course of time I resigned, and six months later the paper died. This was the second time my editorship paved the way for the collapse of a newspaper."

Eleanor Talbot Kinkead:—

Possessed of a certain piquant prettiness of person, thoroughly "Frenchy," suggestive of the era of "salons" and antique miniatures, is Eleanor Talbot Kinkead, that charming young novelist of the Blue Grass country, author of *Young Greer of Kentucky*, recently published by Rand & McNally. According to a writer in *Leslie's Weekly*, Miss Kinkead has made a fetish of the types and beauties and characteristics of that familiar region, much of whose proudest history, from pioneer days to the present, has been made by her own illustrious ancestors. Her maternal great-grandfather was Isaac Shelby, Kentucky's famed first Governor. Miss Kinkead has utilized the historic Shelby estate of "Grassland" with its Blue Grass elegance and aromas, just beyond Lexington, in her latest novel. Her people she has painted from nature with the same penetrating fidelity that has made her such an artist in inanimate life. She is a brilliant, sensitive pianist, and richly eloquent of tongue. Her father, the late Judge William B. Kinkead, was one of the most cultured and scholarly Kentuckians of his generation. He was a friend of Henry Clay.

Arsene Houssaye:—

The late Arsène Houssaye, the celebrated French litterateur, was born in 1815, and was the last survivor of that brilliant list of Frenchmen who belonged to the romantic generation of 1830. He had for friends, says the Boston Journal, Balzac, Victor Hugo, the elder Dumas, Théophile Gautier, Alfred de Musset, Gerard de Nerval and others less known outside of France. He went to Paris from his native village of Bruyeres, in the Aisne, in 1832, and was obliged to "live by his genius." He was a romanticist, and found some difficulty in getting his poems and novels printed. When he did succeed in finding a publisher for his first novel, he was lucky enough at the same time to please Sainte-Beuve, and, through the friendship of this critic, to meet Chateaubriand and other celebrities. He afterward joined Gautier, Camille Roger and Gerard de Nerval in what they called their "hive," in the rue du Doyenne, an old street near the Louvre, which long ago disappeared. Here Houssaye wrote a number of somewhat flashy novels, several valuable works on the eighteenth century, and a history of Flemish and Dutch painting.

The most important event in Houssaye's life was his management of the Comédie-Française, which lasted from 1849 to 1856. When President Louis Napoleon decided to take the management of the Comédie-Française out of the hands of the come-

dians of the company who were running the theatre at a loss, Houssaye was one of the ten candidates proposed. Being on excellent terms with Rachel, the Prince President gave her the selection of the administrator, and she choose Houssaye. When he was called to the Elysée to receive his appointment, Houssaye was surprised to learn that he owed the distinction to Mlle. Rachel, whom he scarcely knew. She was present at the interview when the new manager was received by the President, and, as Houssaye bowed his acknowledgments to her, she said: "Do you know why I wanted you appointed? It is because I knew you less than the others." When he entered the theatre there was a heavy debt hanging over it. At the end of the first year this debt had been wiped out, and the comedians received a dividend. During his administration, Houssaye produced the pieces of Alfred de Musset.

Houssaye was next appointed inspector-general of the fine arts. The number of novels, historical sketches and other works that he afterward wrote was considerable. One of his best books is his *History of the Forty-first Arm-Chair of the Academy*, in which he gives the biographies and describes the receptions of all the distinguished men whom the academy had refused or neglected to call to its ranks. He was one of the first to speculate at the stock exchange before agiotage became universal, and, unlike many others, made his fortune. He built no end of houses in the Beaujou district, where he was one of the earliest buyers of land at a time when this elegant quarter was a mere waste. Houssaye was a great giver of elegant entertainments, and the balls he organized during the twilight years of the second empire were the most joyous affairs of the kind. Having elbowed all the celebrities in every class of society, his house became the rendezvous of all the elegance and all the people of talent. He lived in the Avenue Friedland, in a renaissance hotel, one of the numerous houses he constructed during his building days.

A Novelist Becomes a Cobbler:—

Jacques L. Loraine, a Parisian writer of the decadent school, says the New York Sun, has succeeded in attracting attention. He has opened a cobbler's stall in the Quarters Latin. He looks like Don Quixote. "Some people," he said, "believe that I am not in earnest and that my stall is merely a plaisanterie, got up to sell my works. That is not true. I am driven by need of money. During fifteen years here in Paris my literature has brought in but insignificant sums. My dramas are rejected, my novels do not sell, my poems are thrown into the waste-paper basket. My capital was all spent. How was I to gain a living? At thirty-five, with such deplorable antecedents as mine, one does not easily find employment. Nothing remained but a manual occupation. I chose cobbler, because it was not wholly unknown to me. My father was a boot-maker at Bergerac, and in my childhood I played at bootmaking. I have engaged a good workman, with whom I shall serve out my apprenticeship. I have already many customers. I do not dislike the calling, though I should have preferred a more exalted (plus noble) one. But I take it up out of pure need. V'là tout." There seem to be hopes of him yet.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES

INTERVIEWING F. HOPKINSON SMITH.....BOSTON HERALD

"How do I write my short stories? To begin with, the first draught is always written on a half-sheet of paper. That sketch contains all the meat of the story—the plot, the thread, the facts, or whatever you choose to call it. Here and there you would find, if you read one of these bits of data, the word 'describe,' which means that the detail against which it is placed has such bearing upon the rest of the yarn that it needs careful elaboration."

The speaker was Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, and the place was his New York office in the top floor of a building on Exchange place, off lower Broadway. Windows looked out over the shipping and the river toward Brooklyn, and the harbor. The visitor found the engineer, contractor, lecturer, artist and author writing an article on his recent experiences in Constantinople; but he permitted the interruption and consented, with a courteous readiness which at once put the caller at his ease, to tell for the benefit of our readers how his short stories are written.

"A short story," he continued, "must never be confounded with a pastel. It must lead up to something. It should have for its structure a plot, a bit of life, an incident such as you would find in a brief newspaper paragraph. I do not mean any paragraph; but one of sufficient interest to make an editor clip it out and insert it in his own paper. The short story, to my mind, must be capable of being told in not more than three minutes. That is to say, any one who has read it should be able to tell the entire plot to a dinner company within that time, gestures taking the place of detailed descriptions. I dare say if you were to ask Mr. Richard Harding Davis how he writes his delightful stories, he would tell you that he takes the substance of just such a paragraph, and, with that for the meat of his story, weaves around it details, descriptions and dialogue, until a complete story is the result.

"Now, a story is something more than incidents and descriptions. It is a definite thing. It progresses constantly. It arrives somewhere. It must enforce some idea (no matter what). It must be such a reality that a man who read it would carry away a definite impression. If you ask a man of intelligence what such-and-such a story is like, and he replies, 'Oh, something about a boat and some people who sailed on it,' you may be pretty sure the piece of writing does not deserve the name of a story.

"In a word, a short story is a triangle. Starting from a certain point, it proceeds along one line, then it turns and goes along another, and finally it returns to the point of departure. It must be like a triangle to be complete. You've read many so-called short stories that were nothing more than one side, or possibly two sides of a triangle. Again, the train of incidents on which you found your tale is like the iron frame-work of a building; the descriptions are like the stonework or the brick which make up the sides; the ornament is the polished phrasing. You cannot have a building that is good for anything without all three; and if you try to build a story with-

out a framework, there is nothing stable in it. It falls to pieces."

"For the sake of illustration," suggested the visitor, "is this a short story: Three brothers are suddenly called upon, by the death of their father, to earn their own living. The first goes to New York, becomes a contractor's assistant, goes into business on his own account, and very quickly grows rich. The next brother enters a substantial mercantile house and works his way up, slowly but surely, to a position of responsibility and power, earning a sufficiently large salary to be called well off. The third, who remains in the country town to look after his mother, studies art; but not in a professional way. He is very imaginative, seeing poems and pictures in brooks and birds and flowers; and is always doing something for others. All three woo the heroine, the first energetically, the second ploddingly, the third tenderly. She sees the hollowness of the first; but thinks she detects solid worth in the second, and marries him; to realize later that the youngest has the real soul, and it is he whom she really loves. And the latter goes on his way, happy and light-hearted. Is that a story?"

"No, it isn't even a sketch. It is thin air. I knew you were interested in the youngest fellow as soon as you began; and that is all you showed at the end. You haven't arrived at anything definite. You have only one side of the triangle. Yet if you add something to it, you can make a story of it; if you bring in the idea of self-sacrifice, for instance. Let the second brother get into financial trouble, and have the youngest help him out, much to his own disadvantage; or let the youngest brother assume the blame for the other's dishonesty in some transaction. Or, better still, make the youngest man save his brother's life at the risk of his own, and in the full knowledge that he could marry the heroine if the other were out of the way. Then you will have a story."

"But to return to our subject. After writing out the outline on a half sheet torn from a block, I begin to write the real story with the framework before me. For this purpose I use blank books caught together at the side, and write on the right hand sheet only, filling in, from time to time, on the left hand sheet opposite the place where a bit needs to be inserted. When I have done the best I can with it, I send the book to the stenographer, who returns the manuscript written out in typescript. Then I usually cut that manuscript into paragraphs, rearrange it, rewrite parts of it, and put it together anew; and when the new version comes back it is about the best I can do just then.

"A few weeks later I again take it up and revise it. In all these revisions it is most necessary to preserve the continuity of thought. It is fatal to polish a piece of writing until the thread is hidden. And if you ever write a short story, take a big blue pencil and strike out the best line you ever wrote in your life—if it doesn't belong there."

"Where do you find subjects for stories?"

"Oh, they come up from time to time. I do not hunt for them, you may be sure. One does not

write stories for the sake of writing stories, but for the love of it, for the sake of creating something that is worth while, something that will live. And then, there are one's contemporaries to be thought of. The love and affection with which they regard the teller of tales is very much worth gaining. But it is not an easy thing to get the material for a short story. I have a standing order to write short stories for Harper's Drawer. During the past year I have been able to find material for just two. In the first place, a story for the Drawer ought to be the very best work that any man can do; crisp, humorous, full of nature and true. But I don't write stories for a living; my business is building things."

The visitor knew. He had heard of a few "things," lighthouses, etc., that Mr. Smith had built; moreover, the directory had revealed to him only this address: "F. Hopkinson Smith, Contracting Engineer."

"A short story is not merely a piece of writing; nor is it a piece of literature. It is a work of art, just as a statue or a painting is. It should be made as clear as possible. Every word must tell. The man with the largest vocabulary—the greatest command over the English language—and with the quickest imagination, ought to be the best writer of short stories. A single superfluous word is a blemish."

"Do you ever dig stories out of your head?"

"The brain is treacherous," replied Mr. Smith. "You think you are writing something new, and before you know it you have wrought in something you have heard elsewhere—something you have read in some other man's book. No, the only way to write a story is to get something entirely fresh, something that has never been made into a tale before. Now, what has infinite variety, and is never twice the same? Nature. That is the only safe guide. The only way to be sure you are not rewriting something which some one else has written is to take a bit of life, and make a story of that."

"And another point. You must get down on paper as soon as possible every circumstance connected with the incident which you are going to convert into a story. You must put into tangible form the exact words, the exact description of clothes and habits, the exact details. When your story is finished it should be idealized consciously, from a full and accurate knowledge of the circumstances. If you don't get the facts down at once, the action of the mind upon them will idealize—distort—them before they are put on paper. Idealize actual facts; don't record idealized facts."

"I do not mean that one is to tell everything, but what he does tell must be true, illumined of course by imagination. I forget the name of that story of Kipling's which first drew my attention to him; but in it he says that a certain man's face 'looked like a tomattus six days in a bazaar.' That was all you wanted to know about that man's face. You could see it. You didn't care to be told that the other man's fist had damaged it. The expression was tremendously apt."

"By the way, do you know how Kipling is spending the winter? I understand he has been found lying on the floor in his den, reading a dictionary—studying the meanings of words and force of adjectives—in order to make his sentences more telling.

Just think what command he is acquiring over the English language!

"I find that in rewriting stories, as also in rearranging paragraphs, it is far more necessary than you would think to preserve the sentence with which a new paragraph begins. A break in the thread is fatal. Again, every character, every incident—every word, for that matter—must weave into one strand. When your story is completed there must be no loose threads, either along the way or at the end. The whole must run along one line to one completion. If your chief character says, 'I haven't slept for forty years,' you must follow along that line; if he says, 'My old woman and I have never quarrelled in forty years,' that is your cue. Every matter introduced must tend toward one idea. When you read in *Trilby* of that girl of whom *Svengali* tried to make a singer, that she will reappear no more in the story, you think that a thread is broken off; but when you come to the end of the book you find that *Du Maurier* means to show what her future would have been if she had had a throat like *Trilby's*; and you see that the thread is carried out to the end. You have only lost it in the weaving."

"Take one of the detail stories of forty years ago, for example. Very likely you will read something of this sort: 'The hero went upstairs and came to a white door with a red cross chalked on it. At the foot of this white door was a parcel done up in brown paper and tied with a blue string. He knocked at the door, and, receiving no answer, he entered a room with a table in the centre.' Here, very likely, there will be a new paragraph; which, after describing the room, will bring the reader back to the table, and to something on it. Now, if it is of importance to the rest of the story that the door is white, that it had a red cross on it, that there was a parcel at the foot of it, and that that parcel was done up in brown paper and tied with a blue string—very well; those details belong there. But if not, they are unnecessary—at least they are so regarded to-day. They serve to distract the attention, to fix it on something which is not concerned with the rest of the tale; and, in so far as they do that, they are out of sympathy with the modern idea of a short story. People have less leisure to-day than they had forty years ago."

"Is solitude necessary for writing short stories?"

"No, of course not. Why should it be? I work here, with people constantly moving around me. If any one comes in to see me, I just turn off a stop-cock in my brain, and turn it on again when I once more have leisure for writing. Perhaps that is a matter of habit. I have always been able to do my work, of whatever sort, anywhere. When I paint in the streets, in Venice or elsewhere, a crowd generally assembles to watch; and so long as they do not touch me, or interfere physically with my work, their presence never disturbs me in the least."

"What warns you where to stop in working over a story?"

"After writing it over three or four times, at intervals of a few weeks, you will generally find that you have done about the best you can with it. There is always the danger of over-refining a story, until it loses freshness and vitality."

"But I don't pretend that I can write short stories. I'm a baby at it, though I've been writing them for

ten years. But I know how they ought to be written.

"A short story is a one-act play. A novel is a six-act play, with climaxes instead of curtains. A short story is a one-stranded yarn; a novel is a six-stranded yarn. To put the art of short story writing into a single sentence: You take a bit of life; you make it a bit of literature; and then you make it a work of art."

THE ELEMENT OF DESPAIR IN LITERATURE

ELIZABETH SHELBY KINKEAD.....THE INDEPENDENT

Even the superficial reader must be impressed, through an intuitive feeling, by the element of despair in modern literature—in poetry, and in the novel which has become the vehicle of introduction of every scheme of progress and creed of belief. The thoughtful reader seeks for the causes of facts.

This is a day of unstable faiths. Literature is cheap and scattered broadcast.

"For these are the new dark ages, you see, of the popular press."

Everybody reads to-day, therefore everybody thinks, shallowly or profoundly. The old, simple ways of living are past. Modern life is subtle and complex; it must be dissected to be understood. We no longer look upon the earth we tread with only a poetic sentiment for the gently rolling meadows and grand, imposing rocks and hills. We demand a knowledge of its component parts. The old, simple trust, also, has passed away,

"And doubt is the lord of this dunghill and crows at the sun and the moon."

Everywhere there is disruption and new developments; and in the midst of the crushing wreck there comes only the wail of blind and helpless destroyers:

"Behold, we know not anything."

Even they who hold with the conviction of their mind and soul to the Christ of Christianity—the mass of men—are yet unconsciously affected by the spirit of the age, the natural consequence of which is misery. The question of the moment is the struggle of materialism to disprove the existence of the unseen universe. The man of talent (not the genius, the prophet) is the product of his age; he absorbs its disposition as water does the odors of the atmosphere in which it is placed. Driven by the prevailing tendency from a consideration of the spiritual basis of life, he turns his thoughts to a delineation of the outward man—the detail of his situation, surroundings, etc. Thus there has been developed a school of writers who, for the lack of a more truthful appellation, are called Realists.

Realism, however, is nothing more or less than an accurate transcription of that which appears. It bears the same relation to idealism that a photograph does to a portrait; a photograph being a precise copy, under certain conditions, of a man as he appears at the moment of its accomplishment; a portrait—probably not so correct in detail—being an expression of all there is in him, a suggestion of the highest or lowest he might reach for, according as good or evil holds the mastery over him. Thus idealism is an exposition of that which is in essence. It is far more true than realism, which is a representation of that which is manifest. Since the days of Hawthorne—who, after his midnight search for the

body of a young girl who through loneliness and anguish of soul had taken her life by drowning, returned to his home to write, not his feeling of awful pity for her fate, not even of the shuddering horror that must have been over him, but of the way the lids closed over the unseeing eyes, how the arms stiffened in their search for rest and of the unpoetic rigidity of the form, that he might give us the accurate, the *realistic* description of the drowning of Zenobia—since the days of Hawthorne, who was not always a realist, realism has developed until it has forged a break in the art of story-telling.

We do not need to go across the water to that consummate monster of this school—to Balzac—to find a complete illustration of this distinctive method. The sterile soil of New England, its colorless life, its traditions, have been the fitting environment for its evolution. I do not select the work of Miss Wilkins because it seems to me to evidence more genius than any that has been done heretofore on this line—although it certainly possesses the power to make an enduring impression—but because it is in accurate conformity to the type we are considering. It is the grimmest, gloomiest, most hopeless realism that has yet been produced, unless the stories of Mr. Hamlin Garland would contend for an equal rank in this position. As I laid aside *Juliza*—the chill of the New England winter in my blood, feeling almost the hot, parched sensation in my head from the closed New England stove that is an indispensable part of the machinery of these tales; with no tears in my eyes (she never brings the tears, that would do one good), but a wretched, dull, inactive despair over me—the only hope that sprang in my heart was from the thought that nothing more perfect in this way can be done; surely, surely this is the end of it all.

In our own country, as a general fact, I think we can say that the plot of the novel is not constructed on a basis of despair, but that this quality exists as an after-flavor with the reader—the result of the condition of things portrayed. Take, for example, the work of the half-dozen or more brilliant novelists that follow in the guidance of the master, Howells, and present to us certain phases of the social life of our large cities. Their plots are not always sad, they even end well sometimes; but, nevertheless, one is never left by them with a sense of elevation or joy. It is because they create for us the body, and not the soul, of their men and women. They give us the detail of every situation, as if the way a man carried his cane or a woman moved her fan revealed the true inwardness of their being. They present to us the symbol with no suggestion of the eternal realities that underlie the outward semblance. There is not one touch of sympathy in their work; not one hint that the writer is distinctive from the life he is depicting. In truth he is not. He is a part of the same social order of his men and women. They coldly outline—I cannot say they paint—a life with which they are in harmony. The painter, the true artist, let us note, interprets God to man. His vision is not narrowed to any particular section of country, nor is his mind biased by any prevailing current of thought.

In the old countries, where traditions are wearing out, and social and religious customs have been jarred by the skepticism of the day, we find that despair is truly the subject matter of literature. Con-

sider George Eliot and her immeasurably less great successor, Mrs. Humphrey Ward; look at the artist, Balzac, at Loti or De Maupassant and all that company of matchless short-story writers who outline life for us as an active or passive course of misery for which death is the tragic devouring or hopeless end; glance even at Ouida and then stop at Tolstoi. Are you not drunk now from the waters of bitterness? or perhaps lifeless, since you have been taught that the monster Fate is sucking the warm blood of your veins? You have seen the mad billows roll over and engulf the helpless victims of Destiny, or the chariot wheels of Chance knock down and crush the bones of those who happened in its way. But through all this noise of destruction—far off yet, it is true—may be caught a clear and joyous sound. Destruction means change, and change in this case heralds better things.

It is of small avail to state the existence of a fact if we are not enabled through a knowledge of the causes of that fact to surmise its issue. To-day we have an art of writing that is as definite and practical as the art of weaving. Up to this time we have been experimenting with methods, improving our machinery. Now, with these perfected tools, is it presumptuous to hope that there may be produced a literature that will show forth the spirit and purpose of the Creator?—a realism that grasps with accurate cunning the form of things, which shall be united to an idealism that is in harmony with the voice of Nature and in sympathy with the soul of Humanity? Fortunately for us there has already come a prophet to his people—a leader to guide them out of the wilderness of their present sojourn. He has taught us that

“A painter can lift each foot in turn,
Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,
Both in their order.”

He knows “the value and significance of flesh” at the same time that he demands this test:

“Thy body at its best,
How far can it project thy soul on its lone way?”

He has seen the world,

“The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,
Changes and surprises,”

And declared,

“It means intensely, and means good.”

From a spirit in joyous accord with the manifold harmonies of nature, he has sung,

“How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!”

And yet again, from a soul in steadfast subjection to the Eternal Law, he exclaims:

“But what if I fail of my purpose here?
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And baffled, get up and begin again,—
So the chase takes up one's life, that's all.”

Hall Caine, in his powerful novel *The Deemster*, has risen to a grand conception of the “victory of vanquishment.” So far as I know, this is the first novel of the day which has been written by a master of the art of realism who is, at the same time, an idealist, a poet. Such a work cannot be called

despairing. It is true it is a tragedy. One man is accused, another is doomed to death in life. There is misery over every one, everywhere a loss of all the hopes of earth. But up from it all there sounds the triumphant note of victory. The worth of the loss is a surer gain; the worth of the suffering, a truer joy. Out of all the destruction of the flesh, out of all the abasement of the spirit, comes the sublime, uplifting power of the atonement. I care not what wastes of barren desolation may meet the eye, what conflicts of passionate anguish may wrestle with the spirit; if upward the soul is drawn by the magnet of a high ideal, the elevation of joy is attained. Little we sorrow for the danger, even the agony, by the way, as breathless we follow the Childe Roland on his quest for the “Dark Tower.” That he too may not be overcome, is the burden of our prayer; that he may not fail at last, our thought; and the spirit rises on tiptoe to watch the end, and shouts in joy as he exclaims:

“Dauntless the slug horn to my lips I set
And blew; Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.”

If, in the weakness of the flesh, the human part of us cries aloud over the sum of human misery, and seems almost staggered sometimes in its struggle to discover the meaning of it all—blinded by the tears of sympathy for the wreck of earthly hopes and the loss of earthly lives—still let us believe that far ahead there is the Light. “Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh.” Let us lift our eyes from off the earth. It never makes the brain reel or the muscles fail us, to look upward. Did you ever think of that? Sometime the night will surely give place to the day.

“My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after Last returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.”

THE PARALYSIS OF GERMAN LITERATURE

A CRITIC THE MINSTREL

A number of German critics have recently given consideration to the literary life of that nation as at present manifested, with a view to determining what the energies of their country amount to. Our attention is called to the fact that Herr Berthold Litzmann, a professor in the University of Bonn, has recently investigated the influence of Germany's new political situation on poetry, fiction, and the drama, and that the conclusions to which he has been forced by his investigations are by no means flattering to the Germany of to-day. Herr Litzmann comes to the depressing decision that “the literature of United Germany is neither hot nor cold, but dreadfully commonplace, and destitute of individuality.” We quote from Herr Litzmann's study of the poetical condition of Germany. At the commencement of his researches Herr Litzmann declares that in 1870 there was not found in all Germany a poet capable of expressing the exultation of the German people in its first victories over the hereditary foe. Germany was quivering with martial enthusiasm, but the German muse held her peace as though struck dumb. In fact, when he undertook to publish in Germany a volume of poetical songs in honor of the campaign of 1870, the author of this monograph was forced to seek out and include in the collection

verses written as far back as 1840 by the poet Arndt, already in his grave.

The poets who were alive in 1870, like Freiligrath or Geibel—they who had been able to sway the hearts of the whole people before the war—put forth after this period nothing but empty declamation, without sincerity and without warmth, and in which the Germans could scarcely recognize their favorite singers. Professor Litzmann, in the course of his conscientious work, quotes several of these patriotic songs, and one is amazed to see that not only is there a great lack of genuine emotion, but that the workmanship is feeble, artificial, and appallingly platitudinous.

Geibel's lack of success in his attempt to sing the Prussian eagle is very significant. In his youth he had celebrated with great zeal the ancient German Empire, and had invoked with enthusiasm the return of the ancient Kaisers. His muse in 1845 had found a genuine inspiration in his dreams of a united Germany; but in 1870, when this dream had been realized, and when all Germany was waiting to see its favorite poet seize the lyre, thrilling with the intoxication of victory, Geibel brought forth the most pitiful specimen of hack-poetry in the shape of a patriotic hymn, *Deutschland*. Professor Litzmann, out of regard for a poet who once had some happy inspirations, prefers not to quote these stanzas, "so barren are they of ideas."

Only one German writer, according to Herr Litzmann, has been able to bring his verse fully into harmony with the thunder of the German cannon; and this writer is not a poet, but a historian—Heinrich Treitschke. His Hymn to the Black Eagle expresses well enough the impression which the War of 1870 produced in Germany. In other respects it is not a poetical work at all, but a rude war-song fit enough to be sung by soldiers on the march, but void of any elevated sentiment or any pregnant thought. Treitschke invites the German warriors of every rank to make "one last bloody pilgrimage to the Cathedral of Strasburg," and the whole song is in this fierce and rugged style. Nevertheless, Herr Litzmann pronounces this to be the one pearl of patriotic poetry Germany has produced since 1870.

THE GROTESQUE JEW IN LITERATURE

HALL CAINE.....THE JEWISH SPECTATOR

It is a fact worth mentioning that after Shakespeare and his contemporaries, down to our own century, no great English writer seems to have felt the Jewish character strongly. I can remember no important portrait of a Jew in Fielding or Richardson or Smollett. Richard Cumberland certainly wrote two plays, both on the side of Jewish sympathy, *The Jew* and *The Jew of Mogadore*, and Thomas Dibden wrote at least one play, *The Jew and the Doctor*, with the design of vindicating the Jewish character. Then of other sort we have the usurious Jews of the comedies of Sheridan, as well as their spendthrift Christians, one of whom, as you remember, rejoices in the probable discovery of the ten lost tribes of Israelites for the good reason that he has exhausted the patience of the other two. But perhaps the first effort on a high level, without apology or restraint, was made in the Isaac of York of Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

After that came a small group of noble Jewish

studies, including those of Disraeli (whose theories of the doctrine of race deserve more attention than they receive), and George Eliot, of whom, perhaps, we can only wish that her later genius had vitalized Daniel Deronda as her earlier genius had vitalized Adam Bede. But the studies of heroic Jewish character have been astonishingly few in English literature, and few of that few have had a general acceptance. Only sketches of grotesque Jews have been numerous and popular. The Fagin of Dickens, a wonderfully vivid and no doubt essentially realistic piece of art, has been the father of a large family. Why is this? Is it because the writers copy each other, having no knowledge of better types? And if so, is their ignorance altogether their fault, or partly their misfortune?

Do the Jews, in their old inveterate distrust of the showman (and the imaginative writer is a sort of showman), in their dislike and fear of the man who, as novelist and dramatist, has pursued them through the centuries with odium and ridicule, shut themselves up from him, and so make it difficult to see the nobler qualities which no man carries on his sleeve? Certainly it does sometimes seem that if the walls of Ghetto are fallen the Jewish company is still undispersed. The invisible bulwarks about the Jew appear formidable to some Christians. It has been my personal happiness to know one or two Jews of the best type on intimate terms of friendship, and it has therefore been easy for me to see the ancient and heroic side of Jewish character. May I dare to say in a company of Jews, would it not be well if the Jew came oftener out of the Mellah into the light and free air of the world that is common to all men? The Jew is notoriously assimilative and clubable, and it would be easy for him to laugh the grotesque Jew out of all claim to be regarded as a type. The mention of Fagin recalls a very real monstrosity which we smile at nearly as often as we see a play of London life, but which really almost deserves our genuine indignation—the Jew of the modern stage.

We all know the worthy gentleman in his little shabby hat and his long sack coat, with his nasal snuffle and his mincing walk. The silly old buffoon is never so high in historic rank as the low comedian, for that is a jester whom the public is expected to laugh with, whereas the Jew is the living gargoyle whom they are expected to laugh at. His characteristics are cunning and cowardice, usually tinctured with the greenest stupidity. Every fool scores off him, and his latter end is usually one of battered hats and eclipsed eyeballs. I will not say that this foolish person is invented solely in order that the public may indulge itself with laughter at the Jews, but that some butt of ridicule being necessary, it is safer in England to make him a Jew than a Quaker, or a Plymouth Brother, or even a Mormon. For the silly caricature itself there must perforce be some recognizable original in life, but surely it is a poor thing if the sentiment of modern English people is prepared to accept no more serious type of Jewish character. We remember, with a thrill of the heart, the noble-spirited Jews of the age, and we ask ourselves if it can be true that the English playgoer is unable or unwilling to contemplate with delight the good man or philanthropist in the person of a Jew.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

The Fallow Field...Dora Read Goodale...Harper's

Naked and fruitless lies the fallow field.
No mower there lays cradle to ripe grain,
Boasts the tilled soil, or counts it to his gain;
Unprized and poor, its furrows, blank as grief,
Nor keep the flock with tender blade and leaf,
Nor tempt the laboring bee . . .
Passive to Heaven it lies, and the broad sun
Streams fearless down on his dominion.
God is its husbandman: mist-wreaths and dews,
Slant rain and the toothed frost, their cunning use,
And work new spells with oldest alchemy
In the spent borders of the fallow field.

Canst learn no lesson from the fallow field?
Not to Toil only, not to those who strive,
The bright celestial visitants arrive!
Let the tired heart lie fallow, and the brain,
Eased of its tasks, wait like a child again;
Hush the quick-beating breast.
Nature, the old nurse-mother, knows a spell
That pleases those who trust her passing well.
Who for a season only courts the sky
Will reap the fuller harvest by-and-by.
Give ear to silence; taste the sweets of rest,—
And prove the virtues of the fallow field!

Ghosts.....Charles Lotin Hildreth.....Poems

Twelve by the chime: from idle dreams awaking,
I trim my lamp and mount the creaking stair;
The shadows through the carven arches shaking
Seem mocking phantoms that pursue me there.

The faded portraits in the lamp-light's glamour
Look down with cold inquisitorial gaze;
The sculptured busts, the knights in rustic armor,
Loom large against the window's pictured maze.

Thick dust falls from the time-worn, tattered hangings,
Thick dust lies on the tessellated floor;
My step sounds loud, the door's sepulchral clangings
Roll far along the gusty corridor.

Ah me! among my dwelling's desolation
It seems some fable that my brain recalls,
That once a glad and gallant generation
Loved, laughed, and feasted in these lonely halls.

Silent the voice of song, and hushed the laughter,
Cheerless and cold the empty banquet-room;
The spider weaves in gilded groin and rafter,
The shrill wind whistles through the vaulted gloom.

Vanished those dear ones, by what hidden highways,
In what far regions, o'er what stormy waves,
I know not, nor in what oblivious byways
The sere grass sighs above their nameless graves.

And yet, as if my soul's imperious longing
Were as a spell unspoken yet supreme,
Pale shapes seem through the hollow darkness thronging,
Like those wan visitants which haunt a dream.

They gather round me through the silent spaces,
Like clouds across the waning twilight blown,
Till all the room is filled with flickering faces
And hovering hands that reach to wring my own.

With friendly greeting and familiar gesture,
Wearing the form and feature that they wore
When youth and beauty clothed them like a vesture,
They come, the unforgotten ones of yore.

On cheek and brow I feel their chill caresses,
Like cold, faint airs of autumns long ago;
I hear the sighing of their ghostly tresses,
The trailing of their garments to and fro.

Up from the gulfs of time, the blind abysses,
Those radiant phantoms of the past arise,
And bring again the perfume of their kisses,
The peril and the splendor of their eyes.

But cold their lips, they breathe no warm affection,
And cold their breasts as frozen shapes of snow;
Their luminous eyes are but a vain reflection,
Stray starbeams in the ice-bound stream below.

'Tis well: nay, if by spell or incantation
The loved and lost I might again behold,
Breathing and warm in youth's bright incarnation,
And glowing with the loveliness of old,—

That word I would withhold, for their sakes only:
Estranged and changed as in a haggard dream,
Time-tossed and tempest-beaten, old and lonely,
To their young eyes what spectres we would seem!

In Sleep.....Richard Hovey.....Taliesin
Here falls no light of sun nor stars;
No stir nor striving here intrudes;
No moan nor merrymaking mars
The quiet of these solitudes.

Submerged in sleep, the passive soul
Is one with all the things that seem;
Night blurs in one confused whole
Alike the dreamer and the dream.

O dweller in the busy town!
For dreams you smile, for dreams you weep.
Come out, and lay your burdens down!
Come out; there is no God but sleep.

Sleep, and renounce the vital day;
For evil is the child of life.
Let be the will to live, and pray
To find forgetfulness of strife.

Beneath the thicket of these leaves
No light discriminates each from each.
No self that wrongs, no self that grieves
Hath longer deed nor creed nor speech.

Sleep on the mighty Mother's breast!
Sleep and no more be separate!
Then, one with Nature's ageless rest,
There shall be no more sin to hate.

*Misunderstanding. S. M. Almon-Hensley. A Woman's Love Letters**

Spring's face is wreathed in smiles. She had been driven
Hither and thither at the surly will
Of treacherous winds till her sweet heart was chill.

Into her grasp the sceptre has been given,
And now she touches with a proud young hand
The earth, and turns to blossoms all the land.

We catch the smile, the joyousness, the pride,
And share them with her. Surely winter gloom
Is for the old, and frost is for the tomb.

Youth must have pleasure, and the tremulous tide
Of sun-kissed waves, and all the golden fire
Of Summer's noon tide splendor of desire.

I have forgotten,—for the breath of buds
Is on my temples,—if in former days
I have known sorrow; I remember praise,

And calm content, and joy's great ocean-floods,
And many dreams so sweet that, in their place,
We would not welcome even Truth's fair face.

O Man to whom my heart hast leaned, dost know
Aught of my life? Sometimes a strong despair
Enters my soul and finds a lodging there;
Thou dost not know me, and the years will go
As these last months have gone, and I shall be
Still far, and a strange woman unto thee.

I do not blame thee. If there is a fault
Let it be mine, for surely had I tried
The door of my heart's home to open wide
No need had been for even Love's assault.
And yet, methinks, somewhere there is a key
Thou mightest have found, and entered happily.

I am no saint niched in a hallowed wall
For men to worship, but I would compel
A level gaze. You teachers who would tell
A woman's place, I do defy you all!
While justice lives, and love with joy is crowned,
Woman and man must meet on equal ground.

The deepest wrong is falsehood. She who sells
Her soul and body for a little gain
In ease, or the world's notice, has a stain
Upon her soul no lighter for the bells
Of marriage rites, and purer far is she
Who gives her all for love's sad ecstasy.

Canst thou not understand a nature strong
And passionate with impulses that sway,
With yearning tenderness that must have way,
Yet knows no ill desire, no touch of wrong?
If thou canst not, then in God's name I pray
See me no more forever from this day.

The Parting Hour.....Olive Custance.....Poems

Not yet, dear love, not yet: the sun is high;
You said last night, "At sunset I will go."
Come to the garden, where when blossoms die
No word is spoken; it is better so.
Ah! bitter word "Farewell."

Hark! how the birds sing sunny songs of spring!
Soon they will build, and work will silence them;
So we grow less light-hearted as years bring
Life's grave responsibilities — and then
The bitter word "Farewell."

The violets fret to fragrance 'neath your feet,
Heaven's gold sunlight dreams aslant your hair:
No flower for me! your mouth is far more sweet.
Oh, let my lips forget, while lingering there,
Love's bitter word "Farewell."

Sunset already! have we sat so long?
The parting hour, and so much left unsaid!
The garden has grown silent — void of song,
Our sorrow shakes us with a sudden dread!
Ah! bitter word "Farewell."

Life's Unexpressed.....Anne Elders.....The London Speaker

There are sweeter words than were ever said,
And sweeter songs than were ever sung,
And fonder tears than were ever shed
By the eyes of the old or the hearts of the young.

For the love that speaks is the love that dies,
And soonest yields unto Time's control;
But the deathless love is the love that lies
Deeply enshrined in the speechless soul.

For the tenderest music the spirit knows
Is the music that cannot be expressed,
And the fondest tears of man are those
That lie unwept in his breaking breast.

For the soul is strong and the flesh is weak,
And fonder far than the words we hear
Are the words our lips refuse to speak
When they whom our souls love best are near.

Ah me! to think that it must be so!
To think, ah me! in the morning light
That the hearts we love must never know
The tears we weep through the lonely night!

Ah! ever thus with the old and young,
Till both are laid with the quiet dead,
The sweetest songs must remain unsung,
And the fondest words remain unsaid.

Courage.....Grace Denio Litchfield.....Hartford Courant

Hast thou made shipwreck of thy happiness?
Yet, if God please,
Thou'll find thee some small haven none the less,
In nearer seas,
Where thou mayst sleep for utter weariness,
If not for ease.

The port thou dream'dst of thou shalt never reach,
Though gold its gates,
And wide and fair the silver of its beach;
For sorrow waits
To pilot all whose aims too far outreach
Toward darker straits.

Yet that no soul divine thou art astray,
On this cliff's crown
Plant thou a victor flag ere breaks the day
Across night's brown;
And none shall guess it doth but point the way
Where a bark went down.

Sudden Light.....Dante Gabriel Rossetti.....Poems

I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before,—
How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turn'd so,
Some veil did fall,— I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before?
And shall not thus time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our love restore
In death's despite,
And day and night yield one delight once more?

*Smiles and Tears. Mary B. Chapman. Lyrics of Love and Nature**

A smile unto its sister teardrop said:
"O pallid creature, sad and bitter thing!
You do mishappen truly, that you bring
No blessings with you such as I can boast;
I am the petted guest of Fortune's host,
The courted of the earth, while you — alas
Men frown and close their doors and bid you pass;
They love you not, they greet you not; but I —
No mortal willingly will pass me by!"

Then softly in a limpid, melting tone,
"Not so!" replied the teardrop, "men give birth
To me for very ecstasy of mirth!
Have I not crowned the laughter of the king?
Baptized the sweetest moments love can bring?
Bathed wholesomest confession and redress,
And wrought relief to anguished tearlessness?
Have I not served strong purpose for the weak
And lent them eloquence no smile could speak?"

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

THE HATCHING OF COD

SEVENTEEN MILLION DEPOSITED IN A YEAR....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

The hatchery is situated on the shore side of Ten Pound Island, and is a small square building, with the hatching-room on the ground floor, and the quarters for the men on the second one. Here Mr. Locke and about eight or ten men work over the eggs through the winter, from the middle of November to December 1, finishing up about April 1. It takes only about two weeks for a freshly taken egg to develop into an embryo, so that it will be seen that the latter must be turned out very rapidly, and this is in fact the case, Mr. Locke and his assistants having given to the sea some seventeen millions of undeveloped codfish thus far this year. One of the most interesting things in regard to this station, and one in which it is superior to every other hatchery, is the manner in which the spawn is taken. It is done so that every egg hatched out here is an egg which, under ordinary conditions, would be lost, and this can be said of no other station. The spawn is taken entirely from the fishermen, and almost wholly from the fleet in Ipswich Bay.

The headquarters of most of these men is at Kittery, through which port they market their fish to Portsmouth and the towns and cities for which it is a base of supply. The spawn-taking station of the Gloucester hatchery is, therefore, situated at Kittery, and consists of a captain, who is in charge of the station, a mate and five seamen. Each of the five seamen is sent out on one of the boats of the fishing fleet every morning, and it is his duty to collect the spawn from the fish that are taken. It may readily be seen that but for this man the spawn of the captured fish would all be lost. The spawn-taker takes the spawn from the females and the milt from the males, and places them together in a large iron kettle made especially for the purpose. In doing this he improves on nature, for by this means about 95 per cent of the eggs are fertilized, while if they are laid in the open sea the percentage will not be greater than one per cent. As soon as the fishing fleet returns to Kittery for the night, the spawn which has been collected by the different men through the day is taken by the mate, who at once starts for Gloucester by train. The eggs are then placed in the tanks, and there is nothing more to do but to keep them in clean, fresh water until they hatch out.

There are sixty-four tanks in the hatching-room of the station, each about 12x36 inches in size. Each tank contains from 3,000 to 4,000 eggs, and they are kept in use pretty steadily all through the season. They are supplied with fresh sea water from the big tank outside of the building, which is in turn filled by a pump, taking its water from well out into the harbor. The water enters at one end of the tank, and a perfect tidal ebb and flow, guaranteeing a complete change of the water in the tank every few minutes, is obtained by an ingenious device at the other end. The primary overflow is from the top of a pipe set upright in the tank, and high enough to allow the water to nearly fill the latter before it runs over. Over this another larger pipe

is placed, closed at the top and open at the bottom. The water rises in the tank until it reaches the overflow at the top of the first pipe. As soon as it runs over, it, of course, begins to fall, but the pressure on the water in the tank keeps driving it up between the two pipes until it has fallen to the opening at the bottom of the second pipe, when the air rushes in, establishes a pressure between the two pipes, and the tank fills up again. By this means almost all of the water in the tank is changed, while a simple overflow might simply establish a current along the top of the tank. This is an important matter, as fresh water is absolutely necessary in hatching the eggs. The water is slightly warmed, being kept at a temperature of thirty-nine degrees, while the usual temperature of sea water at this time of year is about thirty-three.

Another important matter is the removal of the eggs which have died. These constitute a small proportion of the whole, but it is important that they should be removed, as, if they are not, they will injure the others. It is a comparatively easy matter to do this, although it requires constant watchfulness, for the dead eggs fall to the bottom of the tank, so that all that is necessary to do is to change the others into another tank, and then take out those which have been left in the bottom. The eggs are about one-eighteenth of an inch in size, and to the naked eye appear irregular in shape. Placed under the microscope, however, they show a perfect globe, entirely transparent, and in the freshly taken egg having a yolk about half the size of the whole egg, and only distinguishable by the fine line of division. As the egg hatches the yolk increases in size, until it, at six days old, occupies nearly the whole of the shell. At from twelve to fourteen days the embryos begin to make their appearance, at first curled up, just inside the shell, and then breaking through it, tail first. They do not look much like codfish, but more like tadpoles, having a big head and staring eyes, and being whitish in color. They are usually kept for two or three days after they are hatched, and then put out into the cold world to battle for themselves, and if they do not freeze to death or are not gobbled up by some larger fish, pass through various stages of evolution, and eventually end their careers as the codfish of commerce.

THE SINGING MOUSE IN REPERTOIRE

A MUSICAL MARVEL.....CHICAGO EVENING LAMP

From the little town of Hodgenville, Ky., comes the true story of a mouse that sings like a lark and imitates a wren, a chicken or a mocking bird with wonderful accuracy. This musical little animal is owned by Mr. Richard Russ, who lives in Hodgenville, and who keeps his remarkable pet in a cage and amuses his friends now and then with the tiny fellow's warblings. The other day, when the mouse was put on exhibition by his fond master, a correspondent who was present vouches for what happened as follows:

The mouse showed no signs of being scared. "Now," said Mr. Russ, "as soon as I feed it you will hear it sing." He gave the mouse a few crumbs,

which it began to devour. As soon as it had finished its meal it began chirping like a chicken, then like a wren and then like a mocking bird. It kept this up four minutes, when the appearance of a cat interrupted it. Mr. Russ at once put the cat out, but the mouse was so scared that it would not consent to sing. After dinner several men from the neighborhood called in to hear the wonderful mouse sing. As soon as it finished more crumbs which were given to it it began to sing.

"Every night for the last two weeks," said Mr. Russ, "we have been hearing strange noises, which sounded like the singing of a bird. For the first two or three nights we paid but little attention to it, but upon the continuance of this strange noise, we decided to investigate the matter, but could not discover it. We called in several gentlemen to keep watch with us, and we sat up all night for two nights. The noise would not stay in one place, but would run from one room to another, then upon the roof. We began to think," he continued, "that maybe this strange noise was a ghost, or a warning that some one of the family would soon die. This idea scared us all, and we were determined to find out what it was. Just then the noise sounded as if it was under the hearth, when out ran a mouse, which was grabbed by Mr. Kennedy. We locked it up in a corn-popper and continued our search, when about midnight the noise came from the popper. Then we were convinced that the mouse was the cause of our uneasiness, much to our joy."

PRODUCING INFECTED INSECTS

RENE BACHE.....PROVIDENCE JOURNAL

The business for exchanging sick bugs for well ones is to be conducted on a large scale this year. Professor Frank H. Snow, chancellor of the State University at Kansas, is in charge of it, with an appropriation from the Legislature to back him. Just now he is getting into order his hospital for insects, in which the latter are treated, not for the purpose of curing them of anything, but to inoculate them artificially with horrible diseases. During the coming summer anybody who chooses to send a healthy chinch bug to Professor Snow will receive from him in return a diseased specimen of the same species. Last season consignments of sick insects were forwarded to three thousand farmers in Kansas alone, and packages of them were shipped by express to various localities in eight other States. The recipients scattered the bugs in their fields, the object being to spread a plague among the chinch bugs that were damaging the crops. This is a new idea. The theory that some of the most injurious insects may be kept in check by spreading diseases among them artificially is being applied by practical experiments in Europe as well as in this country. Professor Snow's work in this direction has been attended with much success, the destructive chinch bugs being well-nigh annihilated over whole districts by his patent plague. His disease-breeding hospital is on plans of his own, involving the use of no very elaborate apparatus. The material of infection is placed in small glass jars together with a few healthy bugs. The latter, when they have become sick, are transferred to large shallow boxes. In these boxes the healthy bugs are put as fast as they are received, and from them is obtained a con-

stant supply of dying and dead insects for shipment to those who want them.

To maintain the supply, Professor Snow requires that every person asking for diseased bugs shall send an equal number of healthy ones. Some of the specimens forwarded from the infirmary are, to all outward appearance, well and happy, but they have been exposed to infection, and the deadly germs are already beginning to multiply inside of their bodies. After a bit they will sicken and die, the corpse of each one being enveloped in a shroud of white mould. Did you ever see a dead fly attached to a window-pane by a network of whitish gossamer filaments? It is a case exactly similar; the fly has died of a fungous disease. The ailment communicated to the chinch bugs by Professor Snow is a fungus, the fruiting of which makes the winding sheet that eventually envelops the victim. Last autumn Professor Snow carefully preserved the bodies of a considerable number of dead chinch bugs. These will furnish the infection material for starting the work of the coming season. They will be placed in the small glass jars with the first live insects collected; the latter will be transferred later on to the large shallow boxes, and business will proceed in the manner already described. The defunct insects are practically transformed into the fungus which has killed them, the latter eating them up literally. When a few sick and dying chinch bugs are scattered about in a field, they spread the plague rapidly under favorable conditions. This is accomplished to some extent by contact with healthy insects, but mainly through the distribution of the minute spores of the fungus by wind. These spores correspond to the seeds of higher plants.

The fungus is a peculiar species known to science as "*sporotrichum globuliferum*." It attacks the chinch bugs occasionally under natural conditions. In fact, it would hardly be practicable to grow any grain crops over a large part of this country if it were not for the epidemics which attack the chinch bugs from time to time, almost annihilating the species. There was such a plague among them in the year 1865, when the ravages of their destroying armies was suddenly stopped by a death so unsparing that for some seasons afterward the descendants of the few survivors were not numerous enough to do any material damage. Such an event is sure to happen every now and then, and some time elapses before the animals again become a serious pest. In 1871 chinch bugs destroyed \$40,000,000 worth of grains in seven States; in 1874 they devoured \$20,000,000 worth of wheat, corn and oats in Missouri alone, the total loss in seven states being at least \$70,000,000.

The utmost importance attaches to Professor Snow's work, inasmuch as the chinch bug constitutes at present a very serious economic problem. In point of destructiveness it is not approached by any other insect—not even the grasshopper. It is found from the Atlantic coast to the shores of the Pacific, and from New Jersey to Florida. Apparently, it is not an imported pest, but was originally a native of the eastern part of the United States. Normally it feeds on various species of wild grasses, and the unlimited food supply offered by the cultivation of wheat and other grains enables it to multiply enormously. It lays its eggs on the roots of the

infested plant, and the young grubs as soon as they are hatched insert their beaks into the growing stalk and begin to suck the sap. The farmer is almost helpless against the insects, which in a bad season are so numerous that his corn is literally black with them. At intervals the chinch bugs migrate in almost incredible swarms. When cold weather comes, they seek shelter in fence-cracks, in haystacks, in rubbish on the ground, in stumps and logs, or under stones. Thus they pass the winter. They are so hardy that they have been known to thaw out alive from ice in the spring. Unfortunately, many of their enemies are destroyed by man—notably, the common quail. It is believed that frogs eat many chinch bugs. Professor Snow's method is particularly successful in wet seasons, the fungus requiring warmth and moisture for its propagation. But it is in dry seasons chinch bugs are worst, and then the artificial plague refuses to spread.

The Department of Agriculture has been much interested in experiments of this kind. A while ago it sent a couple of experts to the South for the purpose of studying the cabbage worm—a large green caterpillar, which does a great deal of damage in that part of the country. This insect is subject to a peculiar form of bacterial disease, which literally eats it up, transforming its fleshy substance into so much decomposed matter. So quickly do the fatal germs do their work that the victim is dead usually within twenty-four hours after it is first inoculated. It turns gradually from bright green to brown, and finally to black—a loathsome corpse. As a rule, the bacteria begin by attacking the third segment of the animal from the tail. Within four days the worm is so completely absorbed by the morbid process that nothing is left of it save a grease spot. Specimens forwarded to Washington in wooden pill-boxes have disappeared entirely within a week, each individual leaving only a small stain to show that once there was a caterpillar. Professor Gallo-way made cultures of these bacteria in beef tea, thus obtaining them by myriads. It was imagined that such solutions, filled with the disease-producing microbes, might be employed for sprinkling the cabbage patches, so as to spread the complaint. Any caterpillar venturing to nibble a leaf stained with the solution would inevitably contract the malady. Then, crawling about in the field, the dying insect would be apt to communicate the infection directly or indirectly to other caterpillars. Theoretically the plan was admirable, but practical experiments with it have not been successful up to date. It is the same way with efforts made in Europe to spread diseases among injurious insects of various species. They have done very well in the laboratory, but they did not work well in practice.

It was thought that, if the experiment with the cabbage worm was successful, the same disease might be communicated to a related insect which is known as the boll worm of the cotton. This animal is exciting a good deal of alarm just at present—so much in fact that the United States entomologist-in-chief, Professor L. O. Howard, and one of his assistants, Dr. Schwarz, have made a visit to Texas during the last month for the purpose of studying it. In the last half-dozen years the cultivation of cotton has been abandoned in extensive districts of northern Mexico, where the growing of that plant was

formerly the principal agricultural industry, solely on account of the ravages of the boll worm, and unfortunately it is spreading northward into Texas. The greatest trouble with this worm is that it makes its home inside of the boll of cotton, so that it cannot be assailed with insecticides.

The common white grub, which does a good deal of damage to agriculture, is attacked by a peculiar fungus that actually transforms the animal into a vegetable, and causes the insect to serve the purpose of a root. It has been suggested that this disease might be spread artificially. The complaint is similar to that which affects a species of caterpillar in China. The latter is the larva of a kind of moth, and at the beginning of winter it burrows into the earth. There it is apt to find the spores of the fungus, which assail it and soon transform it into vegetable tissue. From its head springs a long shoot, which appears and fructifies above the ground like any mushroom. The fructifying top of the mushroom scatters its spores around under the scarlet-flowered myrtles, on which the caterpillars feed. Thus, trouble is prepared for the next generation of caterpillars. Here is found the remarkable spectacle of living organisms which are insects in summer and plants in winter. The Chinese gather these curious fungi and use them for medicine. Whereas the spreading of artificial diseases among insects has not been very successful up to date, the introduction of parasites to feed upon them and destroy them has accomplished wonders. There would be no orange-growing industry in California now, but for the importation by the Government of a certain species of ladybird bugs from Australia. A few years ago the destructive fluted-scale insect had spread to such an extent in the orange orchards that the case was deemed well-nigh hopeless, and many growers were giving up the business. But it was ascertained that in the Land of the Kangaroo was a kind of bug that fed on the fluted-scale insect. An agent was sent to fetch some of the ladybirds, which were let loose among the orange trees in California. They multiplied very rapidly, and in a short time they practically exterminated the scale bug.

An important part of the work of the Bureau of Entomology at Washington is the artificial breeding of various species of injurious insects. This is done for the purpose of studying their life history, with a view to finding out how they may be destroyed to best advantage. Incidentally, many parasitic bugs are hatched and reared. For example, the parasites that invade beehives are propagated in honeycombs—in this case, of course, in order to discover how to destroy their kind. In other instances the object is to make use of the parasites to prey upon bugs that are injurious to agriculture. Nowadays the farmer is taught to protect certain species of insects, which will defend him against others which he has reason to dread. Thus he should be careful not to kill the predacious wheel bugs. When an insect parasite that is very destructive to any bad kind of bug is discovered in any part of the world, the entomologists send specimens to other countries, in order that they may propagate and do good elsewhere. For example, a bug that preys on the phylloxera, which eats grapevines, was carried from this country to France in 1873. It has done much to keep down the pest there.

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES HOME AND ABROAD

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S START IN LIFE

ANDREW CARNEGIE.....THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

I sympathize with the rich man's boy and congratulate the poor man's boy. It is from the ranks of the poor that so many strong, eminent, self-reliant men have always sprung and always must spring. If you will read the list of the "Immortals who were not born to die," you will find that most of them have been born to the precious heritage of poverty. It seems, nowadays, a matter of universal desire that poverty should be abolished. We should be quite willing to abolish luxury, but to abolish honest, industrious, self-denying poverty would be to destroy the soil upon which mankind produces the virtues which enable our race to reach a still higher civilization than it now possesses.

I come now to the third step in my apprenticeship, for I had already taken two, as you see, the "cotton factory" and then the "bobbin factory," and with the third—the third time is the chance, you know—deliverance came. I obtained a situation as messenger-boy in the telegraph office of Pittsburg when I was fourteen. Here I entered a new world. Amid books, newspapers, pencils, pen and ink and writing pads, and a clean office, bright windows and the literary atmosphere, I was the happiest boy alive. My only dread was that I should some day be dismissed because I did not know the city; for it is necessary that a messenger-boy should know all the firms and addresses of men who are in the habit of receiving telegrams. But I was a stranger in Pittsburg. However, I made up my mind that I would learn to repeat successively each business house in the principal streets, and was soon able to shut my eyes and begin at one side of Wood Street, and call every firm successively to the top, then pass to the other side and call every firm to the bottom. Before long I was able to do this with the business streets generally. My mind was then at rest upon that point. Of course, every ambitious messenger-boy wants to become an operator, and before the operators arrived in the early mornings the boys slipped up to the instruments and practised. This I did and was soon able to talk to the boys in the other offices along the line, who were also practising.

One morning I heard Philadelphia calling Pittsburg and giving the signal, "Death Message." Great attention was then paid to "Death Messages," and I thought I ought to try to take this one. I answered and did so, and went off and delivered it before the operator came. After that the operators sometimes used to ask me to work for them. Having a sensitive ear for sound I soon learned to take messages by the ear, which was then very uncommon—I think only two persons in the United States could then do it. Now every operator takes by ear, so easy is it to follow and do what any other boy can—if you only have to. This brought me into notice, and finally I became an operator and received the—to me—enormous recompense of twenty-five dollars per month, three hundred dollars a year! This was a fortune; the very sum that I had fixed when I was a factory-worker as the fortune I wished to possess, because the family could live on three

hundred dollars a year and be almost, or quite, independent. Here it was at last! But I was soon to be in receipt of extra compensation for extra work.

The six newspapers of Pittsburg received telegraphic news in common. Six copies of each despatch were made by a gentleman who received six dollars per week for the work, and he offered me a gold dollar every week if I would do it, of which I was very glad, indeed, because I always liked to work with news and scribble for newspapers. The reporters came to a room every evening for the news which I had prepared, and this brought me into most pleasant intercourse with these clever fellows, and besides, I got a dollar a week as pocket-money, for this was not considered family revenue by me. I think this last step of doing something beyond one's task is fully entitled to be considered "business." The other revenue, you see, was just salary obtained for regular work; but here was a "little business operation" upon my own account, and I was very proud indeed of my gold dollar every week.

The Pennsylvania Railroad shortly after this was completed to Pittsburg, and that genius, Thomas A. Scott, was its superintendent. He often came to the telegraph office to talk to his chief, the general superintendent, at Altoona, and I became known to him in this way. When that great railway system put up a wire of its own, he asked me to be his "clerk and operator." So I left the telegraph office—in which there is great danger that a young man may be permanently buried, as it were—and became connected with the railways. The new appointment was accompanied by a, to me, tremendous increase of salary. It jumped from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars per month. Mr. Scott was then receiving one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month, and I used to wonder what on earth he could do with so much money. I remained for thirteen years in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and was at last superintendent of the Pittsburg division of the road, successor to Mr. Scott, who had in the meantime risen to the office of vice-president of the company.

One day Mr. Scott, who was the kindest of men, and had taken a great fancy for me, asked if I had or could find five hundred dollars to invest. Here the business instinct came into play. I felt that as the door was opened for a business investment with my chief, it would be wilful flying in the face of providence if I did not jump at it; so I answered promptly:

"Yes, sir, I think I can."

"Very well," he said, "get it; a man has just died who owns ten shares in the Adams Express Company, which I want you to buy. It will cost you sixty dollars per share, and I can help you with a little balance if you cannot raise it all." Here was a queer position. The available assets of the whole family were not five hundred dollars. But there was one member of the family whose ability, pluck and resource never failed us, and I felt sure the money could be raised somehow or other by my mother. Indeed, had Mr. Scott known our position

he would have advanced it himself, but the last thing in the world the proud Scot will do is to reveal his poverty and rely upon others. The family had managed by this time to purchase a small house, and paid for it in order to save rent. My recollection is that it was worth eight hundred dollars.

The matter was laid before the council of three that night, and the oracle spoke. "Must be done. Mortgage our house. I will take the steamer in the morning for Ohio and see uncle, and ask him to arrange it. I am sure he can." This was done. Of course her visit was successful—where did she ever fail? The money was procured; paid over; ten shares of Adams Express Company stock were mine, but no one knew our little home had been mortgaged "to give our boy a start." Adams Express stock then paid monthly dividends of one per cent, and the first check for ten dollars arrived. I can see it now, and I well remember the signature of "J. C. Babcock, cashier," who wrote a big "John Hancock" hand. The next day being Sunday, we boys—myself and my ever-constant companions—took our usual Sunday afternoon stroll in the country, and sitting down in the woods I showed them this check, saying, "Eureka! We have found it."

Here was something new to all of us, for none of us had ever received anything but from toil. A return from capital was something strange and new. How money could make money, how without any attention from me this mysterious golden visitor should come, led to much speculation upon the part of the young fellows, and I was for the first time hailed as a "capitalist." You see I was beginning to serve my apprenticeship as a business man in a satisfactory manner.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, THE THEOSOPHIST

THE WORK OF THE OCCULT LEADER.....NEW YORK HERALD

William Q. Judge, president of the Theosophical Society in America, for many years one of the most eloquent advocates of Theosophy and one of the most prominent members of the society, died in April. Mr. Judge began to fail in May last, and, as his malady was then diagnosed as consumption, he went on an extended trip to the South in the hope of regaining his health. Theosophy has lost one of its oldest members in this country, and one of its most eloquent advocates.

A sketch of Mr. Judge's life will include a sketch of the development and progress of Theosophy in this country, for he was early identified with that sect and was always one of its leading members. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, on April 13, 1851, and seems to have early in life imbibed a love of the occult and mystic. This trait he appears to have inherited from his father, who was deeply interested in Free Masonry. Mr. Judge was a close and ardent student all his life of Free Masonry, but never joined the order. The family came to America in 1864 and young Judge became a law clerk in the office of George P. Andrews, later a Justice of the Supreme Court. He studied law and was admitted to practice in May, 1872. In April of that year he became a naturalized citizen of the United States, and in 1874 he married Miss Ella M. Smith, who survives him, but they never had any children. After his admission to the Bar Mr. Judge became a member of the law firm of Olcott, Gonzales &

Judge, but later he left the firm and opened an office of his own. It was then he became acquainted with Colonel Olcott and Mme. Blavatsky, and he was one of the fifty-six charter members of the Theosophical Society that was organized in 1875 by Mme. Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott. The headquarters of the society then were at No. 46 Irving place, this city, and ever since that time Mr. Judge had been one of the society's most active workers.

When Colonel Olcott and Mme. Blavatsky went to India in 1878 the society fell to pieces, but in 1883 Mr. Judge reorganized it and established the Aryan Theosophical Society as the local branch, besides starting branches in other cities. One of the objects of this society was "to promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, sciences," and "to investigate unexplained laws of nature and the physical laws of man." A few years later the society was on the point of dissolution. There was disaffection in its ranks and Mr. Judge was asked to resign, as a result of charges brought against him by Mrs. Annie Besant. These charges were the outgrowth of Mrs. Besant's scepticism. Mme. Blavatsky had died on May 8, 1891, in London, and her body had been cremated at Woking, and yet, as Mrs. Besant pointed out in a speech in London on August 30, 1891, she had had letters from the spirit world in the same handwriting as letters that Mme. Blavatsky had received from the same source in her lifetime. She declared that the letters were fraudulent and had been written by Mr. William Q. Judge.

There was a great to-do over the charges, and it looked for a time as though Mr. Judge would lose his prestige in the society. He claimed that the letters were genuine communications from the Mahatmas, or "masters." Mrs. Besant declared they were not; that they were messages procured chiefly by Judge, by means he understood, for they were in the form of advice and command from the masters, which were generally calculated to promote Judge's interests in the organization. The charges created a tremendous sensation in the society, and Colonel Olcott and Mr. Judge both started for London, the Colonel from India and Judge from New York, to put them to a final test.

When Judge reached London there had been no sign, contrary to expectation, from the masters or Mahatmas, and on May 23 he proposed to Mrs. Besant that they should endeavor to restore communication by writing a question on paper, enclosing it in an envelope and putting the envelope in a cabinet in apartments formerly occupied by Mme. Blavatsky. This was done, Judge writing the question, closing the envelope and putting it in the cabinet. After an interval he opened the envelope and showed Mrs. Besant the words, "Yes and hope" in red chalk under the question. Also an impression in black and a peculiar seal, a cryptograph "M," which was then and for some time afterward accepted as a mystic seal of one of the Mahatmas. This seemed to show Mrs. Besant's suspicions were not well founded. A meeting of the society was held some days later, and on Mr. Judge's suggestion all the power of the society was concentrated in Mrs. Besant's hands. Later both shared the power together, and Colonel Olcott, the prime organizer of the society, was left out in the cold. Thus

things ran along until February of last year, when Mrs. Besant renewed her charges of trickery and fraudulent practices against Mr. Judge.

She said she felt convinced that the messages from Mr. Judge under the "masters'" name were not what they purported to be, and, though an official inquiry in regard to the matter that had been held in London in the previous July had resulted in no definite action, Mrs. Besant's request that Judge be asked to resign was acceded to. But instead of doing so Judge became the president of the society in this country, which cut aloof from the parent organization at the convention held in Boston last year. He had previously been general secretary of the American section and vice-president of the society itself. He began an active propaganda with the idea of widening the scope and membership of the American society, but his failing health stopped his work in that direction, although at that time the society had many branches throughout the country with a membership of 400,000.

BARON HIRSCH, THE PHILANTHROPIST

THE FAMOUS BANKER.....BOSTON JOURNAL

Baron Maurice de Hirsch, the great financier and philanthropist, died in April, on his estate at Presburg, Hungary, from a stroke of apoplexy. Maurice Hirsch was one of the wealthiest men in the world and from his philanthropy was regarded by the Hebrews as a protector and guide. He was born at Munich about 62 years ago, and came of a respectable old Hebrew stock. He was sent to Brussels at 13, and learned to read and write fluently French, English and German. By the time he was 17 he was put by his father into a great Belgian banking house, and while there soon became known to his chiefs as a young man possessing extraordinary financial acumen and rare intelligence. Then came what the Baron always gallantly declared to have been his greatest stroke of good fortune—his marriage to Mlle. Bischoffsheim, a gentle and high-minded woman of his own faith, who has always been his good angel and most trusted adviser. Since that happy day everything he touched turned to gold. While he was still on the right side of 30, he had the good fortune to purchase the depreciated assets of a big bank which had failed under peculiarly disastrous circumstances. These assets became each a mine of gold to the man who had the power to hold on steadily till the tide turned.

He next became one of the three contractors for the Bulgarian-Constantinople Railroad. All three went to work, but two out of the three lost money, the third made a million. He was Maurice Hirsch. Thus with one thing and another he had built up during the last thirty years a fortune which rivals that of the Rothschilds. The Baron was a tremendous worker. Bismarck once said of him: "Hirsch is the only man I know who can create much out of nothing, and who can do good without pauperizing those whom he benefits." Whether he was in London entertaining the Prince of Wales at Bath House, Piccadilly, or in his beautiful Parisian home, or again in his mediæval castle of Eichorn in Moravia, the Baron spent the first eight hours of the day getting through allotted tasks. As many as 400 begging letters a day sometimes reached him, and every letter, excepting those from the obviously in-

sane, which perpetually pestered him with extravagant demands for money, was laid before him and received his close attention. In all the capitals of Europe were established Hirsch committees that relieved suffering in an unostentatious but thoroughly efficient and business-like manner. His most important scheme had been that of the Russian Jewish emigration plan for transplanting his unfortunate Russian co-religionists to North and South America.

Some few years ago the only child of the Baron and Baroness, a young man of thirty, died. Their favorite home was situated at Eichorn. The rooms of the castle are handsomely but simply furnished. It is here that the Baron entertained most of his English friends during August, for Moravia is famous for its stag hunts. Many curious stories are told of him, which savor more of the Arabian Nights than of our every-day world. On one occasion, when he and another Hebrew, who was his greatest enemy's son, were black-balled by a certain Parisian club, he bought the building, for an enormous sum. The club committee, loth to leave their old quarters, offered to elect him if he would relinquish his bargain. His answer was characteristic: "Keep your club, but elect a Hebrew. I name the gentleman who was black-balled in my company." His only really enthusiastic sport was racing.

People have often sneered at the great regard professed by the Prince of Wales for the Baron. The truth is that His Royal Highness knew well the Baron's only son, and they both met over his grave. It is said that it was through this powerful friendship that Baron Hirsch was first enabled to approach the Czar about his emigration scheme. This had for its object the transport of as many Hebrew families as possible from Russia to a beautiful tract of country which the Baron bought in the Argentine Republic. He put aside \$2,000,000 to place the whole plan in working order, but the outcome was not highly successful. His title he got from his father, who received it from the predecessor of the mad King Otho of Bavaria for some service rendered to the State or to its ruler. The first Baron made a fortune, as he told the Bavarian monarch, "dealing in cattle with cattle," and was able to give his son a good start as a banker, which the latter quickly improved by marrying his rich partner's daughter.

Baron Hirsch offered \$2,000,000 to endow schools in Russia, provided they should be open to all, irrespective of race or religion, but the Czar's government rejected the offer. The motive for the refusal was the desire to exclude Hebrews from the schools. He founded the first settlement of Russian refugees in America, at Woodbine, N. J., in 1891, having purchased 5,000 acres of land with that object in view. At a liberal estimate the cost of each farm to the company was about \$1,200. The houses and out-buildings on each farm have cost \$550. The tenant can get a deed of his property if he succeeds in paying \$400 within five years, the other \$800 remaining as mortgage. Unless he pays \$400 in five years the property reverts to the company. The same year the Trustees of the Hirsch Fund tried the experiment of dotting the tenement-house district in New York with free salt baths, to be used winter as well as summer. The Baron was reputed to be worth \$100,000,000 at the time he visited Boston in 1893.

THE FIGHT AT NASEBY: IN CROMWELL'S TIME

BY OWEN RHOSCOMYL

[Selected from *Battlement and Tower*. By Owen Rhoscomyl. (Longmans, Green & Co.) This romance is "founded upon an episode in the civil war of Cromwell's time, when Plas Mawr, a castle in Aberconwy, which the Archbishop of York was holding for the king, was besieged by the Irish under Clenneneu. Howel, the young lord of Twryny, a Welsh youth of great bravery and personal comeliness, and a kinsman of the archbishop, sets forth with his foster-brother, Ynyr Velyn, to join in the defence of the king; and the adventures these two brave men meet with are fascinating and thrilling." This reading describes the fight at Naseby.]

It was a glorious sight the Roundheads saw that morning as the Royal Army advanced over the brow of Sibbertoft, ranking brave in line of battle, the bright sun flashing blinding back from wave on wave of steel,—helmet and breastplate, halberd and pike, swordblade and lance together,—while overhead in the westerly wind fluttered hundreds of gay colors. A crest of white flags carrying the crimson cross of St. George lined all the infantry in the centre, while bright in the midst of them, blazed red the Royal Standard of King Charles, bearing the golden lion and crown.

On the right wing of horse the sky-blue banner of Rupert dominated all the blazonry of his subordinate captains, even as that of Langdale dominated the left. Stout old Sir Jacob Astley commanded the infantry of the main battle, with, under him, Lisle and the Lord Bard on left and centre, while he himself captained more immediately the divisions on his right. On they surged, each solid square or *tertia* of pikes flanked on either hand by similar squares of musketeers, with field-pieces lumbering along in the spaces between the divisions.

Well might Fairfax and Cromwell, from their height on Mill Hill, in spite of their own greater numbers, take earnest counsel together in the light of that brave show. But they were wily captains both, and presently gave the order that their line should fall back a hundred yards or more from the sky line, so that the foe might not learn the disposition of their forces, while they themselves could watch and mark every movement in the Royal host. So, too, they threw a forlorn hope of three hundred musketeers half-way down the slope towards the foe, as if to gain time for a retreat of their main army. And they must have smiled darkly as they saw the Royal army thereupon hasten so fast at that as to overpass their cannon, leaving many of them hopelessly behind. In fact, so well did the wile succeed, that the Cavaliers believed the Roundheads to be in full retreat, and wide on the wind came the hoarse murmur of their war-cry of "Queen Mary," causing Cromwell to set his face like iron as in return he muttered their own word for the fight,—"God our Strength!"

Sir Anthony's troop was on the left of Rupert's division, and next the right flank of the infantry. Many a snatch of bloody old ballad rose from the red-hands as they rode; but higher than all lifted the war-song of Rhys Gethin as Howel tossed his blade before them, and they joined in to swell the chorus when he clanged it on his shield:

"Ho! pinioned eagle, thou that art my brother!
Ho! grim, grey wolf that sucked the selfsame mother!
Come to the spear of Rhys Gethin!"

Then they saw the line of Roundhead pikes fall back from the hill in front, while the forlorn of musketeers dropped down the slope towards them.

"Haro!" cried Howel in scorn. "Have the prick-ears turned, then? Can they not keep their courage at the baring of the blades? See them go!"

But Ynyr Velyn answered from the centre of the troop at his back. "Aye, so have I gone back many a time myself—to get room for choosing where best to strike. Look to it if we do not get the shaft from the point we least expect!"

"Why, now, old fox," laughed Howel, "it needs a wary wit to follow thee; but these are not red-hands in front."

"No, they cannot get to earth as quick or come off as scathless from as sharp a danger; therefore they must fight soon or late, and why not now with all their present advantages? If we could but see over that hill, we might know more."

Something in the tone struck Sir Anthony, and the speech was translated for him. "Ynyr is right," said the captain. "I wish we could see over that hill."

"Then let us fall upon that forlorn of musketeers," quoth Howel. "Either they will send back to rescue it, and so we break their plans, or we shall push them up to the ridge and get sight of all we want."

Sir Anthony looked at the lad gravely. "Aye, we be the right men for such a task. Thou with everything before thee, and I with everything behind; while these of our troops have only the same before as lies behind them, and the same behind as before—of a truth we be the men, and so we will e'en do it."

Then presently might the Royal host behold a stirring sight as Sir Anthony put his bay to a reaching trot, while hard upon his crupper pressed the gallant grey, leading the clanking line of reivers. The forlorn of musketeers saw it also, and they made haste to close their ranks and point their pieces for the shock they foresaw. It was the rousing meeting of two gladiators, with all the mile-long valley for an amphitheatre, and all the ranks of both armies to shout the cry and point the thumb and yield the yell of fierce applause, hailing whichever should conquer. For the Roundhead pikes of Skippon had re-advanced by now till they showed again on the edge of the hill above, with the sombre masses of Ireton's horse upon their left, and the stern steel-coats of Cromwell glinting grimly on their right.

Then the first musket-ball spat in the dust beneath Grey Avro's hoofs, and swift at that his rider rose in his stirrups with an exulting shout: "Aho! this is the moment for a man! Aho!" and through the bones of his back he could feel the strain upon the bridle-reins behind, where the maddening horses were wrestling against the bits as they grew frantic for the charge.

Then all the square of musketry burst forth in a sheet of fire, and straight Sir Anthony lifted his arm and gave the word to charge.

Wide rang the clarion call: on, in a sudden bound, leaped the line, and the helmets were stooping low over the levelled steel while the din of musketry

was drowned in the thunder of the hoofs as the roaring ranks rushed with resistless might upon the doomed mass of musketeers.

Down went that stricken infantry like lightning-blasted reeds, and iron-shod hoofs were ringing on shattered corselets and stamping on mangled flesh as the broken square fell frantic back, gasping to get away.

"Queen Mary!" cried Sir Anthony, as his long rapier thrust in through the joints of harness after harness.

"A wolf! a wolf!" answered Howel, as his red blade swept adown, while every man of the red-hands chorused some favored oath as the rout rolled back up the hill till the furious band of horsemen reached its crest and found itself fronted by all the hosts of the Parliament, ranked like a sea before it. Then instantly the trumpet tone gave the order once more, and, wheeling about, the troop went galloping back, shouting in the pitiless joy of triumph, while up from the Royal battle—from Langdale on the farthest left to Rupert on the right—rose the hoarse roar of "Queen Mary," greeting the omen and the victors together.

Passing through their former place in the line Sir Anthony led them round behind the flank of the infantry to re-form them, almost riding down stout old Astley, who, watching them come from their fleshing of the fight, had bared his hair for the prayer that will be his forever: "O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee then, do not Thou forget me!" But when it was ended and the helmet replaced, he turned to Sir Anthony and spoke of the fight.

The heaviness of the battle raised the ire of Cromwell and stung Ireton to action, so that while the reivers were re-forming the trumpets of the Parliament sounded to the charge, and from the wings of their host swept the full mass of their cavalry, six thousand steel-clad horsemen swiftly thundering down the slope. But while Cromwell on their right overlapped and scattered with his Ironsides the Newark horse, Whalley upon his own left was beaten back; just in the same way as upon the Royal right Rupert's own regiment broke Butler's, while Astley's horse upon his left was checked by broken ground and could make no head against the charge of Ireton.

And now Sir Anthony marked where Astley's horse fell back, and, putting his flushed troop in motion, hurled it upon the flank of the Roundhead cuirassiers, piling them up pell-mell in dire confusion.

Straightway at that relief the failing troops were rallied, falling upon the pausing Parliamentarians with a rush that bore all back up the hill together, till they themselves could take their places where Rupert aligned his whole division anew for the great charge which was to carry him right on to Naseby town and sweep the left wing of the Roundheads clean from the field of battle.

When that furious charge told home, shattering all opposition, and whelming the broken enemy into one flying mob, the troops of the pursuers mingled in hopeless confusion as with weltering weapons they followed the flight. In vain Sir Anthony and Howel attempted to keep their own troop together and under control. Their hoarse voices were lost in

the roar that filled earth and sky alike, where the world seemed one whirling pandemonium of blood and death; one wide pit of groans and maddened writhings, of hurtling shot and shearing blades; and all the lift was throbbing with dread, and the ground a-quake in fear. The very trumpet-blasts themselves were drowned in the roaring din as crash on crash resounded wide o'er the stricken field.

Sir Anthony checked Howel's rein while he shouted in his ear, "This is the way Long Marston Moor was lost,—following a flight and then dispersing to plunder. Tell Ynyr to call the troop off, and we at least will do what so few may to prevent another Marston Moor."

But the men were beyond even Ynyr for the moment. Two only could be brought back. Morgan Corbet came with the colors, because his pistols were empty and his master had hauled him off by the ear. For the rest nothing remained saving for Ynyr to follow and gather them when he could, while Sir Anthony, with Howel and the other two, turned back to see what more could be done on such a field.

Just then at least, if at no other time, the Royal cause seemed on the point of a decisive triumph. Astley had led his foot up the hill and fallen upon the foe with a shock that broke the stubborn front of the Roundhead infantry. Skippon and Waller, Pickering and Montague,—from left to right he bore them back, and only the bravest of them managed to join their reserves where Pride and Hammond and Rainsborough held fast with fresh ranks against the tumultuously advancing files of Astley.

This was the crucial moment! Where now was Rupert? One charge upon that instant, and Charles might chant *Te Deum* in triumph on the field. But alas! alas! Rupert was away plundering Naseby, and the golden chance slipped by.

"Oh for one regiment of horse!" cried Sir Anthony in grief. "Only one regiment, and I could die happy at its head, leading it yonder to a blessed victory."

Alack! the moment passed: the chance faded. Fairfax's own regiment upon his right maintained its ground, and now Cromwell wheeled his victorious Ironsides to lead three thousand chosen horsemen against the Royal foot.

"God help the king!" cried Sir Anthony as he saw that deluge burst, sweeping back the lately exulting host, trampling men and ensigns together into the bloody fallow, until the Royal Standard itself disappeared under the sea of hurrying flight.

Back down the slope again rolled pursuer and pursued, till the wave engulfed the first line of the Royal reserves as well, and swept them into the rout. But not all! Like an island in a flood—like a rock amidst the breakers—one *tertia* still remained. Far on the left, where Lisle had placed them in *reserve*, a solid square of pikes stood proudly fast, and while their heroic commander was swept away with the rest, vainly attempting to rally another regiment to their support, the gallant pikemen kept a stern and fearless front to all and every shock.

"Look yonder," cried Howel with a dry sob. "The Blue Regiment still stands fast. My brother died in that regiment, and I will die there too!"

He lifted the reins as he spoke, and, seeing that, Sir Anthony did the same. "Come then," said he. "I will go with thee, Howel, that art like another son

to me. One I gave on Marston Moor, and one I give on this."

To reach the Blue Regiment where it made its stand, they had to gallop obliquely across the front of Fairfax's infantry. Easily they went until, as they came half-way, the deep boom of cannon thundered forth, and a round shot shattered the shield from Howel's arm, leaving the limb hanging, helpless and twisted, down at his side. "Aye, go! old shield," quoth the lad bitterly, as he seized the rein in his sword-hand. "Better thus than have some sour-faced knave to mock at thy blazon when I lie stark beneath thee."

He lifted his eyes ahead. "Look how gloriously they stand to it! See how the prick-eared knaves recoil from them, front, flanks, and rear together. That is the third shock on all four sides at once, and yet they still stand four-square as firm as the rocks that bred them."

"Yea," answered Sir Anthony. "But see, the Roundhead horse has withdrawn from the hillward front, and yonder goes one to call up the infantry. And yet, if that square can hold together for twenty minutes more, the day may still be saved, for I see the King is rallying Langdale's horse, while the last reserve of our infantry—the two regiments of Rupert and Charles—have checked the rout somewhat. If only Rupert come back with his horse in time!"

They were come within carbine-shot of the square when suddenly there was a sickening "slosh," and the bay beneath Sir Anthony seemed suddenly to collapse into a ghastly mass of mangled flesh and bones, where a round shot shrivelled him up.

Instantly Howel leaped down to raise his fallen captain. "Nay, son," said Sir Anthony quickly. "I am not hurt: only my gallant bay is gone, in merciful quickness. But I can walk the rest of the short distance to death."

"Then will I walk also," quoth Howel readily. "And since it were a sin to have Grey Avro murdered here in such a helpless posture, I will send him away. Here Dickon, lead my horse back to Ynyr Velyn. Tell him I charge him to leave the wars long enough to take Grey Avro to Aberconwy and the one that he knows there. And do thou thyself have a care of him by the way, and for that good deed thou shalt be kept like a gentleman all the days of thy life. But if thou canst not find Ynyr again, or if some Roundhead press thee close as thou goest, then put thy pistol to poor Avro's ear and shoot him dead, that he may be safe forever."

"And now, Avro, my rare steed, swift as the wind at dawning and brave as the sun's first beam, I will kiss thee once as Barbara did on that day thou rememberest; and when thou seest her again, tell her thou sawest me last where men shrank from dis-honor, but looked straight-eyed at Death."

Thus, while the lad took heavy leave of his charger, Corbet had lighted down to give his horse to Dickon instead of the merlin. "No prick-ear of them all will catch the boy now," said he coolly as Howel looked at him.

Then the lieutenant shook his hand for thanks ere doing the like with Dickon. "Now I am ready: let us go," said he turning to Sir Anthony and drawing his blade again.

At the face of the square the blood-stained pikes

themselves were not more grimly silent and unmoved than the men who held them fast. Lifting his voice in Welsh, that they might understand him, he shouted forth: "I too am from the old land and for the King. We here be three men: give us room, then, to enter, that we may die amongst men."

A single file of pikes lifted in silent answer, and the three threaded their way over fallen men and horses and through the steadfast ranks, Sir Anthony with a wave of the hand claiming to enter last. Then the pikes came down again, and they halted at the edge of a scanty space in the middle, piled amidst with a mound of dead fringed with wounded, dragged thither from between the feet of the fighting-men that those might not be impeded.

"So long as they bring only horse against us, this square may beat them off all day," said Sir Anthony. "But yonder come their infantry, and I recognize the one who went to bring them: it is Cromwell himself. See how he hastens them: that means the end, for we have not a single musket to reply with, and dare not break our ranks to charge. And, in rear of us, mark you how Fairfax sits, bare-headed, waiting for the foot; eager to fall on and finish us. Well I wot 'twas he who sent the other to bring up the musketeers, for he is wily as well as brave. God's ruth! and yonder is D'Oyley ranging to come upon our front after the shots begin, with Rossiter upon our right, and Fiennes upon our left! Ah, well, a short shrift and a sharp one ours is likely to be: but all the better for that."

There was not long to wait. The tramp of the oncoming infantry—Fairfax's own regiment—sounded nearer and nearer. They came within range: they divided; the two flanks breaking off to range themselves upon the flanks of the doomed tertia.

The horsemen crowded closer to be ready for the start.

Not a shout was heard, not a cry: only the brief, stern order halting the trampling columns as they took stand and began to blow their matches within three pikes' lengths of the men who were to be their victims.

Even the very wounded in the square held their groans and kept the same dreadful silence as their devoted comrades who with clenched teeth and iron muscles waited the fatal word: waited the last wild blast of strife; the last rattling gasp of life: waited for the pall of dark death, and the gory trench that hides it.

The tension was horrible. "But this is mere murder," whispered Howel between his teeth.

In that stillness Sir Anthony caught the words. "Nay, it is but execution without trial," answered he bitterly.

The muzzles were levelled: the matches glowed. Fairfax gave the sign. At that short range there was no room for missing. Like the crack of doom the blast of musketry burst forth on every side, and on every side the marked men dropped in ranks, leaving not pikes enough still standing to fill the gaps above their writhing bodies.

Then Cromwell, with a nod, turned to gallop away and gather horse enough to prevent Charles intervening for the next five minutes till this business should be ended.

But it needed more than those five minutes to

finish it. Swift as the stricken files clashed down, the thunder of charging horse rose over the din, and in front and rear, from right and left, hurled the levin-bolt of mounted men to bind the sheaves of Death while the infantry followed in with butt of musket.

Back to back the grim remnant gather; heaps and lines of dead around them and the mound of slain within. There was no cry for quarter: no taunt to follow the jibe. Stern as Doom, silent as Fate, they fought on in a terrible silence, as if they had been a ghostly host in some awful dream.

A sudden gap gave Howel the chance he looked for, and he sprang to the front, followed by Sir Anthony and Corbet. "The colors! the colors!" shouted a Roundhead captain, leaning over to clutch them. But Corbet ran him through up under the skirt of his cuirass, and he came headlong down, spur and steel cap together, beside his slayer's foot.

And now the line of fight seemed to drive past, leaving the three alone, back to back, surrounded by a horde of raging horsemen. A dozen flashes of the steel, and next one shearing blow swept off the arm of Corbet, together with the staff of the standard he carried. Then, even as Ynyr had warranted, he caught the silk in his teeth, and the half of the shorn staff held it down over his chest, like a tabard, as with a mighty swing he slashed the rider down by the hip in a gash of mortal depth.

Sir Anthony turned in time to see that stroke and the fatal one which followed, where a burly trooper aimed a wide and whistling blow from behind, and the head of Morgan Corbet fell forward from his shoulders as the weight of the sundered staff dragged down the still clenched jaws that held it.

One lightning lunge in between the plates of the armor avenged the fallen man, and Sir Anthony himself went down, thrust through the body behind, and Howel was left alone, fighting in white fury with his foot on the bloody silk. Hitherto he had not hoped for life or escape, but now the sight of the gray-haired knight, lying wounded and bleeding, roused a new aim in him, and he felt seized by a mad desire to extricate the stricken form and bear it away for tendance. Never did hope seem so hopeless to yet be so soon fulfilled. For suddenly, swift as a flash of fire, a rank of charging men broke in, and he heard his reivers shouting as they swept the Roundheads back.

Hardly had he time to take it in, ere Dickon was at his elbow, holding Avro by the rein, while at the same time Ynyr was shouting, "Quick! mount and away, before they turn and hem us in."

But Howel caught the bridle of Evan Purcell, and called back to Ynyr, "Dismount and lift Sir Anthony to Evan's saddlebow. My left arm is useless, and I cannot carry him."

Ynyr was down in a trice, and next moment the wounded knight was in the long arms of Purcell. Then the henchman stooped and lifted the standard. "What did I warrant of Morgan Corbet?" quoth he, as the fearsome teeth still kept their hold on the lifting silk. "But this head at least shall be buried, for it is the head of a man." As he spoke he wrapped up the grisly member in the folds it had defended, and in another instant had leaped to the saddle.

This time the troop responded instantly to the signal for retiring, for the object of the charge had

been thoroughly understood. So swiftly was the movement executed, that the reivers were in full retreat again ere the Roundheads had fully realized the position. It might have gone hard with that daring band even then, but that their deed was done just at the moment when Fairfax with his own hand was cutting down the gallant bearer of the white ensign of the Blue Regiment,—the last token of that resolute resistance which the Roundhead writers with one accord have epitaphed as "incredible."

"This way," said Ynyr, as he led the way westward through a wide space in the hedge lately lined by the Parliamentary dragoons. "They will be too busy following the King to trouble about us, and we shall be able to halt after a mile or two, so as to tend to the captain's hurts."

It was not till full three miles were passed, however, that they dared call a halt. Then, in a little dell scooped from the long sloping bosom of a sunny down, they laid Sir Anthony on the shining grass, with his head on Howel's knee. One hasty look was enough to show that the drain was too far gone for help, yet the cessation from the pain of motion seemed to revive him, and he lifted his eyes feebly till they rested on the face bent close above his own.

"Ah, Howel!"—the words came slow and gentle—"I am fortunate indeed in this hurt, for now I shall not be compelled to witness the consummation of the blow which fell on the King this day.

"Diolch! good Ynyr,"—for Ynyr had loosed the hold of the dead teeth from the colors, and spread the silk gently over the bosom of the dying knight,—"I see brave Morgan Corbet's head: will you bury that here in this spot also, that I may have one right soul to bear me company? Nobly did he quit himself. Ah Howel, we have stained the blazon gules again, but not in victory. God's will be done!

"And yet, though I am no longer master of Rolandroyd: though they have thrown down my scutcheon from its gate, blotted my blazon from its walls, defaced the tombs of my forefathers, cut off my son, and ended my line forever,—still do I remain a gentleman; and, even as I have cherished honor all the days of my life, so now, in the moment of my death, I can say, like Neville, that 'I have kept the bird in my bosom.'

"And more, God in His mercy has not left me utterly forlorn, even in this dread hour of my passing; but has given me one gentleman to hold my dying head, to hap it low under the sweet turf, and carry away in his breast a tender memory of the broken knight whom his generous heart befriended. Nay, Howel, do not weep; one tear in truth do I desire of thee; for Christian ruth is sweet, and no man would die utterly unwept.

"And now, when I am laid to rest, smooth back the sward above me, and let no trace remain whereby men may ever know that underneath lies the poor dust—all that was left him to leave—of the knight of Rolandroyd."

The end was near; so near that Howel might have missed it through his tears, but for the sweet smile which dawned upon the pain-drawn features as Sir Anthony took the stained right hand in both his own, and then, quietly on that nameless turf as a babe on its mother's breast, passed into the long sleep where there is no more war, and where sighing and sorrow are forever hushed and ended.

WORDS OF WIT AND WISDOM: FROM GEORGE ELIOT *

SELECTED BY FANNY MACK LOTHROP

Inevitability of Duties—Can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace or their father and mother. Man cannot choose his duties. You may choose to forsake your duties and choose not to have the sorrow they bring.

Good, the Result of Obedience—How will you find good? It is not a thing of choice: it is a river that flows from the foot of the Invisible Throne and flows by the path of obedience.

Regeneration through Love—Wherever affection can spring, it is like the green leaf and the blossom—pure and breathing purity whatever soil it may grow in.

The Power of Silent Forces—The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts, and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited graves.

Gossip as a Revealer—Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it: it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.

The Benediction of Love—There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us.

Reverence for the Motive—Ignorant kindness may have the effect of cruelty; but to be angry with it as if it were direct cruelty would be an ignorant unkindness.

Love Blended with Duty—Let us bind love with duty; for duty is the love of law; and law is the nature of the Eternal.

The Fear of the Future—There are possibilities which our mind shrinks from too completely for us to fear them.

The Sorrow of Aged Women—Oh, it is piteous—that sorrow of aged women! In early youth perhaps they said to themselves, "I shall be happy when I have a husband to love me best of all"; then, when the husband was too careless, "My child will comfort me"; then, through the mother's watching and toil, "My child will repay me all when it grows up." And at last, after the long journey of years has been wearily travelled through, the mother's heart is weighed down by a heavier burden, and no hope remains but the grave.

The Comfort of Sympathy—More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

The Duty of the Conscientious—Conscientious people are apt to see their duty in that which is the most painful course.

The Force of Motherhood—Mighty is the force of motherhood. It transforms all things by its vital heat; it turns timidity into fierce courage, and dreadless defiance into tremulous submission; it turns thoughtlessness into foresight, and yet stills

all anxiety into calm content; it makes selfishness become self-denial, and gives even to hard vanity the glance of admiring love.

The Memory of Unkindness—Hard speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags.

The Anguish of Regret—Oh! the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them, for the light answer we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us and was the divinest thing God had given us to know.

The Seed-Time of Life—Always there is seed being sown silently and unseen, and everywhere there come sweet flowers without our foresight or labor. We reap what we sow, but Nature has love over and over that which Justice gives us; shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.

Life's Lessons—We learn words by rote, but not their meaning: *that* must be paid for with our life blood, and printed in the subtle fibres of our nerves.

The Terror of Despair—There is no despair so absolute as that which comes with the first moments of our first great sorrow, when we have not yet known what it is to have suffered and be healed, to have despaired and to have recovered hope.

Love's World in the Individual—It's a deep mystery—the way the heart of man turns to one woman out of all the rest he's seen in the world, and makes it easier for him to work seven years for her, like Jacob did for Rachel, sooner than have any other woman for the asking.

The Supremacy of Love—What greater thing is there for two human souls, than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting.

Divinity of Character—I think when God makes His presence felt through us, we are like the burning bush: Moses never took any heed what sort of bush it was—he only saw the brightness of the Lord.

Vicarious Suffering in Life—So deeply inherent is it in this life of ours that men have to suffer for each other's sins, so inevitably diffusive is human suffering that even justice makes its victims, and we can conceive no retribution that does not spread beyond its mark into pulsations of unmerited pain.

The Sorrows of Unknowing—If there is an angel who records the sorrows of men as well as their sins, he knows how many and deep are the sorrows that spring from false ideas for which no man is culpable.

The Pain of Introspection—It belongs to every large nature, when it is not under the immediate power of some strong unquestioning emotion, to suspect itself, and doubt the truth of its impressions, conscious of possibilities beyond its horizon.

*Compiled from the complete works of George Eliot.

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

THE WORLD'S LARGEST LOAVES OF BREAD

SIX FEET STAFF OF LIFE.....PITTSBURG DESPATCH

The largest loaves of bread baked in the world are those of France and Italy. The "pipe" bread of Italy is baked in loaves two and three feet long, while in France the loaves are made in the shape of very long rolls four or five feet in length, and in many cases even six feet. The bread of Paris is distributed almost exclusively by women, who go to the various bake houses at 5:30 A. M., and spend about an hour polishing up the loaves. After the loaves are thoroughly cleaned of dust and grit the "bread porter" proceeds on the round of her customers. Those who live in apartments or flats find their loaves leaning against the door. Restaurateurs, and those having street entrances to their premises, find their supply of the staff of life propped up against the front door. The wages earned by these bread carriers vary from a couple of shillings to half a crown a day, and their day's work is completed by 10 o'clock in the morning.

ARTIFICIAL GEODES

THE MYSTERY OF LIQUID CANDIES.....HAPPY THOUGHT

King Alfred it was, though some say Dr. Johnson, who, examining with care some apple dumplings and finding no seam, was puzzled to know how the apple could possibly have gotten inside. We modern Americans, all of us kings and sovereigns in our own right, are confronted with an equally puzzling problem in those candies which are solid on the outside, yet which contain within a quantity of sweetened, flavored liquid. Two questions arise in the mind of the inquisitive one, first, how the liquid became enclosed within its prison cell, and second, why it does not dissolve its way out through the thin crust of sugar. But puzzling as it seems, the reason is very simple, and the process is one used in others of the arts besides the confectioner's, and, according to some authorities, even by Dame Nature herself in the formation of those curious miniature crystal caves known as geodes, many of which have been found to contain a liquid.

For the benefit of those who visit the porcelain works at Sèvres the guide explains to some extent the processes. Among other things he shows how the delicate cups are made. He holds in his hand a mold, fills it from a tank of porcelain mixture as one would fill a glass with ice-water from a cooler, holds it for a moment or two, and then pours out the mixture from the mold. The solution is a saturated one, that is to say, a given quantity of the liquor cannot contain any more of the solid than is actually in it. But the mold being porous, withdraws some of the liquid from the mixture, and a portion of the solid part, having lost the water which belongs to it, is deposited in a thin layer along the surface of the mold. This is the cup, and, after a number of strengthening processes, it becomes the delicate, egg-shell porcelain cup.

In much the same way the candy drops are made. The liquid is a saturated solution, and will not dissolve any more sugar, just as your coffee in

the morning will not dissolve the fourth lump of sugar that you put into it, but disintegrating it, deposits it at the bottom of the cup. The sweet mixture is poured into molds of absorbent material, starch for example, which at once begins to absorb the water. That part of the sugar which has been robbed of its water is deposited against the mold, just as the porcelain was, and the result is the liquid drop, which it is to be regretted has sometimes a little liquor added to it for flavoring. The liquid which is confined within the drop has already all the sugar it can possibly hold, being saturated, so it cannot attack the sugar walls which confine it. The whole process is a simple and interesting experiment in absorption, although probably not one in a thousand of those who have tasted the candy have had any idea of the method of its manufacture.

PICKLED TEA AND ITS DEVOTEES

DRINKING IN BURMAH.....NEW YORK SUN

The earliest users of tea in New England, it may be remembered, laid themselves open to ridicule on the part of ill-bred persons. They had some tea, recommended as a fashionable English dish, but they had no directions for using it. After much deliberation they decided that it was "greens," so they boiled it and served it with a sauce, as one serves spinach. They reported that it wasn't good, and they wondered at the extent to which votaries of fashion would go in pursuit of novelties. These New Englanders, however, were only using their tea as a great part of the people of the East uses its tea. Infusing tea leaves and drinking the infusion is only one way of "taking tea." Tea cigarettes offer a second way of doing so. In upper Siam little tea is drunk; most of it is prepared for chewing, and the laboring classes there use it largely. In Thibet and western China brick tea is stewed with milk, salt and fat, and is eaten as a vegetable; and in Burmah they make what is called pickled tea, which is eaten as a preserve with other articles of food. The great Royal Gardens at Kew, England, recently obtained specimens of the plant as grown in Burmah, and in the January number of the Kew Bulletin is an interesting account of the process of pickling and the method of using this tea.

The tea is called letpet or leppett tea, and is made from the wild tea of Assam, *Camellia theifera*. It is grown in the Yaung Baing State of the Northern Shan States, whose "inhabitants, one and all, including the Sawbwa himself, trade in the commodity." No explanation of the word "Sawbwa" is vouchsafed; but from the word "himself," which follows the mysterious title, it is evident that the Sawbwa is akin to the Grand Panjandrum, who also was known as "himself." The tea gardens of the Sawbwa himself and the other inhabitants of this Yaung Baing State are on the hillsides, which are very steep in that state. The trees yield crops of leaves suitable for the market until they reach maturity at a height of some sixty feet, but the best article is obtained from the young shrubs, of which the gardens chiefly consist. Two crops of tea are secured each year, one in

May and one in July, only the young and tender leaves being taken. The leaves, while still green, are boiled in large narrow-necked pots made for the purpose. When thoroughly boiled the contents of the pots are turned into large pits dug in the ground. These pits are square and about six feet deep; the sides and bottom are lined with thin walls of plantain leaves, which keep the tea pure from contact with the earth. The pit being full of boiled tea and the juices from the pots, a top made of plantain leaves is placed over it and earth is piled above it, big stones and other heavy weights being finally placed on the top.

The tea is thus compressed for some months. When the trading season comes the pits are opened and the tea sold to the traders. For transport the tea is packed in long baskets. The baskets have no lid, but are covered in with strips of bamboo, so arranged as to serve the purpose of a lid in being air tight, and at the same time to admit the insertion of a wedge, the pressure of which prevents fermentation from setting in. Every day the wedges are hammered in a little further, so that, although the tea dries in the baskets and shrinks, a constant pressure is kept up.

The price of the tea at the gardens ranges from 15 rupees to 25 rupees per 100 viss (360 pounds avoirdupois). When sold to the brokers in Mandalay it fetches from 60 rupees to 140 rupees per 100 viss. As the tea loses weight a good deal in transit from Yaung Baing, the traders on nearing the market usually throw the baskets for a day or two into the nearest stream; by this simple process the article is made to recover its lost dampness, and weighs as much as it did when purchased. In Upper Burmah and the Shan States a good deal of this tea is consumed as a drink, for which purpose it is sold in a dry state. It is prepared by boiling it in an earthen kettle, and is drunk with salt. The greater bulk, however, is sold by the Mandalay brokers to merchants in Lower Burmah, where it is consumed in the solid. The leaves are soaked in oil, a little garlic, dried fish, etc., added, and the concoction thus formed eaten, being considered a great dainty. Besides being regarded as a dainty, however, the "leppett" is a traditional food among the Burmans. At the important junctures of a man's life, such as birth, initiation into the church, marriage and death, "leppett" plays an important part, and no ceremony is complete without the consumption of that article. The tea remains in the same basket from the time it is bought at the gardens until it is sold to the actual consumer.

The first thing to be done in planting a letpetkin is to find the right kind of soil, known as myeni, literally red earth. This occurs in patches, and wherever these patches of red earth are found on the banks of the Chindwin there villages have been built and tea planted. The jungle being cleared of all brushwood and undergrowth, three or four seeds are dibbled into holes, the holes being either two or four cubits apart. The object of dibbling in more than one seed is to guard against blanks; however, all the seeds that germinate are allowed to grow. After the plants come up all the tending the gardens receive is periodical clearing of grass, small plants, weeds, and brushwood; the ground is never hoed nor the plants pruned, except when the ravages of a

parasite known as chibaung have become so extensive as to kill the portions above ground; the dead tops are then hacked down with the ordinary Burmese axe, the plant at once throwing up stool shoots or root suckers, which in three years take the place of the old cut down plant. The small plants become large enough to give a crop of leaves in three years if the kin is kept free from jungle, but not till five years if the garden is "dirty." Seed is borne when the plants are eight years old, but they do not come into full bearing till fifteen years of age, the normal existence of a tree being forty to fifty years, if not attacked by the parasite. A light shade is beneficial to the plants, and lessens the labor of keeping the gardens clean, as the shade kills out the rank grasses, such as thekke, etc., which spring up if there is no shade. Heavy rains are not good for the seed crop, as the seeds drop off without ripening. If the seed crop is poor, the leaf crop is usually good, and vice-versa. The leaf crop is gathered in the months of Tagu and Kason (April and May), Wazo and Wagaung (July and August), and Tawthalin and Thadingyut (September and October). The leaves are treated as described above. The seed crop, of course, comes later, in November and December. The seeds are collected, dried in the sun, and sold to Burmese traders in January and February; they take it to Manipur—for though the tea is called Assam tea, it comes really from the Shan States, and has to be cultivated in Assam. This Yaung Baing tea seed is considered in Assam extremely fine, and a large business is done between the two countries.

THE VICEROY'S MUSICAL BREAKFAST

MOTHER GOOSE FOR OLD FOLKS.....MUSICAL COURIER

An eastern potentate recently tendered a breakfast at his magnificent new palace near Hyderabad to the Viceroy of India and his staff. Whether he borrowed an idea from Mother Goose, or whether his imagination was inspired by the same muse that inspired her, we cannot know, but certainly appreciation is due to him for making "a true story" of that fascinating rhyme about the "four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie." It all happened at his breakfast. "Large, but not suspiciously large, cakes were handed round," writes one of the guests. "As they were opened a little wax-bill flew chirping out of each, and alighted on the flowers and shrubs with which the table was covered, or flew about the room. There were sixty guests, so that when the pies were opened sixty birds began to sing."

THE WHOLESOMENESS OF FRUIT

THE DIETETIC VALUE.....MODERN MEDICAL REVIEW

The comparative dietetic value of fruits and vegetables is a matter which seems to be very little understood. Vegetables are unquestionably a valuable article of food, but it needs only a superficial study of the subject of dietetics to make it clear that vegetables are very greatly inferior to grains in nutritive value, and in their composition are far less suited to the human stomach than are the seed products commonly known as fruits and grains. An interesting fact, also, is that, considered from the standpoint of comparative anatomy, man's digestive organs are very different in structure from those of animals which subsist upon roots, leaves, buds, twigs, stems, and other products included under the general term

vegetables. Another fact of very great interest in this connection is that vegetables were not included in the original bill of fare given to man by his Creator, as recorded in the first chapter of Genesis. Vegetables were given to the lower animals for their sustenance, and seeds and fruits were for man.

Seeds and fruits are unquestionably the most highly elaborated products of the vegetable kingdom. Vegetables are much coarser in character and much less perfectly elaborated. Nearly all vegetables contain a large amount of woody matter, which requires the action of very powerful digestive juices and of strong muscular action on the part of the digestive organs to reduce them to a fluid state, and to extract from them the comparatively small amount of nourishment which they contain. To a much less degree is this the case with the various grains, while in the case of fruits we find food substances more nearly prepared for assimilation and in a form more easily attacked by the digestive organs of man than any other.

The writer has met many cases in which invalids were really suffering, and that seriously, in ignorance of these facts. To a person in vigorous health and with strong digestive powers, these principles may be ignored with comparative impunity, and often for a long time; but a person whose digestive powers are feeble, and especially one suffering from dilation of the stomach—an extremely common condition, especially among women, in consequence of their injurious mode of dress—often suffers seriously in consequence of the great labor required of the digestive organs in the use of such coarse vegetable products as celery and salads of various sorts. In some instances the tubers—parsnips, beets, turnips, and cabbage—are the only articles which need to be excluded from the dietary, while in others even potatoes are a source of serious digestive disturbance.

With many persons the principal evils arising from the use of vegetables are rendered conspicuous only when these articles are consumed in connection with others with which they do not well agree. Many persons have recognized that various articles of food can be eaten separately or with certain others, when in other combinations they prove extremely unwholesome. The reason for this is the fact that fruits and vegetables require so different a degree and kind of activity on the part of the digestive organs. A ruling principle in relation to the combination of foods is this: Those articles of food should be eaten together which are digested together; in other words, the bill of fare should be so arranged that the combination of food substances will harmonize with the action of the digestive organs upon those substances.

In applying this principle to vegetables we find that the starchy vegetables are hard of digestion, and that the large quantity of potash salts which they contain is, according to Bunge, a source of irritation to the stomach, and interferes with gastric digestion. The coarse woody structure of nearly all vegetables also renders necessary the retention of the digested mass in the stomach for a long time, thus lengthening the time of disintegration. Thus we find three reasons for a very considerable extension of the gastric digestion of the vegetables.

In the case of fruits, on the other hand, when ripe and properly cooked, we have substances which are

digested and assimilated with very great ease. The time required for the digestion of cabbage is between four and five hours, while a ripe apple digests in one hour. If these two articles are taken into the stomach at the same time, both must remain there until both are digested, as they will become so intimately intermingled that they cannot possibly be separated. The apple, digested and ready for absorption, if not absorbed, undergoes fermentation. It is a principle which is constantly recognizable in relation to digestion that the delay of the absorption of a food product after it has been digested is certain to result in its deterioration through fermentation and decomposition, which are set up by the numerous microbes constantly present in the alimentary canal. The same is true if the digestive product of one portion of the alimentary canal is not passed along with due promptness to another part of the digestive apparatus, where its further elaboration is to take place preparatory to absorption.

The combination of fruits and vegetables for the reasons given forms one of the most unsuited of all combinations for a person of feeble digestive powers. As before remarked, persons with dilated stomachs are especially likely to suffer from the use of vegetables, and still more so from the combination of vegetables with fruits, for the reason that with these persons there is a great delay of the food in the stomach in consequence of weakness of the muscular walls of the stomach, and hence inability of the organ to empty itself with due promptness.

It is quite clear to the writer that vegetables might be wholly eliminated from the bill of fare of human beings without any serious loss. Still, for healthy persons these esculents are sometimes valuable, as they afford an opportunity for an agreeable change in the bill of fare, and also in furnishing suitable bulk for the alimentary mass, thus stimulating peristalsis, which is likely to fail when a too concentrated diet is employed. The same difficulty may be avoided by the employment of grains in a more nearly neutral condition, not excluding the woody, outer portion of the grain, which seems to be intended by nature as a natural stimulus to peristalsis.

AT A SUBMARINE DINNER PARTY

IN THE HARBOR OF CIOTAT.....HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Some time ago the labor of deepening the harbor of Ciotat was completed. To celebrate the completion of his labor, and to make the occasion memorable, the contractor gave to the members of his staff and the representatives of the press a banquet unprecedented for its originality. The table was set eight metres below the level of the sea, at the very bottom of the harbor, inside the "caisson" in which the excavators had been at work, and only the narrow walls of this caisson separated the guests from the enormous mass of water around and above their heads. The new-fashioned banqueting hall was splendidly decorated and lighted, and, but for a certain buzzing in the ears, caused by the pressure of air kept up in the chamber in order to prevent the inrush of water, nobody would have suspected that the slightest interruption in the working of the air-pump would have sufficed to asphyxiate the whole party. After the banquet an improvised concert prolonged the festivity for several hours, after which the guests reascended into the open air.

TREASURE TROVE: REVIVING OLD FAVORITES

Melting of the Earl's Plate George W. Thornbury.... Poems

Here's the gold cup all bossy with satyrs and saints,
And my race-bowl (now, women, no whining and plaints!)
From the paltriest spoon to the costliest thing,
We'll melt it all down for the use of the king.

Here's the chalice stamp'd over with sigil and cross,—
Some day we'll make up to the chapel the loss.
Now bring me my father's great emerald ring,
For I'll melt down the gold for the good of the king.

And bring me the casket my mother has got,
And the jewels that fall to my Barbara's lot;
Then dry up your eyes and do nothing but sing,
For we're helping to coin the gold for the king.

This dross we'll transmute into weapons of steel,
Temper'd blades for the hand, sharpest spurs for the heel;
And when Charles, with a shout, into London we bring,
We'll be glad to remember this deed for the king.

Bring the hawk's silver bells and the nursery spoon,
The crucible's ready — we're nothing too soon;
For I hear the horse neigh that shall carry the thing
That'll bring up a smile in the eyes of the king.

There go my old spurs, and the old silver jug,—
'Twas just for a moment a pang and a tug;
But now I am ready to dance and to sing,
To think I've thrown gold in the chest of my king.

The earrings lose shape, and the coronet too,
I feel my eyes dim with a sort of a dew.
Hurrah for the posset dish! — Everything
Shall run into bars for the use of the king.

That spoon is a sword, and this thimble a pike;
It's but a week's garret in London belike—
Then a dash at Whitehall, and the city shall ring
With the shouts of the multitude bringing the king.

The Spartans' March.....Felicia Dorothea Hemans....Poems

'Twas morn upon the Grecian hills,
Where peasants dressed the vines;
There was sunlight on Cithæron's rills,
Arcadie's rocks and pines.

And brightly through his reeds and flowers
Eurotas wandered by,
When a sound arose from Sparta's towers
Of solemn harmony.

Was it the Shepherd's choral strain
That hymned the Forest-God?
Or the Virgins' as to Pallas' fane
With their full-toned lyres they trod?

But helms were glancing on the stream,
Spears ranged in close array,
And shields flung back a glorious beam
To the morn of a fearful day.

And the mountain-echoes of the land
Swelled through the deep-blue sky,
While to soft strains marched forth a band
Of men who marched to die.

They marched not to the trumpet's blast,
Nor bade the horn peal out;
And the laurel woods, as on they passed
Rang with no battle shout!

They asked no clarion's voice to fire
Their souls with an impulse high;

But the Dorian reed, and the Spartan lyre
For the sons of liberty!

And still sweet flutes their path around
Sent forth Aeolian breath;
They needed not a sterner sound
To marshal them for death.

So marched they calmly to the field,
Thence never to return,
Save bearing back the Spartan's shield,
Or on it proudly borne.

The Legend of St. Mark John Greenleaf Whittier....Poems

The day is closing dark and cold,
With roaring blast and sleety showers;
And through the dusk the lilacs wear
The bloom of snow, instead of flowers.

I turn me from the gloom without,
To ponder o'er a tale of old,
A legend of the age of Faith,
By dreaming monk or abbess told.

On Tintoretto's canvas lives
That fancy of a loving heart,
In graceful lines and shapes of power,
And hues immortal as his art.

In Provence (so the story runs)
There lived a lord, to whom, as slave,
A peasant-boy of tender years
The chance of trade or conquest gave.

Forth-looking from the castle tower,
Beyond the hills with almonds dark,
The straining eye could scarce discern
The chapel of the good St. Mark.

And there, when bitter word or fare
The service of the youth repaid,
By stealth, before that holy shrine,
For grace to bear his wrong, he prayed.

The steed stamped at the castle gate,
The boar-hunt sounded on the hill;
Why stayed the Baron from the chase,
With looks so stern, and words so ill?

"Go, bind yon slave! and let him learn,
By scath of fire and strain of cord,
How ill they speed who give dead saints
The homage due their living lord!"

They bound him on the fearful rack,
When, through the dungeon's vaulted dark,
He saw the light of shining robes,
And knew the face of good St. Mark.

Then sank the iron rack apart, *
The cords released their cruel clasp,
The pincers, with their teeth of fire,
Fell broken from the torturer's grasp.

And lo! before the Youth and Saint,
Barred door and wall of stone gave way;
And up from bondage and the night
They passed to freedom and the day!

O dreaming monk! thy tale is true;—
O painter! true thy pencil's art;
In tones of hope and prophecy,
Ye whisper to my listening heart!

Unheard no burden'd heart's appeal
Moans up to God's inclining ear;

Unheeded by his tender eye,
Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

For still the Lord alone is God !
The pomp and power of tyrant man
Are scattered at his slightest breath,
Like chaff before the winnower's fan.

Not always shall the slave uplift
His heavy hands to Heaven in vain.
God's angel, like the good St. Mark,
Comes shining down to break his chain !

O weary ones ! ye may not see
Your helpers in their downward flight ;
Nor hear the sound of silvery wings
Slow beating through the hush of night !

But not the less gray Dothan shone
With sunbright watchers bending low,
That Fear's dim eye beheld alone
The spear-heads of the Syrian foe.

There are, who, like the Seer of old,
Can see the helpers God has sent,
And how life's rugged mountain-side
Is white with many an angel tent !

They hear the heralds whom our Lord
Sends down his pathway to prepare ;
And light, from others hidden, shines
On their high place of faith and prayer.

Let such, for earth's despairing ones,
Hopeless, yet longing to be free,
Breathe once again the Prophet's prayer :
" Lord, ope their eyes, that they may see ! "

Juggling Jerry.....George Meredith.....Poems

Pitch here the tent while the old horse grazes :
By the old hedge-side we'll halt a stage.
It's nigh my last above the daisies :
My next leaf'll be man's blank page.
Yes, my old girl ! and it's no use crying :
Juggler, constable, king, must bow.
One that outjuggles all's been spying
Long to have me, and he has me now.

We've travell'd times to this old common :
Often we've hung our pots in the gorse.
We've had a stirring life, old woman !
You, and I, and the old gray horse.
Races, and fairs, and royal occasions,
Found us coming to their call :
Now they'll miss us at our stations :
There's a Juggler outjuggles all !

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly !
Over the duck-pond the willow shakes.
Easy to think that grieving's folly,
When the hand's firm as driven stakes !
Ay ! when we're strong, and braced, and manful,
Life's a sweet fiddle ; but we're a batch
Born to become the Great Juggler's han'ful :
Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

Here's where the lads of the village cricket ;
I was a lad not wide from here ;
Couldn't I whip off the bale from the wicket ?
Like an old world those days appear !

Donkey, sheep, geese, and thatch'd alehouse — I know them !
They are old friends of my halts, and seem,
Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe them :
Juggling don't hinder the heart's esteem.

Juggling's no sin, for we must have victual ;
Nature allows us to bait for the fool.
Holding one's own makes us juggle no little ;
But, to increase it, hard juggling's the rule.

You that are sneering at my profession,
Haven't you juggled a vast amount ?
There's the Prime Minister, in one Session,
Juggles more games than my sins'll count.

I've murder'd insects with mock thunder :
Conscience, for that, in men don't quail.
I've made bread from the bump of wonder :
That's my business, and there's my tale.
Fashion and rank all prais'd the professor ;
Ay ! and I've had my smile from the Queen ;
Bravo, Jerry ! she meant : God bless her !
Ain't this a sermon on that scene ?

I've studied men from my topsy turvy
Close, and, I reckon, rather true.
Some are fine fellows : some, right scurvy :
Most, a dash between the two.
But it's a woman, old girl, that makes me
Think more than kindly of the race ;
And it's a woman, old girl, that shakes me
When the Great Juggler I must face.

We two were married, due and legal :
Honest we've liv'd since we've been one.
Lord ! I could then jump like an eagle :
You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.
Birds in a May-bush we were ! right merry !
All night we kiss'd—we juggled all day.
Joy was the heart of Juggling Jerry !
Now from his old girl he's juggled away.

It's past parsons to console us :
No, nor no doctor fetch for me :
I can die without my bolus ;
Two of a trade, lass, never agree !
Parsons and doctor !—don't they love rarely,
Fighting the devil in other men's fields !
Stand up yourself and match him fairly ;
Then see how the rascal yields !

I, lass, have liv'd no gypsy, flaunting
Finery while his poor helpmate grubs ;
Coin I've stor'd, and you won't be wanting :
You shan't beg from the troughs and tubs.
Nobly you've stuck to me, though in his kitchen
Many a Marquis would hail you cook !
Palaces you could have rul'd and grown rich in,
But your old Jerry you never forsook.

Hand up the chirper ! ripe ale winks in it ;
Let's have comfort and be at peace.
Once a stout draught made me light as a linnet.
Cheer up ! the Lord must have his lease.
May be—for none see in that black hollow—
It's just a place where we're held in pawn,
And, when the Great Juggler makes us to swallow,
It's just the sword-trick—I ain't quite gone !

Yonder come smells of the gorse, so nutty,
Gold-like and warm ; it's the prime of May,
Better than mortar, brick, and putty,
Is God's house on a blowing day.
Lean me more up the mound ; now I feel it ;
All the old heath-smells ! Ain't it strange ?
There's the world laughing, as if to conceal it,
But He is by us juggling the change.

I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,
Once—it's long gone — when two gulls we beheld,
Which, as the moon got up, were flying
Down a big wave that spark'd and swell'd.
Crack ! went a gun : one fell : the second
Wheel'd round him twice, and was off for new luck :
There in the dark her white wing beckon'd :—
Drop me a kiss — I'm the bird dead-struck !

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

THE FREEDOM OF THE INDIVIDUAL

HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD.....INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM

When I contemplate the autocratic power which is exercised in some countries to-day, and behold the organized and associated powers of wealth and numbers welded in such an overwhelming phalanx in others, I ask, Where is the safety and personal freedom of the individual? How is it to be guarded and secured? For the freedom of its individual members is the essential basis of the freedom of the State. The movement of the day, sometimes open, sometimes concealed in the robes of philanthropy and paternalism, but more often discernible in policies purely selfish, is toward State Socialism, as an opposing force to Autocracy. But either is Despotism, and fatal to that individual freedom of man's mind and soul which is the instrumentality by which the world, under the very laws of its origin and progress, has been raised from brutality and barbarism to its present standard of civilization. These problems of society rise on every side, and the peace and order of the world are seriously menaced.

The centripetal forces seem to move almost irresistibly towards consolidation and centralization, and in the presence of such exaggerated militarism, with its stupendous powers, with the vast plutocratic combinations of incorporated wealth and capital so closely in alliance; with the widespread national popular organizations of labor, with their solidified, massed, numerical force, one asks, with just alarm, what is to become of the individual—the free man, the essential unit of a society that hopes to retain the principle of growth and progress; of adaptation to those advances and improvements which demand the open mind, the complete liberty of human faculties, first for their discovery and after that for their reception and assimilation? Is there not cause to fear lest between the upper and the nether millstones of the twin despotisms, military absolutism and socialistic tyranny, the freedom of the individual may be ground to death? What can prevent this but insistence upon a distribution of the powers of government into independent departments, and a careful and justifiable restriction of those powers to public uses only?

Frame society as you will, it is by personal characteristics and individual qualities that its affairs in the end must be decided. The wise resort to arbitration by contending nations raises the subject of dispute out of the disorder and clamor of an unwieldy body of inflamed and conflicting minds—in which selfishness is usually discernible—into the comparative serenity and disinterestedness of selected intelligence, usually of one, and never of more than a very limited number of arbitrators. In human affairs the power of ultimate decision irresistibly contracts as it graduates to its apex, and there is no escape from this law of social and political dynamics, and the growth of intelligence and means of information and communication seem only to increase its operation.

As an illustration of this, a few years ago I served as a member of a commission, composed of fifteen men, to whom was—and, as I think, wisely and creditably—referred the virtual decision of a con-

tested popular election, which had been held under circumstances of unusual excitement in a nation of upwards of 60,000,000 inhabitants, under a suffrage system which includes, practically, the entire male population over the age of 21 years. And the final decision of that commission was carried by the vote of a single member; so that the numerical pyramid of power rose from an electoral base of more than five million votes to the narrow apex of a single vote, by which the control of the entire executive branch of the government of a free and strong nation, with its immense and manifold powers, was committed to the hands of one of the Presidential candidates, for the term fixed by the Constitution.

Let me emphasize what I can only call the hinge of this great question, which, I fear, in the conflict of more noisy forces, may be overshadowed. By the recognition of the individual as the essential unit of society, the voluntary principle becomes the basis of governmental action. Abandon the man and disregard his moral nature, silence the voice of his conscience, as it alternately pleads and threatens, and substitute the rule of overpowering numbers, and that mysterious and undefined entity "Collectivism" in which wisdom is supposed to be gathered, or the single will of an autocrat. Then the principle of consolidated and coercive power will necessarily be substituted.

Not without serious self-questioning have I assumed to address you upon a subject so profound—before the aspects of which I reverently pause—but I cannot free myself from a sense of duty to speak straightforwardly and from my heart as in the service of perfect freedom, as a citizen of a Christian country, to men holding in this land the same belief, and upon a topic in which the highest duties of citizenship of two countries have their roots. I must not be misunderstood nor supposed to harbor any intention to pass beyond the province of secular discussion, or the just and natural scope of the subject selected, which is the duty and necessity of guarding personal freedom and individual liberty as the very seed and germ of human progress against the encroachments of consolidated power, and its suppression or overthrow by despotism in any of its shapes, whether *Vultus instantis tyranni*, or *Civium ardor prava jubentium*. Autocracy, Plutocracy, Oligarchy, Socialism, or Mob-rule, each and all are equally fatal to well-ordered government, of which the end is the personal liberty and happiness of the individual, a society in which the essential unit is a free man, and on individual man rests the welfare of the whole.

When, "from the thick darkness where He was," God spake on Mount Sinai, His commandments were addressed to the individuals of the human race, and every solemn injunction of prohibition or of performance was pronounced to each person severally. "Thou shalt," and "thou shalt not," never in the plural, but in the singular throughout.

The one prayer framed for human guidance by the Son of God mainly and plainly teaches these things: the universal Fatherhood of the Creator; the equal individual and direct access, at will, of

every human being to Him; the personality contained in the relation of parent and child, and the consequent kindred of the human race; the injunction of absolute privacy in the approach to Him, alone and in the seclusion of an inner room, the door being closed, kneeling down in secret supplication, and asking that the kingdom of God shall come and His will be done on earth.

The divine commandment of this prayer conceded, it is impossible to deny that the maintenance of individual conscience and private judgment is an absolute and abiding duty, the performance of which contains the germ of human happiness, and its growth, and that human progress and safety are dependent upon obedience to it. In the primordial nature of man this principle is implanted, for "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them. And God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul," and to this instrumentality, so selected and endowed, dominion was given over the earth and over every living thing upon the earth. If we are seeking light to lead our march in life, and arranging our plans of government as means to the great end, it behooves us to recognize this origin and underlying nature, and to frame our laws in subordination and harmony. From these laws of our being there is no escape. They must continue in operation, accompanying and entering into every stage and varied condition of human existence, under whatever form of social and political association, so long as the world shall endure.

It is vain to suppose that the life of a nation, and of the individuals who compose it, can be ordered and regulated with hope of healthful progress or permanence, when organized in disregard or in opposition to the law ordained in its creation.

Some things are accidental and transitory, others are essentially permanent. The freedom of the individual in human society is, and always must be, the essential and immutable factor to meet and obediently to recognize and carry out the developments of the Supreme Will as it shall be permitted to become known to the minds and consciences of men—if progress or even permanence in civilization is hoped for.

For as man is

"Heaven born and destined to the skies again," the laws that placed him here will surely vindicate themselves. The voluntary principle needs and calls for the exercise and expansion of the human faculties—moral, intellectual, and physical—while the coercive and involuntary principle induces their disuse, contraction, and enfeeblement—and here is the parting of the ways—and I have endeavored to point out the right way, and by stating the origin and nature of mankind, to lead you to believe that, in the scrupulous safeguarding of personal liberty, independence in judgment, thought, and lawful action, the true seed of progress and permanence can alone be found.

Those who believe the wisdom and morals of Christ, and yet doubt or deny His Divinity—and we who believe His Divinity, and, so guided, accept the moral order it inculcates, which has lighted up the pathway of duty and upward progress of humanity—can all together bow in obedience to teachings that

so unquestionably have transformed and advanced Christendom to the leading place it holds in the world's affairs, and so manifestly have impressed themselves upon the civilization they have created, which raises its head and smiles upon the world as His Kingdom comes and His Divinity progresses. The lesson taught is the dignity of humanity: that within each human heart is the Kingdom of God, and that the conservation of individuality and personal character is the essential duty for the gradual comprehension of "the increasing purpose" and the progress of the race.

FACTS ABOUT THE INDIAN PROBLEM

THOMAS J. MORGAN.....NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE

There is probably no subject about which people generally talk so much and know so little, as the present number and condition of the North American Indians. I am sometimes amazed, very often surprised, and occasionally startled, by the questions put to me by intelligent people, and with the statements made in public by men who are supposed to be especially well informed on these points. The usual debates in Congress, when the Indian bill is under consideration, are a study to one at all acquainted with the facts in the case. It is a popular fancy that the Indians are comparatively few in number; that they are rapidly disappearing, and that in the ordinary course of nature they will have died out not many years hence. The fact is, that there are nearly 250,000 of them, exclusive of the Alaskans; that they are not rapidly decreasing; and with their improved surroundings, the absence of destructive wars, the gradual improvement of sanitary conditions, the spread of education and of Christianity, the North American Indian will long survive among us as a distinct type. They are a hardy people, not wholly unable to adjust themselves to changed circumstances, having a great deal of persistence, and maintaining against great odds their distinctive characteristics, habits and customs.

Another commonly received opinion is that they have been grossly wronged by the government, and that in their relations with the conquering white race they have generally, if not always, been victims of greed, rapacity and violence, while they themselves have been wonderfully submissive and peaceable, as well as strictly honorable in the fulfilment of the part assigned them in the various treaties. Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson has written eloquently of "A Century of Dishonor," and the indictment against the white man for his brutality in his treatment of the Indians has been drawn in vivid colors. There is indeed a truth at the bottom of this indictment, and it is impossible to excuse all that has been done by the pale face toward these children of the forest. It should be borne in mind, however, that there are certain great, well established principles growing out of all progress; the indolent, the weak and the unprogressive will fall behind, while those who resist unreasonably will inevitably be crushed; no mere handful of nomads can, by simply claiming it, hold and keep forever, devoted to barbarism, a fertile continent capable of maintaining a nation numbering millions of civilized men and women.

The occupation of this continent by the American people, and the development thereon of the highest form of human civilization yet unfolded, is to be

counted one of the necessary stages in the progress of the race. If our forerunners, the Indians, are unable or unwilling to assimilate themselves with us, and share in the progressive subjugation of nature, they must inevitably give way before us, and to call our occupation of this country robbery is using language unwarranted by the circumstances. In one way or another they have been amply compensated by us for the lands which they have surrendered. They have had abundant opportunity to profit by the white man's superior knowledge, and to share with him the numerous advantages that his civilization offers, but they have scorned him and his ways; have preferred darkness to light, and savagery to civilization; they have not always observed their agreements with fidelity, and their hands have not been free from the stain of innocent blood.

Not long since I listened to the address of one of America's most popular orators while he depicted with a flowing fancy the wrongs of the red man, and the phenomenal prosperity of his spoilers, the much-abused Indian agents. It was a thrilling speech and produced a profound impression upon the assembled wealth and culture gathered in the luxurious drawing-room to listen; but it was a caricature on American history, a slander on American civilization, and too often void of fact. That there have been dishonest agents is true, and that they have sometimes enriched themselves at the expense of the Indians is indisputable; so it is likewise true that there have been dishonest railroad magnates and financiers who have grown rich on the wreckage of Wall street, feasting while the widows whose houses they have devoured have starved. But during the last twenty-five years, certainly, the Indian service, as a whole, has been comparatively free from corruption, and the average agent is certainly entitled to as much confidence and respect as the average alderman, perhaps as the average member of the legislature; indeed, I am not sure but that I might go further and say that he would have no occasion to blush if he were to be placed alongside the average congressman. The Indian service has not been so much the scene of corruption as of incompetency, arising from the fact that men were selected chiefly from political considerations for the performance of duties of a very complex and exacting nature.

I have been frequently asked questions about the Indians, prompted by the fancy that all are alike, and that what is true about the Sioux of the Dakotas is equally applicable to the Apaches of Arizona or the Pueblos of New Mexico; while the fact is that they differ among themselves in every respect—in language, dress, mode of living, manners and occupations. The Apaches as a tribe are ignorant, degraded, semi-savage, unprogressive, warlike; the Flandreau Sioux and the Stockbridges are industrious, frugal, thrifty, progressive, peaceful and upright; the Pueblos occupy houses and carry on peaceful pursuits, and the Navajoes are shepherds and live in rude hogans. Examples can be found among them illustrative of almost every stage of human progress, from the lowest level of animalism, as exhibited by some of the Yumas, burrowing in the sands of Arizona like lizards, up through the predatory Apaches, the pastoral Navajoes, the village Pueblos, the agricultural Flandreaux, to the

Christianized and thoroughly civilized thousands gathered into various churches out of numerous tribes.

General Sherman, in a speech made shortly before his death, at a public gathering in the city of New York, was reported in the daily press as saying that it was "absurd for this nation to be supporting in idleness 250,000 Indian paupers." I find that a very considerable number of people accept this fanciful statement as historical, and suppose that all these 250,000 are lazy vagabonds, fattening at the public crib. The truth is that probably less than one-fourth of them receive anything whatever from the government, and that the great mass are self-supporting; that is, that they subsist either by the labor of their own hands, or upon that which they receive from the government in payment for their lands. Whatever may be said of Indians or white men who live upon their income, it is not true of either that they are paupers. Probably one of the richest peoples in the world are the 1,500 Osage Indians, who, in addition to a large reservation with homes and cattle, have in the United States treasury to their credit more than \$8,000,000, on which they receive in cash every quarter \$100,000.

There is a current saying, which I hesitate to repeat, and would not, except to puncture it, that the "only good Indian is a dead Indian." Whether, as commonly reported, the late General Sheridan ever uttered it, I do not know, but it certainly expresses the opinion entertained of the Indians not only by cowboys who have come into sharp collision with them on the plains, soldiers who have memories of Custer massacres, and politicians whose constituents have an insatiable greed for Indian lands, but it passes current among the thoughtless everywhere. Easy proverbs save hard thinking. The fancy involved in this fallacious utterance is, that the Indian is utterly incorrigible, essentially a savage, incapable of taking on civilized habits; a beast, devoid of human sympathies. The fact is that Indian nature is simply human nature bound in red; that the Indians have the same affections, passions, desires and capacities that other people have. A somewhat careful study of them in face-to-face contact on the reservation, in their homes, and in the government schools, has led me to the firm conviction that, as a class, under favorable conditions, they are self-respecting, noble minded, and responsive to all rightful appeals to their better natures. There are now more than 200,000 Indian youths enrolled in schools, and they show the same aptitudes as white children under similar circumstances; they excel in penmanship and drawing; are not defective in musical talent; can be trained to habits of industry and study; take readily to the ruder mechanical arts, and not a few of them have acquired very respectable scholarship, general and professional, to the great delight of their teachers.

The late Senator Plumb, of Kansas, used to declare to me with great earnestness that every dollar given for Indian education was thrown away, and that it was impossible to educate them; and yet, with that singular inconsistency sometimes found in men in public stations, he continued, term after term, to vote in the senate for the expenditure of millions of dollars for Indian schools. The facts with which we confronted him were more powerful than his fancies.

The Indian can be educated, as has been shown by careful teaching and experiment, and in his highest education, from every side, lies the basic step toward the solution of the Indian question.

If one should form his opinions entirely from the utterances of the congressional delegate from Arizona, the Hon. Mr. Smith, he would conclude that the true type and exponent of Indian character is "Kid," the notorious renegade, who has terrorized a large part of Arizona for years past, and has furnished employment for a considerable body of United States soldiers, to say nothing of beef contracts and other profitable ventures incident to the presence in a community of a regiment of cavalry. On the other hand, if one will take the trouble to read the somewhat exhaustive study of the religious condition of the Sioux Indians, made by Hon. Daniel Dorchester, while superintendent of Indian schools, or will inform himself of the missionary triumphs vouched for by Bishops Whipple and Hare, and Drs. Williamson and Riggs, or will turn to the records of the nearly 5,000 Indian members of Presbyterian churches, and about the same number belonging to Baptist churches, he will find incontrovertible evidence, from the very best authorities that the Indians are thoroughly amenable to the gospel of Jesus Christ.

It is one of the popular fancies that the so-called "Indian problem" is easy of solution, and many short and simple methods are suggested. "Give the Indians land in severalty and they will become civilized"—but individual holding is an effect rather than a cause of civilization. "Make them citizens and treat them as we treat foreigners"—but foreign immigration is from civilized countries, the immigrants often readily coalescing with us. "Stop feeding and pauperizing them, and the problem is solved"—but we neither feed nor pauperize the 70,000 in the Indian territory, and yet the most serious problem that confronts us in this connection is how to deal with the "five civilized tribes." "Give the Roman Catholics free access to the public treasury for the support of their mission schools among them, and they will solve the problem"—but the government, in violation of the spirit of the constitution, has already given them for this purpose about three and a half million dollars, with no appreciable benefit—to the Indians.

The fact is, disguise it as we may, that the question is a very complex one, involving the relation of a superior to an inferior race, of civilization to barbarism, of conquerors to subjects, of Christianity to heathenism. It will not yield to Mohen platforms, nor dissolve before the blasts of Arizona oratory. It calls for wise statesmanship, zealous philanthropy, the labor of Christian missionaries, and—time. The Bible and spelling-book are great factors in the uplifting of any people.

Take the Indian service out of politics and administer it on strictly business principles; give the Indian his individual property and protect him in his rights; break up the tribe and destroy the reservation; pay them what we owe them, but feed none who will not work if able; give all the children a good, common, American, industrial education; send to every tribe the Christian missionary, with the home, the Sabbath school and the church—and time will do the rest. It will not take long to graft on to the hardy Indian

stock the scion of Christian, Anglo-Saxon civilization which it has cost us so many centuries to develop. When the Indian has land, law, labor, learning—the four fingers, and love, the thumb, he has the complete self-helping hand, and is prepared, like any other human being, to take his place as a citizen, as an individual, as a man, standing upon his own feet, using his own powers, defending his own hearthstone, educating his own children, and carving for himself a place among his fellowmen.

OUR DUTY TO CRIMINALS

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.....THE NEW YORK HERALD

This is fast getting to be a scientific age. We treat our institutions in a scientific way. I don't mean such institutions as the United States Senate. We have not yet begun on that. But in many lines we are applying scientific principles. But what do we do with our criminals? We hand them over to politicians! There is only one prison in the state which is not run by a politician, and that is the Elmira reformatory. Under these superintendents and keepers the criminals are secure, but there is no hope of their ever being any better.

Last summer I visited Dartmoor prison in England. There they put a letter on a man's shoulder for every time he has been sentenced. Most of the prisoners had four, or at least three, letters. A term in prison is only an incident. When a man goes out and the keeper gives him a discharge and a pound on which to start life afresh, he does not say "Good-by"; he says "Auf Wiedersehen." Now if, when the man is sentenced, we could tell him that his career of crime stopped right there, and that he was to go to a reformatory until his views of life were quite changed, we might hope for some improvement. The habit of crime is formed through repetition, and you cannot extirpate a bad habit without putting a good one in its place.

Mr. Brockway of Elmira tried an experiment on twelve of the very worst cases he had—men who seemed mentally and physically incapable of improvement. He put them through a course of Turkish baths, physical training and regular exercise. Their bodies improved, and with them their minds, and in a few months these men compared well with the best, and were capable of study and mental effort. Finally, starting from the point that we, as citizens, have the right to be safe from these people, we ought to see that things are changed, and that a criminal's sentence is like a lunatic's, to stay until cured and fit to come out. Of course, mistakes would be made. Some would be able to pretend that they were cured. Of the men who are discharged from Elmira, as well as they can be traced, about 80 per cent have become law abiding citizens; that is, as much so as the rest of us, and they have at least succeeded in keeping out of the clutches of the law. What sort of men do we need at the head of our prisons? We need the same kind of men whom we would put at the head of any institution of learning. We need a gentleman; a man of intellect, fine bearing and good influence and example. Of course he would need doctors and others to help him, and there is no such field in the world for the study of psychology and human nature as a penal institution. For once economy and philanthropy go hand in hand in a great and vital work.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

FRUIT TREES OF THE TROPICS

BERTHA F. HERRICK.....POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

Although the fruits of the tropics seldom ripen in temperate climates, the trees are often cultivated merely for the beauty of their foliage; so that it may prove of interest to become further acquainted with their general appearance and uses in their far-off native habitats. The beautiful date palm is indigenous to Africa and Asia, though flourishing in all hot countries. There are said to be nearly a thousand species, the most vigorous specimens reaching the height of eighty feet and living for two hundred years. Each tree yields from one hundred and sixty to two hundred pounds of fruit in a single season, some of the clusters weighing nearly forty pounds. It is propagated by suckers from the root, whence its name of "Phoenix," and bears its first crop when about eight years of age.

No less than three hundred and sixty uses are claimed for this invaluable tree. The trunk furnishes timber for furniture and house-building as well as fuel, cooking utensils, and bows and arrows; the roots are utilized for fencing and roofing, and the fiber is woven into mats, fishnets, ropes, baskets, and articles of clothing. Among the natives of the Orient the nutritious fruit is the principal food for nearly the entire year, and, pounded into solid cakes, is carried by Arabs journeying over the scorching desert, the stones being used as fodder for the camels. Roasted and ground, the kernels make a fair substitute for coffee, and are also valued on account of their oil. These trees are sometimes known as the "palms of victory," as the large, frondlike leaves are supposed to be identical with those that were strewn before the Savior on his entry into Jerusalem, and that were borne with songs of rejoicing before ancient conquerors returning from their triumphs on the battlefield; while on Palm Sunday and at the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles they are highly prized as church decorations. In some varieties the flower-spathes yield a large quantity of sweet sap, which upon evaporation becomes "date sugar," this being fermented into an intoxicant called "arrack." The terminal bud or "cabbage" is considered a great delicacy, and is boiled and eaten like a vegetable.

Another well-known fruit tree of the tropics is the graceful *Musa* or banana, a relative of the plantain. The rapidly growing suckers are productive at any season of the year, in a period of from nine to eighteen months, according to the altitude, the tree dying after ripening several bunches, some of which weigh nearly eighty pounds. Many of the large, handsome leaves—usually torn to fringes by the trade winds—measure ten feet in length by two feet in breadth, their uppermost crests waving twenty feet above the ground. From the fibrous petioles or leaf stalks is manufactured a fine, white flax, which is woven into delicate muslins, or, when in a half-finished state, is used for tinder or wadding; while one variety in the Philippine Islands furnishes the well-known Manilla hemp. Green bananas are sometimes dried and ground into meal or flour, which is baked or fried in cakes. So common is this

fruit in the tropics that a huge cluster may be purchased for the trifling sum of twenty-five cents, and a generous bunch always hangs in the hallway or on the veranda of the hospitable planter's home.

Tradition claims that plantains flourished in the Garden of Eden, together with the "tree of life" and "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil." They are larger and more succulent than bananas, and are used for almost the same purposes. Like the date-palm and the cocoanut tree, the "cabbage" of this plant is a favorite article of diet. The breadfruit, or *Artocarpus*, is a native of the Indian Archipelago and the islands of the Pacific. It attains an elevation of about fifty feet, and grows wild in the forests. The leaves are large, glossy, and deeply pinnated, like the fronds of a fern, and the fruit resembles a muskmelon—the edible interior being of the consistence of newly baked bread, and tasting like batter-pudding or boiled milk and potatoes. It is sometimes fried in slices, and served with meat as a side dish, or eaten with milk and sugar; but the usual mode of preparation is to bake the unripe quartered portions in rude ovens of heated stones, arranged in layers with earth and leaves, on the same principle as scalloped oysters. As there are many varieties, ripening at different seasons of the year, the supply is practically inexhaustible. Some kinds yield valuable timber, and from the inner bark of other species the natives manufacture clothing.

The "Jack-fruit"—a South Sea representative—is long and gourdlike, and weighs from twenty to sixty pounds. Although most of the crop is borne on the boughs, in the usual manner, some of the fruit grows directly on the bare trunk, a foot or two from the ground, presenting a very singular appearance. It ripens numerous seeds, which are considered very nutritious, and are eaten like chestnuts. An Indian tree of great beauty and interest is the tamarind, with its thick, lofty trunk, wide-spreading branches, and clusters of purplish or yellowish flowers. So fine and light is the foliage that the Koran doomed lost souls in hell to have their thirst quenched only once in a thousand years with as much water as could be held in a single leaflet. The long, narrow pods contain citric and tartaric acid, sugar, and potash, and are imported in large quantities from the East and West Indies, to be utilized in various economies.

The fruit of the curious papaya, sometimes called the papaw, suggests a pumpkin in taste and general appearance, and a score or more are attached in a mass to the naked stem, immediately beneath the crest of leaves. As they contain a large amount of pepsin, they are widely used medicinally; and tough meat, wrapped for a couple of hours in one of the leaves, becomes exceedingly tender, and in time almost rotten. There are numerous kinds of guavas, the best being the red and the white species, which are famous for their jellymaking possibilities. The fruit is about the size of a small apple, and is obtainable at nearly every season of the year.

The mango came originally from Hindoostan, and is a magnificent shade tree, forty feet high, with leaves something like those of a peach tree, and quantities of juicy yellow plummets, suspended from

the branches by very long, slender stems. Some wild varieties have an unpleasant taste of turpentine, but the better-flavored sorts are manufactured, when in an unripe state, into preserves and pickles for exportation. The shining emerald leaves and the pretty scarlet flowers of the pomegranate (*Punica granatum*) are familiar to nearly every one who owns a garden or frequents a city park. The fruit of this plant was mentioned by Moses as one of the attractions of the Promised Land; and he was commanded to make golden pomegranates and their blossoms alternately on the hem of the ephod; while four hundred specimens of these curious globes were wreathed around the capitals of the two brass pillars of King Solomon's temple. Various parts of this shrub were used by the ancients for medicine, and the bitter juice furnished a light, indelible stain.

The ohia, or Malay apple, is a common timber tree of the Hawaiian Islands, though not peculiar to that locality. On the Island of Maui is a mammoth orchard of wild ohias, extending from the sea to the mountains, and measuring twenty miles in length by from five to ten miles in width. The trees are from forty to fifty feet in height, some of the largest yielding nearly fifty pounds of fruit, the total crop being said to be sufficient to fill a fleet of one hundred steamers. The beautiful crimson or white apples, however, are unfit for transportation, as they last but a short time in a good condition. Near the Volcano House on the island of Hawaii are great thickets of the ohelo, or Hawaiian huckleberry (*Vaccinium reticulatum*), which the natives consider sacred to Pele, the goddess who is supposed to preside over the famous crater of Kilauea; and which, together with white pigs and chickens, are thrown by them into the boiling red lake during an eruption, to appease the wrath of the aggressive dame, and thus cause the rivers of lava to cease flowing on their destructive course. These berries grow in clusters on low bushes right on the very brink of the brimstone beds, and are so numerous that a bushel may be easily gathered in half an hour. In appearance they somewhat resemble a cranberry, and the flavor is pleasantly suggestive of grapes. Space forbids more than passing mention of many other fruit trees of the tropics—such as the avocado, or alligator pear, tasting like our ordinary salad; the curious pineapple, with its cactuslike leaves; the mandarin orange, glowing brightly against its deep-green foliage; the cherimoya, or custard apple; the lime, the lemon, and the Japanese loquat—though they are all of great beauty and extended usefulness.

A WONDERFUL FODDER PLANT

SACALINE FROM ASIA.....IRRIGATION AGE

Alfalfa must talk less and show more modesty. Fish stories pale beside the tales of the new vegetable wonder. Even the glories of irrigation are of little avail in comparison with what this new forage plant, sacaline, promises to do for agriculture in the drought-stricken region. Veritable forests of fodder may replace the long-time favorite bunch-grass of the dark mesas. Such at least is the inference that one draws from the descriptions of the latest aspirant for high rank among the forage plants. And it has high indorsement from men whose word may not be gainsaid. Professor L. H. Bailey, the conservative botanist and horticulturist at the Cornell

University Experiment Station, "believes that it will be a good thing for some parts of the country." Professor J. L. Budd, of the Iowa Agricultural College, considers it as "very valuable in the dry west as a forage plant." London Garden says that "cattle are exceedingly fond of it," and that "as a forage plant it has an assured future." Its analysis compares favorably with clover and alfalfa.

The various other English, French and German horticultural journals praise it highly. Professor M. H. Pammel, of the Iowa Agricultural College, writes in Garden and Forest: "It is not only perfectly hardy in central Iowa, as far as cold is concerned, but it stands the dry weather remarkably well. We have had no rain to speak of since the latter part of July, but this plant is as green at the end of September as it is early in July. The root stock of this plant is sent out in all directions. The original plant has been in a dry place for many years, but in all this time it has not once been killed back. It is a remarkable grower. Early in June stalks were fourteen feet high. What is needed in the west is a plant that can be used in August and September when pastures are nearly always short. If the first and second crops could be used for the silo (it is said they can), the crop in August and September would be excellent for immediate use."

Charles Baltet, a well-known French agriculturist, says of it in the American Agriculturist: "The severe drought which Europe passed through this year will, I think, enable horticulture to come to the aid of agriculture with a new foliage plant, giving such help as it did to vine-growing twenty-five years ago in introducing the practice of grafting vines on the phylloxera-proof American stocks. The proposed plant is the Saghalin knotweed, *Polygonum sachalinense*, called in France *sacaline*, a perennial plant, hardy and vigorous, bearing with equal indifference extremes of heat in summer and cold in winter. We have cultivated this plant since its introduction into France, for purely decorative purposes. The young shoots are eatable, but they do not rival asparagus, though its splendid foliage may be made use of for garnishing dessert and for packing fruit. Moreover, the experiments of M. Doumet-Adanson on the forage uses of our polygonaceous transmitted to the Académie des Sciences of Paris, by M. Ducharre, and the communications I have made to the Société Nationale d'Agriculture of France have brought the plant into notice, and called the attention of farmers to it. The *sacaline* was discovered by the Russian explorer, Maximowicz, in the Isle of Saghalin, situated in the sea of Okhotsk, between Japan and Siberia, a moderately large island, ceded to Russia by Japan in exchange for the Kurile archipelago. In 1869 Edouard Andre noticed this new introduction, in the Jardin d'Acclimatation of Moscow, where it was exceedingly decorative, and brought it into France, telling us of its vigorous growth both above and below ground. The roots branch on all sides and pass horizontally from the rhizomes, penetrating the hardest soils and giving origin to new shoots which further increase the size of the clump. The stems are numerous and closely set; they vegetate early, and are not long in attaining a height of nearly ten feet. Small, long, zig-zag ramifications develop in the middle and at the top of the luxuriant plant."

THE WHITE TILES: A TALE OF MERE CHANCE *

BY STEPHEN CRANE

Yes, my friend, I killed the man, but I would not have been detected in it if it were not for some very extraordinary circumstances. I had long considered this deed; but I am a delicate and sensitive person, you understand, and I hesitated over it as the diver hesitates on the brink of a dark and icy mountain pool. A thought of the shock of contact holds one back.

As I was passing his house one morning I said to myself: "Well, at any rate, if she loves him, it will not be for long." And after that decision I was not myself, but a sort of machine. I rang the bell and the servant admitted me to the drawing room. I waited there while the tall old clock placidly ticked its speech of time. The rigid and austere chairs retained their singular imperturbability—although, of course, they were aware of my purpose; but the little white tiles of the floor whispered one to another and looked at me.

Presently he entered the room, and I, drawing my revolver, shot him. He screamed—you know that scream—mostly amazement—and as he fell forward his blood was upon the little white tiles. They huddled and covered their eyes from this rain. It seemed to me that the old clock stopped ticking, as a man may gasp in the middle of a sentence; and a chair threw itself in my way as I sprang toward the door.

A moment later I was walking down the street—tranquil, you understand—and I said to myself: "It is done. Long years from this day I will say to her that it was I who killed him. After time has eaten the conscience of the thing she will admire my courage."

I was elated that the affair had gone off so smoothly; I felt like returning home and taking a long, full sleep, like a tired workingman. When people passed me I contemplated their stupidity with a sense of satisfaction.

But those accursed little white tiles!

I heard a shrill crying and chattering behind me, and looking back I saw them, blood stained and impassioned, raising their little hands and screaming: "Murder! It was he!" I have said that they had little hands. I am not so sure of it, but they had some means of indicating me as unerringly as pointing fingers. As for their movement, they swept along as easily as dry, light leaves are carried by the wind. Always they were shrilly piping their song of my guilt.

My friend, may it never be your fortune to be pursued by a crowd of little blood-stained tiles. I used a thousand means to be free from the clash-clash of those tiny feet. I ran through the world at my best speed, but it was no better than that of an ox; while they, my pursuers, were always fresh, eager, relentless.

People would see the pursuing, clamorous troop of blood-stained tiles and give me piercing glances, so that these swords played continually at my heart. But we are a decorous race, thank God. It is very

vulgar to apprehend murderers on the public streets. We have learned correct manners from the English. Besides, who can be sure of the meaning of clamorous tiles? It might be merely a trick of politics.

Detectives? What are detectives? Oh, yes, I have read of them and their deeds, when I come to think of it. The prehistoric races must have been remarkable. I have never been able to understand how the detectives navigated in stone boats. Still, specimens of their pottery excavated in Taumalipas show a remarkable knowledge of mechanics.

The little stained tiles. My friend, I stopped in an inn at the ends of the earth, and in the morning they were there, flying like birds and pecking at my window.

I should have escaped. Heavens, I should have escaped. What was more simple? I murdered and then walked into the world.

Do you know that my own clock assisted in the hunt for me? They asked what time I left my home that morning and it replied at once: "Half after eight." The watch of a man I had chanced to pass near the house of the crime told the people: "Seven minutes after nine." And of course the tall old clock in the drawing room went about day after day repeating: "Eighteen minutes after nine."

Do you say that the man who caught me was very clever? My friend, I have lived long, and he was the most incredible blockhead of my experience. An enslaved, dust-eating Mexican vaquero wouldn't hitch his pony to such a man. Do you think he deserves credit for my capture? If he had been as pervading as the atmosphere, he would never have caught me. If he was a detective, as you say, I could carve a better one from an old table leg. But the tiles! That is another matter. In the night I think they flew in long, high flocks, like pigeons. In the day, little mad things,—in the day they murmured on my trail like frothy-mouthed weasels.

I see that you note these great, round, vivid orange spots on my coat. Of course, even if the detective was really carved from an old table leg, he could hardly fail to apprehend a man thus badged. As sores come upon one in the plague, so came these spots upon my coat. When I discovered them I made an effort to free myself of this coat. I tore, tugged, wrenches at it, but around my shoulders it was like the grip of a dead man's arms. Do you know that I have plunged in a thousand lakes? I have smeared this coat with a thousand paints. But day and night the spots burn like lights. I might walk from this jail to-day if I could rid myself of this coat, but it clings—clings—clings.

At any rate the person you call a detective was not so clever to discover a man in a coat of spotted orange, followed by shrieking, blood-stained tiles.

Yes, that noise from the corridor is most peculiar. But they are always there, muttering and watching, clashing and jostling. It sounds as if the dishes of Hades were being washed. Yet I have become used to it. Once, indeed, in the night, I cried out to them: "In God's name, go away, little blood-stained tiles." But they doggedly answered: "It is the law."

*From The Buffalo Sunday News. (Copyright, 1896, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller.)

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

THE SURRENDER TO ENVIRONMENT

A WINE VAULT PHILOSOPHER.....BOSTON HERALD

There runs an edifying story about a man employed in one of the enormous wine vaults of France who, though he never himself drank a drop, still contrived to keep agreeably mellow all the time. There around him were thousands of immense casks of claret, burgundy, sauterne and other choice vintages, the steady evaporation from which filled the atmosphere of the cave with an exhilarating vinous fragrance. No need then for so coarse an operation as tippling. The happy fellow took in all the stimulus he needed by the simple process of absorption, breathing it in with his lungs and appropriating it through the pores of his skin. Manifold were the advantages of this method, as what otherwise would have gone to sheer waste kept him cheery and smiling, as well as saved him morally from any necessity of stealing on the sly. Moreover, it enabled him to maintain an unblemished reputation as a stanch teetotaler, while exempt from any of the drawbacks of so ascetic a regimen.

Whatever may be thought of the pros and cons of this particular method of getting one's vinous inspiration by simple absorption, it certainly casts instructive light on the immense and salutary part the principle of taking in things by absorption may be made to play in human life. Consider the matter of education, for example. What pains all parents are at to procure adequate schooling for their children, and yet every observing teacher will be heard asserting that the boys and girls who are brought up in families where bright company is invited in and conversation takes a wide range over politics, literature, travel and art, breathe in by simple absorption so much of the volatile yet stimulating essences floating on the air as to be far ahead in general intelligence of those who are exclusively confined to the lessons of the schoolroom. "Little pitchers have long ears." Even when seeming not to pay the least attention to what is going on, these boys and girls are none the less secreting through every pore the ideas and spirit of the various talkers.

Parents, alas! are always underrating the capacities of their children, at any rate are full of dense ignorance of the ways in which the little creatures really get their best growth. The question of questions is that of the habitual environment. While the amount any child can work out by himself alone is very small, the amount he can absorb from the knowledge, enthusiasm, range, humor and raciness of others is enormous. These are the casks of claret, burgundy and sauterne, whose evaporation is stimulating each several faculty of his nature; and so every father and mother dowered with an atom of sense will see to it that as far as possible there shall be the largest available variety of intelligence, charm, beauty and force of character gathered in as integral part of the household, resting assured that the principle of absorption will work more wonders than all the solitary drudgery of the schoolroom. Put the tip of a sponge in contact with water, and in due time the whole substance will be soaked full.

But why confine this indisputable truth to the education of children, when it holds equally valid of grown people? What keeps so many men and women dry and juiceless? The simple fact that everything is will work with them. Never have they learned to abandon themselves passively to external impressions and to let others play on them, to let them do for them the fun that makes them laugh, the pathos that makes them weep. Thus the social sympathies dry up and the whole environment becomes a mere monotonous echo of one's self, a soulless sounding board that simply focuses back on one his own stale thoughts and feelings. To be able to get out of one's self, that blessing of blessings, is an unknown world to this class—to be able to lose the life only to find it in richer shape in the life of others. One fairly wishes such people could be sentenced for a year or two to a French wine vault and kept mellow there long enough to learn to prize the principle of absorption. Then, perhaps, on coming out they would cease from mere will work and be glad to let the ocean and mountain inebriate them; be glad to let the glee of children, the animal spirits of gay young fellows, the adventurous spirit of the traveller, or what not, genially intoxicate them. Not in vain will the philosopher of the French wine vault have lived if the lesson he teaches be lifted to these higher levels.

THE QUALITY OF BEING AGREEABLE

A STUDY OF SOCIAL GENIUS.....THE BALTIMORE SUN

It might reasonably be supposed that good people would be agreeable and bad people disagreeable, but this is by no means a fixed rule. There are many notable exceptions, especially among bad people, who are often delightful companions. They study to please that they may cover up their faults of character. There is no reason, however, why good people should not follow their example in this respect. When they act naturally they are agreeable, but some good men, with warm sympathies and great kindness of heart, seem to think that it is necessary for their own protection to put on a gruff, repellent manner. There are others who at heart are good friends, yet make themselves disagreeable to those they love by a bad habit of positive contradiction. All of us have a great deal of self-love, and we cannot regard as agreeable one who continually differs with and contradicts us, especially if he does so in an offensive way.

The agreeable man is always courteous and considerate. He keeps out of disputes and contentions, seeks to give utterance only to pleasant things, and if driven to contradict, does so in an amiable manner. He may or may not be as good and faithful at heart as the gruff disputant, who is apt to be boastful of his frankness, but the quality that makes him agreeable is his cultivated manner. Some people go so far as to deprecate politeness as a concession to hypocrisy, but it is really a manifestation of consideration for others. It is, of course, cultivated by hypocrites, and those who are excessively polite may be suspected of insincerity, but that is not a good reason why sincere people should not use it

to make themselves agreeable. The otherwise good man who lacks politeness or assumes a gruff, repellent manner really sacrifices a part of his gifts, for very few people will discover his good qualities under his repulsive manners. Those who do may have patience to bear with him, knowing that his heart is right, but others will judge him by his manners, and, finding him disagreeable, will avoid intimacy with him. It is not enough, therefore, to be just or kind-hearted; one should also be agreeable in manner, and it requires very little effort to be so. The foundation of agreeable manners is thoughtful consideration of others or true politeness. This does not imply any necessary sacrifice of frankness and honesty. It does not mean that one shall not contradict or dispute, but it does mean that when a contradiction is made necessary it shall be expressed courteously and inoffensively. Every one should cultivate this kind of politeness, for, in so far as it helps to make one agreeable, it extends his opportunities for usefulness, and helps to give full play to his other good qualities.

THE TYRANNY OF TEMPERAMENT

MRS. LYNN LINTON.....ST. JAMES'S BUDGET

In the temperament lies the despair of the divine when dealing with sinners, and the true difficulty in the way of a man's effectual self-mastery. We often say we should like to live our life over again, starting with our present knowledge, so as to avoid the mistakes we have made, and thus keep clear of the pitfalls into which we have tumbled. If we came back with the same temperament that we have now, we might avoid this and that special blunder, warned off by the knowledge of its disastrous results, but we should commit exactly analogous mistakes. The quality of our actions would remain the same, though the special manifestation might be different. The impulsive would still be rashly confiding in affection and precipitate in conduct. The cold and suspicious would bar the avenues of their soul with the triple bands of egoism, distrust and want of sympathetic imagination. The irascible would fly at a word and fight for a look; and the jealous would make life a very hell for all around—himself the arch-demon, self-tormenting while he tortured others.

To be sure, the lettering of the legend would vary, but it would always read the same thing. The impulsive would avoid that wily scamp with the frank bearing and artless confidences, who captured the great, good, foolish heart at a bound, and emptied the pocket as the result. But he would do exactly the same thing with another, who would be identical in essentials, but would wear his favors with a difference. Having tasted the waters of bitterness in his marriage with Melusine, he would give that lady a wide berth in his restored incarnation. Just so. But how about Vivienne, who would be Melusine's second self under a new name and with a new face? The lesson he had learnt with the one would not avail with the other, and the man who is temperamentally disposed to believe in fascinating women would go on to the end, spite of all his experience. He began by trusting in the sincerity of an artful little jade in tights and spangles; he ends by marrying his cook, who makes him believe that she, a buxom wench of twenty-five, has a true and pure

and unselfish attachment for him—a gouty old Silenus of eighty.

As for women, God bless them!—they could never learn wisdom if fashioned by temperament for folly. If nature has intended them to be the victims of their own impulsiveness and the sport of fate and man, they will remain so to the end. The love they so heedlessly gave to the impossible or the unworthy of their compeers in youth they give just as largely and as disastrously, if differently, to the sons and grandsons of their maturity and old age. They were born to love; and fear, hesitation, doubt, do not enter into the compact. And they always have to pay—with frustrated hope in youth; with the consciousness of exploitation in age; and with sorrow all through. But what can be done with them? Temperamentally doomed to suffer in more ways than one, they either dash into matrimony with a dissipated scavenger in the fond hope of reforming him; or marry some needy knife-grinder in the heroic determination to build up his temple of fortune and make a good job of his life before the end of all things; or they give themselves, unloving, in impulsive pity for a man's fervid passion. Anyhow and every way they put their poor foolish heads into a bag or dash them against stone walls—and what misery can be expected as the result?

Talk common sense to the imaginative and preach courage to the timid. You may talk "till all is blue" and you will leave off just where you began. Impressions are more powerful than facts, and when the nervous fancy of the cowardly sees lions in the way it is of no good to swear they are only puppy dogs, not yet weaned. Nothing but the accomplished fact satisfies these timorous souls. So long as the possibility of danger exists, it is booked as a certainty; and courageous hope is treated as a hard-mouthed Moll, whose fibre is too coarse for the finer sensibilities. Perhaps no people are more fatiguing to the patience than these pessimistic foreboders—no people try the nerves more severely. Say what you will, you cannot help them out of the slough of despond, where they take their gloomy pleasure in squatting up to their lips. And if you try, you make them angry, and they turn on you, rending you for an unsympathetic egoist who cares for no one but himself. Their curse is in their temperament, which wild horses could not change. Nor could those wild horses change the temperament of the irascible—those who "see blood" on the slightest provocation, and whose serenity is shattered at the lightest touch, like so many Prince Rupert's drops if ever so slightly broken at the tip. They are built that way, and by no effort can they undo the structure. Something in their blood is analogous to touchwood and takes fire at a spark. We do not know what it is, for we cannot come to the secrets of the living laboratory of the heart and brain; but sure it is, that temperamental idiosyncrasies obscure the just and smooth working of that brain, and that without being mad, certain of those who are overpowered by their temperament are not wholly sane. These angry fellows are not; nor are the suspicious nor the jealous. A man may be able to drive a good bargain, or he may write a volume of poetry, or haply a sound treatise on philosophy, and in so doing he may claim to prove that his brain is in good working order and as sound as it

is active. But when he flies into an ungovernable rage over the merest trifles; when he is more jealous than Othello and does not disdain to stoop to the grossest suspicion of one he loves and professes to respect; when his reason is perpetually overmastered by his passions, and self-control, like self-respect, gets swept off the board if but a feather is waved that way—what can you call him but morally insane—insane by his force of temperament, and the uncatalogued poison in his blood? Let such a man come back to earth a thousand times with the same kind of temperament, and on the thousandth reincarnation he would commit exactly the same sins as on the first. Sinning and repenting make up the life of such as these; and David is their prototype.

On the plane below that of this overwhelming mastery of the temperament, reason has a better chance; and moral progress, like bitter wisdom, is a plant of sturdier growth and more hopeful outlook. Here religion makes its converts, and philosophy snatches her disciples from the overcrowded Ship of Fools. The temperament is a docile follower, not a tyrannous master, and the passions can be brought under control by an effort of the will. Such as these are the gold medallists of the school of reason and conscience, where these other poor slaves of an unseen and obscure tyrant must wear the foolscap and receive the stripes. But if we could read the secrets of all hearts we might perchance find that the efforts made by those whom nature has predestined to failure were gigantic and heroic, where those of the more orderly, more docile, were as so much child's play. To lie bruised, crushed, bleeding and beaten in that hard hand-to-hand fight with Apollyon shows, measuring by values, more real heroism than to have conquered a chorister boy in a sparring match—he with gloves as soft as down and arms no stouter than a feather-whisk.

THREE MORAL FORCES IN LIFE

STANDARD OF ACTION.....PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER

In every community that has emerged from barbarism the people may be divided, as regards their moral character, into three classes, which, though merging into one another by innumerable gradations, are sufficiently definite to warrant careful discrimination. First, there are those whose high standard of action is obedience to the laws. This class, of course, includes all who break them, hoping to escape the penalty, and many more who would break them, but for fear of the consequences. Others there are who pride themselves upon always keeping within the letter of the law, and who feel no compunction for any wrong-doing outside of its limits. Whatever difference may exist between these men, as to conduct, they all agree in one thing—they none of them cherish a higher sense of obligation than that which the law of the land strives to enforce. There is a much larger class of people by whom the restraints of the law are seldom felt, but whose measure for conduct is the voice of public opinion. They move in a certain social circle, more or less advanced in moral character, and to keep up to that standard is their highest aim. To fall below it is a disgrace; to rise above it seldom occurs to them.

The third class are not satisfied with either of these sanctions. They are law-abiding citizens, and they value the good opinion of their friends and neigh-

bors; yet the final test of an action for them does not lie in the one or the other. Their own ideal is higher than either, and their life is an effort to reach that ideal. Whatever appeals to them as right, or just, or pure, or noble, that becomes duty, quite independent of the praise or blame of others.

It is well for the moral progress of society that all these motives should be powerful forces in its midst. It is a mistake in our respect for the latter class to underrate the other two. Law, indeed, can only enforce justice to a limited extent. Until a certain degree of civilization is reached it is powerless; after an intelligent conscience reigns supreme in the heart and life it is needless. Yet between these two it has a large mission of education to fulfill. As far as laws are just in themselves, and promptly enforced, they discourage crime, and tend to form habits of right-doing in those who might otherwise sink into ruin. There is a disposition among many to depreciate conduct that has no better source, and to deny that any real goodness can result from coercion. John S. Mackenzie, of Cambridge, England, quotes a story to this point, saying: "A distinguished churchman is said to have remarked to the late Prof. Thos. Rogers, 'We must have compulsory religion, because otherwise we shall have none at all.' To which the professor replied that he did not see the difference. The same might be said of compulsory morality; it is equivalent to no morality at all." Mr. Mackenzie adds, however: "This is, of course, true, yet compulsory morality may do for an education towards true morality." Having fulfilled this work, laws grow obsolete, and as society progresses they, too, to be effective, must be changed with changing conditions. Just as a law prohibiting cannibalism here and now would be absurd, so we may hope for the time when the law against murder may be equally unmeaning. On the other hand, as the grosser crimes are forgotten in their disuse, so the law may hereafter enforce more complex and delicate social obligations, and afford protection for rights which are now continually infringed.

In the same way, public opinion is growing and changing to meet higher requirements, and it proves an immense factor in the moral improvement of a people. It embraces a large area of conduct, extending its penalties of disgrace and ostracism to many acts of meanness, cowardice, falseness and oppression with which the law cannot interfere. It also has rewards to bestow, as well as penalties to inflict, for the esteem and regard of those around us are strong incentives to the conduct which merits them. Indeed, its danger is that it may become too far-reaching and too strong.

The personal sense of duty, however, while not infallible, because always ascending, is far more to be desired than any other. It demands of its adherents the exercise of all their faculties to discover what is right, and their loyal adherence when found. It involves responsibility, thought, judgment on the one hand, and unhesitating obedience on the other.

UNDER THE SPELL OF QUIXOTRY

THE ART OF OVER-ENTHUSIASM.....THE LONDON SPECTATOR

There is a danger in attempting to define Quixotry; moreover, we generally define a thing to save ourselves the trouble of understanding it. But a definition is sometimes a useful fiction, and, espe-

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Presently he entered the room, and I, drawing my revolver, shot him. He screamed—you know that scream—mostly amazement—and as he fell forward his blood was upon the little white tiles. They huddled and covered their eyes from this rain. It seemed to me that the old clock stopped ticking, as a man may gasp in the middle of a sentence; and a chair threw itself in my way as I sprang toward the door.

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THE SURRENDER TO ENVIRONMENT

A WINE VAULT PHILOSOPHER.....BOSTON HERALD

There runs an edifying story about a man employed in one of the enormous wine vaults of France who, though he never himself drank a drop, still contrived to keep agreeably mellow all the time. There around him were thousands of immense casks of claret, burgundy, sauterne and other choice vintages, the steady evaporation from which filled the atmosphere of the cave with an exhilarating vinous fragrance. No need then for so coarse an operation as tippling. The happy fellow took in all the stimulus he needed by the simple process of absorption, breathing it in with his lungs and appropriating it through the pores of his skin. Manifold were the advantages of this method, as what otherwise would have gone to sheer waste kept him cheery and smiling, as well as saved him morally from any necessity of stealing on the sly. Moreover, it enabled him to maintain an unblemished reputation as a stanch teetotaler, while exempt from any of the drawbacks of so ascetic a regimen.

Whatever may be thought of the pros and cons of this particular method of getting one's vinous inspiration by simple absorption, it certainly casts instructive light on the immense and salutary part the principle of taking in things by absorption may be made to play in human life. Consider the matter of education, for example. What pains all parents are at to procure adequate schooling for their children, and yet every observing teacher will be heard asserting that the boys and girls who are brought up in families where bright company is invited in and conversation takes a wide range over politics, literature, travel and art, breathe in by simple absorption so much of the volatile yet stimulating essences floating on the air as to be far ahead in general intelligence of those who are exclusively confined to the lessons of the schoolroom. "Little pitchers have long ears." Even when seeming not to pay the least attention to what is going on, these boys and girls are none the less secreting through every pore the ideas and spirit of the various talkers.

Parents, alas! are always underrating the capacities of their children, at any rate are full of dense ignorance of the ways in which the little creatures really get their best growth. The question of questions is that of the habitual environment. While the amount any child can work out by himself alone is very small, the amount he can absorb from the knowledge, enthusiasm, range, humor and raciness of others is enormous. These are the casks of claret, burgundy and sauterne, whose evaporation is stimulating each several faculty of his nature; and so every father and mother dowered with an atom of sense will see to it that as far as possible there shall be the largest available variety of intelligence, charm, beauty and force of character gathered in as integral part of the household, resting assured that the principle of absorption will work more wonders than all the solitary drudgery of the schoolroom. Put the tip of a sponge in contact with water, and in due time the whole substance will be soaked full.

But why confine this indisputable truth to the education of children, when it holds equally valid of grown people? What keeps so many men and women dry and juiceless? The simple fact that everything is will work with them. Never have they learned to abandon themselves passively to external impressions and to let others play on them, to let them do for them the fun that makes them laugh, the pathos that makes them weep. Thus the social sympathies dry up and the whole environment becomes a mere monotonous echo of one's self, a soulless sounding board that simply focuses back on one his own stale thoughts and feelings. To be able to get out of one's self, that blessing of blessings, is an unknown world to this class—to be able to lose the life only to find it in richer shape in the life of others. One fairly wishes such people could be sentenced for a year or two to a French wine vault and kept mellow there long enough to learn to prize the principle of absorption. Then, perhaps, on coming out they would cease from mere will work and be glad to let the ocean and mountain inebriate them; be glad to let the glee of children, the animal spirits of gay young fellows, the adventurous spirit of the traveller, or what not, genially intoxicate them. Not in vain will the philosopher of the French wine vault have lived if the lesson he teaches be lifted to these higher levels.

THE QUALITY OF BEING AGREEABLE

A STUDY OF SOCIAL GENIUS.....THE BALTIMORE SUN

It might reasonably be supposed that good people would be agreeable and bad people disagreeable, but this is by no means a fixed rule. There are many notable exceptions, especially among bad people, who are often delightful companions. They study to please that they may cover up their faults of character. There is no reason, however, why good people should not follow their example in this respect. When they act naturally they are agreeable, but some good men, with warm sympathies and great kindness of heart, seem to think that it is necessary for their own protection to put on a gruff, repellent manner. There are others who at heart are good friends, yet make themselves disagreeable to those they love by a bad habit of positive contradiction. All of us have a great deal of self-love, and we cannot regard as agreeable one who continually differs with and contradicts us, especially if he does so in an offensive way.

The agreeable man is always courteous and considerate. He keeps out of disputes and contentions, seeks to give utterance only to pleasant things, and if driven to contradict, does so in an amiable manner. He may or may not be as good and faithful at heart as the gruff disputant, who is apt to be boastful of his frankness, but the quality that makes him agreeable is his cultivated manner. Some people go so far as to deprecate politeness as a concession to hypocrisy, but it is really a manifestation of consideration for others. It is, of course, cultivated by hypocrites, and those who are excessively polite may be suspected of insincerity, but that is not a good reason why sincere people should not use it

to make themselves agreeable. The otherwise good man who lacks politeness or assumes a gruff, repellent manner really sacrifices a part of his gifts, for very few people will discover his good qualities under his repulsive manners. Those who do may have patience to bear with him, knowing that his heart is right, but others will judge him by his manners, and, finding him disagreeable, will avoid intimacy with him. It is not enough, therefore, to be just or kind-hearted; one should also be agreeable in manner, and it requires very little effort to be so. The foundation of agreeable manners is thoughtful consideration of others or true politeness. This does not imply any necessary sacrifice of frankness and honesty. It does not mean that one shall not contradict or dispute, but it does mean that when a contradiction is made necessary it shall be expressed courteously and inoffensively. Every one should cultivate this kind of politeness, for, in so far as it helps to make one agreeable, it extends his opportunities for usefulness, and helps to give full play to his other good qualities.

THE TYRANNY OF TEMPERAMENT

MRS. LYNN LINTON.....ST. JAMES'S BUDGET

In the temperament lies the despair of the divine when dealing with sinners, and the true difficulty in the way of a man's effectual self-mastery. We often say we should like to live our life over again, starting with our present knowledge, so as to avoid the mistakes we have made, and thus keep clear of the pitfalls into which we have tumbled. If we came back with the same temperament that we have now, we might avoid this and that special blunder, warned off by the knowledge of its disastrous results, but we should commit exactly analogous mistakes. The quality of our actions would remain the same, though the special manifestation might be different. The impulsive would still be rashly confiding in affection and precipitate in conduct. The cold and suspicious would bar the avenues of their soul with the triple bands of egoism, distrust and want of sympathetic imagination. The irascible would fly at a word and fight for a look; and the jealous would make life a very hell for all around—himself the arch-demon, self-tormenting while he tortured others.

To be sure, the lettering of the legend would vary, but it would always read the same thing. The impulsive would avoid that wily scamp with the frank bearing and artless confidences, who captured the great, good, foolish heart at a bound, and emptied the pocket as the result. But he would do exactly the same thing with another, who would be identical in essentials, but would wear his favors with a difference. Having tasted the waters of bitterness in his marriage with Melusine, he would give that lady a wide berth in his restored incarnation. Just so. But how about Vivienne, who would be Melusine's second self under a new name and with a new face? The lesson he had learnt with the one would not avail with the other, and the man who is temperamentally disposed to believe in fascinating women would go on to the end, spite of all his experience. He began by trusting in the sincerity of an artful little jade in tights and spangles; he ends by marrying his cook, who makes him believe that she, a buxom wench of twenty-five, has a true and pure

and unselfish attachment for him—a gouty old Silenus of eighty.

As for women, God bless them!—they could never learn wisdom if fashioned by temperament for folly. If nature has intended them to be the victims of their own impulsiveness and the sport of fate and man, they will remain so to the end. The love they so heedlessly gave to the impossible or the unworthy of their compeers in youth they give just as largely and as disastrously, if differently, to the sons and grandsons of their maturity and old age. They were born to love; and fear, hesitation, doubt, do not enter into the compact. And they always have to pay—with frustrated hope in youth; with the consciousness of exploitation in age; and with sorrow all through. But what can be done with them? Temperamentally doomed to suffer in more ways than one, they either dash into matrimony with a dissipated scavenger in the fond hope of reforming him; or marry some needy knife-grinder in the heroic determination to build up his temple of fortune and make a good job of his life, before the end of all things; or they give themselves, unloving, in impulsive pity for a man's fervid passion. Anyhow and every way they put their poor foolish heads into a bag or dash them against stone walls—and what but misery can be expected as the result?

Talk common sense to the imaginative and preach courage to the timid. You may talk "till all is blue" and you will leave off just where you began. Impressions are more powerful than facts, and when the nervous fancy of the cowardly sees lions in the way it is of no good to swear they are only puppy dogs, not yet weaned. Nothing but the accomplished fact satisfies these timorous souls. So long as the possibility of danger exists, it is booked as a certainty; and courageous hope is treated as a hard-mouthed Moll, whose fibre is too coarse for the finer sensibilities. Perhaps no people are more fatiguing to the patience than these pessimistic foreboders—no people try the nerves more severely. Say what you will, you cannot help them out of the slough of despond, where they take their gloomy pleasure in squatting up to their lips. And if you try, you make them angry, and they turn on you, rending you for an unsympathetic egoist who cares for no one but himself. Their curse is in their temperament, which wild horses could not change. Nor could those wild horses change the temperament of the irascible—those who "see blood" on the slightest provocation, and whose serenity is shattered at the lightest touch, like so many Prince Rupert's drops if ever so slightly broken at the tip. They are built that way, and by no effort can they undo the structure. Something in their blood is analogous to touchwood and takes fire at a spark. We do not know what it is, for we cannot come to the secrets of the living laboratory of the heart and brain; but sure it is, that temperamental idiosyncrasies obscure the just and smooth working of that brain, and that without being mad, certain of those who are overpowered by their temperament are not wholly sane. These angry fellows are not; nor are the suspicious nor the jealous. A man may be able to drive a good bargain, or he may write a volume of poetry, or haply a sound treatise on philosophy, and in so doing he may claim to prove that his brain is in good working order and as sound as it

is active. But when he flies into an ungovernable rage over the merest trifles; when he is more jealous than Othello and does not disdain to stoop to the grossest suspicion of one he loves and professes to respect; when his reason is perpetually overmastered by his passions, and self-control, like self-respect, gets swept off the board if but a feather is waved that way—what can you call him but morally insane—insane by his force of temperament, and the uncatalogued poison in his blood? Let such a man come back to earth a thousand times with the same kind of temperament, and on the thousandth reincarnation he would commit exactly the same sins as on the first. Sinning and repenting make up the life of such as these; and David is their prototype.

On the plane below that of this overwhelming mastery of the temperament, reason has a better chance; and moral progress, like bitter wisdom, is a plant of sturdier growth and more hopeful outlook. Here religion makes its converts, and philosophy snatches her disciples from the overcrowded Ship of Fools. The temperament is a docile follower, not a tyrannous master, and the passions can be brought under control by an effort of the will. Such as these are the gold medallists of the school of reason and conscience, where these other poor slaves of an unseen and obscure tyrant must wear the foolscap and receive the stripes. But if we could read the secrets of all hearts we might perchance find that the efforts made by those whom nature has predestined to failure were gigantic and heroic, where those of the more orderly, more docile, were as so much child's play. To lie bruised, crushed, bleeding and beaten in that hard hand-to-hand fight with Apollyon shows, measuring by values, more real heroism than to have conquered a chorister boy in a sparring match—he with gloves as soft as down and arms no stouter than a feather-whisk.

THREE MORAL FORCES IN LIFE

STANDARD OF ACTION.....PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER

In every community that has emerged from barbarism the people may be divided, as regards their moral character, into three classes, which, though merging into one another by innumerable gradations, are sufficiently definite to warrant careful discrimination. First, there are those whose high standard of action is obedience to the laws. This class, of course, includes all who break them, hoping to escape the penalty, and many more who would break them, but for fear of the consequences. Others there are who pride themselves upon always keeping within the letter of the law, and who feel no compunction for any wrong-doing outside of its limits. Whatever difference may exist between these men, as to conduct, they all agree in one thing—they none of them cherish a higher sense of obligation than that which the law of the land strives to enforce. There is a much larger class of people by whom the restraints of the law are seldom felt, but whose measure for conduct is the voice of public opinion. They move in a certain social circle, more or less advanced in moral character, and to keep up to that standard is their highest aim. To fall below it is a disgrace; to rise above it seldom occurs to them.

The third class are not satisfied with either of these sanctions. They are law-abiding citizens, and they value the good opinion of their friends and neigh-

bors; yet the final test of an action for them does not lie in the one or the other. Their own ideal is higher than either, and their life is an effort to reach that ideal. Whatever appeals to them as right, or just, or pure, or noble, that becomes duty, quite independent of the praise or blame of others.

It is well for the moral progress of society that all these motives should be powerful forces in its midst. It is a mistake in our respect for the latter class to underrate the other two. Law, indeed, can only enforce justice to a limited extent. Until a certain degree of civilization is reached it is powerless; after an intelligent conscience reigns supreme in the heart and life it is needless. Yet between these two it has a large mission of education to fulfill. As far as laws are just in themselves, and promptly enforced, they discourage crime, and tend to form habits of right-doing in those who might otherwise sink into ruin. There is a disposition among many to depreciate conduct that has no better source, and to deny that any real goodness can result from coercion. John S. Mackenzie, of Cambridge, England, quotes a story to this point, saying: "A distinguished churchman is said to have remarked to the late Prof. Thosold Rogers, 'We must have compulsory religion, because otherwise we shall have none at all.' To which the professor replied that he did not see the difference. The same might be said of compulsory morality; it is equivalent to no morality at all." Mr. Mackenzie adds, however: "This is, of course, true, yet compulsory morality may do for an education towards true morality." Having fulfilled this work, laws grow obsolete, and as society progresses they, too, to be effective, must be changed with changing conditions. Just as a law prohibiting cannibalism here and now would be absurd, so we may hope for the time when the law against murder may be equally unmeaning. On the other hand, as the grosser crimes are forgotten in their disuse, so the law may hereafter enforce more complex and delicate social obligations, and afford protection for rights which are now continually infringed.

In the same way, public opinion is growing and changing to meet higher requirements, and it proves an immense factor in the moral improvement of a people. It embraces a large area of conduct, extending its penalties of disgrace and ostracism to many acts of meanness, cowardice, falseness and oppression with which the law cannot interfere. It also has rewards to bestow, as well as penalties to inflict, for the esteem and regard of those around us are strong incentives to the conduct which merits them. Indeed, its danger is that it may become too far-reaching and too strong.

The personal sense of duty, however, while not infallible, because always ascending, is far more to be desired than any other. It demands of its adherents the exercise of all their faculties to discover what is right, and their loyal adherence when found. It involves responsibility, thought, judgment on the one hand, and unhesitating obedience on the other.

UNDER THE SPELL OF QUIXOTRY

THE ART OF OVER-ENTHUSIASM....THE LONDON SPECTATOR

There is a danger in attempting to define Quixotry; moreover, we generally define a thing to save ourselves the trouble of understanding it. But a definition is sometimes a useful fiction, and, espe-

cially if it be unsound, may perhaps cause some light by its refutation. If it will endure explanation, it will endure most things. So let us say, to begin with, that Quixotry is the art of excess; it is distinctly an art, for any one can exceed, but few can be really Quixotic. It is possible to do too much and to do it in so commonplace and successful a manner that people think we could do more; this they admire, expecting to get some advantage from it. The Quixote does too much in proportion to his own strength, or to the needs and possibilities of his time; he is a person whose courage outruns his convictions, and whose valor is tempered only by indiscretion. He does the right thing, but in the wrong way, or at the wrong time, or with the wrong instrument. There is always something amiss with one of the categories. He follows some great cause, and upholds it with all his heart and soul; but the cause is impossible and inappropriate, and so his efforts end in failure. He has an ideal, very beautiful sometimes, and very impossible of realization. But this last fact he does not perceive except in his lucid intervals, when he is uninteresting. Pope, that marvellous genius who could produce platitudes almost as easily as modern writers make epigrams, has told us that great wits to madness are near allied; Quixotry is allied to both, but is not quite either. It is not to be confounded with mere determination of purpose; there is a subtle ridiculousness in it which differentiates it from that hard-headed combination of sound principle and judicious application thereof. Quixotry is essentially injudicious, and that is why it pleases us without exciting respect.

It is a mark of snobbishness to admire success for its own sake. "Success," some one has said, "is a hideous affair; men are deceived by its spurious resemblance to merit." The Quixote is generally free from the charge of being successful, so we can forgive him much. He is too earnest to weigh means and opportunities, and it is only natural that such impetuosity should end in ruin. The man who hesitates is almost saved; while the Quixote who throws himself into a breach which, after all, may not be so big as he thinks, is destroyed. Possibly we may say, "So much the better," and comfort ourselves with that astounding Darwinian paradox about the survival of the fittest. But the Quixote is at least interesting, and even amusing. More than this, he is of practical service. His daring unreasonableness stirs up stagnating waters, and relieves the gray monotony of common sense. Perhaps we regard him with the pity that is akin to contempt, and call him fanatic, enthusiast; but so have we called the prophets that were before him. Enthusiasm now is rather out of fashion, like duels and hard drinking; and to call a man enthusiastic is almost as great an insult as to call him genteel. And so we look askance at Quixotry, because it is not the "mode." But perhaps we rather ought to weep that it is so much a thing of the past, and cherish those few instances of it that remain; not only because of its artistic value, but because where the more sober thinker fails, the Quixote is often of service. Like an inferior soprano, he *will* be heard by his much screaming; and nothing is ever done without a scream. We have Mr. Bumble's statement that the public is "a hass," and it is only too apt to stand between its proverbial two bundles of hay and taste

neither. It takes a good deal to wake it from that deep, sweet slumber in which it habitually lies, dreaming that it is doing something, fighting old battles over again, instead of bestirring itself about new ones. Most progress, and especially political progress, is a series of compromises. No party gets as much as it wants, but each is a drag upon the other. So, like a Jew in an old curiosity shop, or a preacher at a missionary service, we must ask as much as possible to begin with, knowing that we shall never get it. We must be extravagant in our demands and in our theories if we are to accomplish anything in the end. It is no use to be moderate; for moderation generally remains in the obscurity in which it began, and which is an eminently suitable sphere for it. It is through a conflict of extremes that we best attain the true mean; every side has its say, but none its act. It is no use at the outset to take up a halfway position; we shall reach that soon enough, but only provided that we try to get beyond it. This extravagance is invaluable, for nothing tests the true merit of a cause as much as an unreasonable support of it; it is a violent test, and under it the rottenness of the cause often becomes plain.

Quixotry is either a master-stroke, or a reduction to the absurd; it will crown a winning or crush a losing side; and the power of giving the last blow has made more splendid reputations than perhaps we realize. One makes the verses, and another bears the honors! and so the world wags, and prides itself upon its justice. We might enlarge upon the subject and illustrate Quixotry in politics, in art, in literature; in everything it is present, and doing its service. It is doubtless not the working of a master-mind; it is almost a confession of weakness. Its unpopularity is due to the barbarous practice of judging by results; if we would see how it is admirable, we must look at it from the inside. It may be called a failing, but even then it is a rather noble failing; and sometimes a noble failing is better than a vulgar excellence. It has no place in the constitution of the megalopsychic monster whose immaculateness is so uninteresting that we long for just a few specks to relieve his monotony. It is often a fault which really wins our regard, and from what seems a weakness, great strength may follow. There is something of pathos, even of heroism, in the struggle of a man to stem the current of his time. If he succeeds, it generally means that to some extent he drifts with it, or so adapts himself as to break its force; he is judicious, and calculative of chances, and sympathy would be wasted upon him. But the Quixote effaces himself in his cause; he is refreshingly energetic, and introduces a bright patch into the neutral tint of modernity. Quixotry is like a knight in armor riding in Rotten Row, or a velvet doublet in Piccadilly. It brings back to us the charms of an earlier century, perhaps of an earlier self, that was not too commonplace to have ideals or too lazy to attempt to realize them. So let us not despise the Quixote, nor stifle our own Quixotic impulses. It is an art delightful in itself, at any rate during its pursuit; and if our retrospections of it be painful, if from the point of view of matured and placid middle age our Quixotics seem foolish or extravagant, we can at any rate, as a last refuge, exert that most inestimable of all our faculties, the power of forgetting.

THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

THE VACATION OF MUSTAPHA

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.....SAN FRANCISCO ARGONAUT

Now in the sixth month, in the reign of the good Caliph, it was so that Mustapha said: "I am wearied with much work; thought, care, and worry have worn me out; I need repose, for the hand of exhaustion is upon me, and death even now lieth at the door."

And he called his physician, who felt of his pulse and looked upon his tongue, and said:

"Twodollars!" (for this was the oath by which all physicians swore). "Of a verity thou must have rest. Flee unto the valley of quiet and close thine eyes in dreamful rest; hold back thy brain from thought and thy hand from labor, or you will be a candidate for the asylum in three weeks."

And he heard him, and went out and put the business in the hands of the clerk, and went away to rest in the valley of quiet. And he went to his Uncle Ben's, whom he had not seen for lo! these fourteen years.

But when he reached his Uncle Ben's they received him with great joy, and placed before him a supper of homely viands, well cooked, and piled up on his plate like the wreck of a box-car; and when he could not eat it all, they laughed him to scorn.

And after supper they sat up with him, and talked with him about relatives whereof he had never, in all his life, so much as heard. And he answered their questions at random, and lied unto them, professing to know Uncle Ezra and Aunt Bethesda, and once he said that he had a letter from Uncle George last week.

Now they all knew that Uncle George was shot in a neighbor's sheep-pen, three years ago, but Mustapha wist not that it was so, and he was sleepy, and only talked to fill up the time. And then they talked politics to him, and he hated politics. So about one o'clock in the morning they sent him to bed.

Now, the spare room wherein he slept was right under the roof; and there were ears and bundles of ears of seed-corn hung from the rafters, and he bunged his eyes with the same, and he hooked his chin in festoons of dried apples, and shook dried herbs and seeds down his back as he walked along, for it was dark. And when he sat up in bed in the night, he ran a scythe into his ear.

And it was so that the four boys slept with him, for the bed was wide. And they were restless, and slumbered crosswise and kicked, so that Mustapha slept not a wink that night, neither closed his eyes.

And about the fourth hour after midnight, his Uncle Ben smote him on the back, and spake unto him, saying:

"Awake, arise, rustle out of this and wash your face, for the liver and bacon is fried, and the breakfast waiteth. You will find the well down at the other end of the cow-lot. Take a towel with you."

When they had eaten, his Uncle Ben spake unto him, saying: "Come, let us stroll around the farm."

And they walked about eleven miles. And his Uncle Ben set him upon a wagon and taught him how to load hay. Then they drove into the barn,

and he taught him to unload it. Then they girded up their loins and walked four miles, even into the forest, and his Uncle Ben taught him how to chop wood. And they walked back to supper. And the morning and the evening were the first day, and Mustapha wished that he were dead.

And, after supper, his Uncle Ben spake once more, and said: "Come, let us have some fun." And so they hooked up a team and drove nine miles down to Belcher's Branch, where there was a hop. And they danced until the second hour in the morning.

When the next day was come—which wasn't long, for already the night was far spent—his Uncle Ben took him out and taught him how to make rail fence. And that night there was a wedding, and they danced, and made merry, and drank, and ate; and when they went to bed at three o'clock, Mustapha prayed that death might come to him before breakfast time.

But breakfast had an early start, and got there first. And his Uncle Ben took him down to the creek and taught him how to wash and shear sheep. And when the evening was come, they went to spelling-school. And they got home at the first hour after midnight.

And when Mustapha went to bed that morning, he bethought him of a dose of strychnine he had with him, and he said his prayers wearily, and he took it.

But the youngest boy was restless that night, and kicked all the poison out of him in less than ten seconds.

And in the morning, while it was yet night, they ate breakfast. And his Uncle Ben took him out and taught him how to dig a ditch.

And when evening was come, there was a revival meeting at Ebenezer Methodist Church, and they all went. And there were three regular preachers, and two exhorters, and a Baptist evangelist. And when midnight was come they went home, and sat up and talked over the meeting until it was bed-time.

Now when Mustapha was at home, he left his desk at the fifth hour in the afternoon, and he went to bed at the third hour after sunset, and he arose not until the sun was high in the heavens.

So the next day, when his Uncle Ben would take him out into the field and show him how to make a post-and-rail fence, Mustapha swore at him, and smote him with an axe, and fled, and gat himself home.

And Mustapha sent for his physician and cursed him. And he said he was tired to death; he turned his face to the wall, and died. So Mustapha was gathered to his fathers.

And his physician and his friends mourned and said:

"Alas, he did not rest soon enough. He tarried at his desk too long."

But his Uncle Ben, who came in to attend the funeral, and had to do all his weeping out of one eye, because the other was blacked half-way down to the chin, said it was a pity, but Mustapha was too

awfully lazy to live, and he had not enough get-up about him.

But Mustapha wist not what they said, because he was dead. So they divided his property among them, and said if he wanted a tombstone he might have attended to it himself, while he was yet alive, because they had no time.

THE TALE OF A MODEL CRIME

W. PETT RIDGE.....THE IDLER

The two swollen-eyed men from Bethnal Green rubbed their stubbly chins thoughtfully with the palms of their hands. They glanced at the yellow young man in the armchair, and then out of the window at Jermyn Street. The yellow young man was Mr. P. Rawlings, from San Domingo, and these were his chambers.

"Wot d'ye mike of it, James?"

"It's thick," whispered James, hoarsely. "Vurry thick, Awlbert."

"T'ent as though this gent wanted the other gent abslootly mide off with," urged Albert.

"I should strongly object," interposed young Mr. Rawlings from the armchair, in his thin high voice, "if anything of the kind were done. Understand that, once for all. There must be no great harm done to Mr. Burleigh. He is simply to be kept out of the way for a month. He proposes to start shortly for a quiet trip on the Continent, and—"

"Before his merridge," remarked James.

Mr. P. Rawlings threw his black cigar into the fire with an impetuous exclamation.

"Be-fore his merridge," echoed Albert.

"He must be abducted and kept quietly for a space until I give the word," said young Mr. Rawlings.

The two men glanced at each other again.

"He's a biggish chep," remarked Albert.

"Chlorryfom might do it," said James, thoughtfully. "But it's a precious risky job. Do you appen to know the lidy he's going to metry, sir?"

It was a most unfortunate question.

"What the devil has that to do with you, man! There is your business. Mind it."

Mr. P. Rawlings was in a great rage. He had started up from his chair, and stood glaring with his small black eyes at the two men.

"No 'arm done, sir," said James, in a conciliatory way, "I on'y asted the question. I wish to Gaud he wasn't a M. P., that's all. They're such a fussy lot, and you see he's a important chep. Why, I see his portraits are in the shop windows, and he's in Madame Tussaud's, and—"

"I know, I know. It makes me hate him all the more."

"Got to be done to-night, has it, sir?"

"This very night. He walks round St. James's Park between nine and ten. What you ought to do is—"

A long detailed explanation. The two Bethnal Green gentlemen listened with great attention, nodding now and again as sign of their acceptance of the suggestions.

"If I were abroad," said Mr. P. Rawlings at the conclusion, "this could be done as easily as the striking of a match."

"Ah!" said James, bitterly, "that's just where it is. You're in 'appy England now, the 'ome of the

free, where for the leastest little thing a man finds hisself locked up. Still, we'll do wot we can, won't we, Awlbert?"

He closed his left eye for a moment as he looked at his colleague.

"We will that," responded Albert. "The best of men can do no more."

"You understand," said Mr. P. Rawlings, decidedly, "that I give you nothing now. Come back here this evening and take me to the place where he is, and the money is yours."

"I could 'ave done with a bit on account," said James.

"Not a penny," said Mr. Rawlings, definitely.

The two Bethnal Green gentlemen sighed a protest against the dogmatism of Capital.

"Well, if you won't, mawster," said Albert, philosophically, "I suppose you won't."

The House that evening was unusually full. There was some excitement in the air, and earlier in the afternoon the Inspector had shaken up nearly a helmet full of tickets for the *Srangers' Gallery*. The space dividing Ministers was littered with the strips of paper which members tear up when they are in an emotional mood, and no one was perfectly asleep. The youthful-looking member who was addressing the House came to his peroration. He glanced at a small red bonnet in the Ladies' Gallery.

"For my part, Mr. Speaker, I can only say, that so long as life remains with me—and that period may be short, and it may be long—I shall not cease to present with all the vigor in my power the arguments to which the House has so generously listened this evening."

Enthusiastic cheering, as Mr. Gerald Burleigh resumed his seat. Congratulators nodded from the front bench of his own side. A pleasant little note of felicitation tossed across from the opposite side. Young Mr. Burleigh, M. P., hurried round to meet the small red bonnet.

"You are going for your usual walk round St. James's Park, I know," said the Red Bonnet, pleasantly.

"No, I am not, dear. I'm going to stroll with you on the terrace."

"Well," the Red Bonnet gave a sigh as affectation of regret, "it is useless to argue with a Member of Parliament. I only hope that my cousin—Bother!"

Mr. P. Rawlings, blinking his small black eyes, said he was pretty middling. How was Mr. Burleigh? Burleigh, without answering, said that Mr. Rawlings's cousin and he were just about to stroll on the Terrace, so that they would have to say goodbye to Mr. Rawlings.

"Burleigh," Mr. Rawlings took the young member aside. "I want to speak to her as a member of the family about money matters. I want to do something rather handsome for her when this affair of yours comes off."

"You're very good," said Mr. Burleigh. He said this unwillingly, for he usually told the truth. "But really, I don't know—"

"No, you don't. I'm not so bad as you think, Burleigh. I've got a heart after all, although my manner is a little odd at times. Now, you go for your usual run and I'll talk to her."

Mr. P. Rawlings insisted on walking out to St. Stephen's and across the yard with Gerald Burleigh.

He seemed to talk rather quickly, and with a dread of anything like a pause in the conversation. Outside the gates he stopped.

"I must hurry back to my cousin," he said. He looked across the road and took his scarlet silk handkerchief from his pocket. The two Bethnal Green gentlemen standing on the opposite side of the road saw this.

Mr. P. Rawlings did not return to his cousin. Instead he took a swift cab to his rooms in Jermyn Street, and, arriving there, walked up and down outside. He was in a great state of nervousness, and he managed, in peering anxiously towards the end of the street, to drop his "pince nez" and smash the glasses.

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Mr. P. Rawlings. Which remark was, of course, premature.

That night a cab drove up to the door. On the top was a long orange case, corded up. Out of the door stepped James; James, in a state of much disorder, red stains on his hand, a look of extreme fright on his swollen countenance. Albert behind him trembling obviously with horror.

"Well," said Mr. Rawlings, with an attempt at cheeriness, "you're soon back. You've managed it, I hope?"

"Yus," said James, hoarsely. His voice sounded like the voice of a blanket. "Yus, we've managed it. For Gaud's sake, sir, go upstairs."

Mr. P. Rawlings did so. He left the door open for the two men to follow, and switched on the light in his rooms. He picked out a particularly strong cigar, as though to honor the occasion, and stood the liquor stand on the table. Then, with his back to the fire, he awaited their coming.

"Mind the corners, Jimes," said Albert. "Lift your end, cawn't ye?"

"Aint I a-liften my end?" said James, in a hoarse whisper. "It's bloomin' eavy. Nah then, al-together! That's it."

They brought in the long case and placed it carefully on two chairs. Mr. P. Rawlings started forward.

"Stand back, sir," whispered James. "Don't touch the 'orrid thing until you've 'eard the tile. Awlbert, shet the doar."

"What on earth have you got there?" cried Mr. Rawlings, excitedly.

"He's not on earth," said James, reverently. "He's in 'Eaven, porr chap, or 'Ell as the kise may be. Can't you turn the lights dahn a bit, sir?"

There was a break in the voice of the Bethnal Green gentleman. He untied the cord as the yellow Mr. Rawlings and the trembling Albert stood by. Albert poured out some port in a tumbler; James turned over the top lid of the case, and lifted a handkerchief from the end.

"Great God," cried Mr. Rawlings, "You've killed him!"

The two men took their caps off reverently as they looked with every sign of remorse at the placid face. Mr. Rawlings gazed at the smoothly parted hair, the neat moustache, the strong chin, the—

"Tell me what it means," he cried, feeling for the broken "pince nez." "Why have you done this? Why have you brought him here?" The two men did not answer. "Do you know who you are? You

are"—he gave the word in a muffled scream—"murderers."

The two men started as Mr. Rawlings, half white now and half yellow, hissed the word at them.

"It was an oversight, I admit," explained James, slowly. "I s'pose we used too much chlorrfom. But if you're going to call us nimes, mister, perhaps we can find a title or two for you."

"What is it to do with me?"

"A pruttidy bit," said James, with much decision. "For one thing we're a goin' to leave Mr. Burleigh here, and we're a goin', Awlbert and me, to give ourselves up at Vine Street. There's nothin' like being perfectly striteforward in these matters. And your nime will be mentioned as 'aving egged us on to the deed."

Mr. Rawlings screamed. He rushed to the door and turned the key.

"You have done this purposely," he exclaimed. "You blackguards!"

"We didn't do it purposely," remarked Albert, setting down the tumbler; "but we cert'n'y are blai-guards. All free of us are."

"Come on, Awlbert," said James. "It's no use arguing the question. Let's get down to Vine Street and see the Inspector. How might you spell your nime, mister?"

"Look here," young Mr. Rawlings breathed quickly. "Look here. I'm going away. I am going to leave London at once."

"No daht," said James, ironically. "Oh, no daht. And leave us gentlemen to bear the brunt of it all."

"You have only to—to dispose of the body," said Mr. Rawlings, appealingly. "You can easily do that."

"Ho, yus," said Albert. "Nothing easier I'm sure." He laughed a short, sharp laugh of derision. "It's quite a everyday job, this is."

"Look here," cried Mr. Rawlings. He laid a hand on James's sleeve in an imploring manner. "If I give you"—he whispered a large sum—"will you get rid of it? I shall catch the morning mail at Charing Cross, and go right away—for good."

James hesitated. He drew his colleague aside, and conferred with him.

"Look 'ere, sir. We're lettin' you 'ave it all your own way, I know, but if you'll double that figure, we'll—well, we'll do wot we can."

"And you will take this—this away?"

He looked with loathing at the ghastly upturned face in the long wooden box.

"No checks, mind you," said James, with sudden suspicion.

"Notes and gold, my good man, notes and gold."

The transaction took but a few minutes. Then the two men lifted the long box and carried it slowly downstairs.

"Give us a 'and, Ginger," said James to the red-haired cabman. "The gent don't want it awfter all."

A yellow, frightened face watched them between the curtains of the first floor window. The cab drove off slowly and solemnly St. James's Street way. At the corner it stopped.

"There's on'y one thing now," remarked James. "How are you going to get rid of the body of this unfortunate young Member of Parliament?"

He laughed with the satisfied air of a man who has done a good night's work.

Albert considered.

"Tell ye wot," said Albert. "I'll tell ye wot. Take it back to the Marylebone Road where we pinched it from; stick it outside the blooming Exhibition and let old Tussaud, or wotever his nime is, find his property in the morning. Is that good enough?"

James slapped his colleague on the knee.

"My boy," answered James, with much good-humor, "it's great. I never 'ave give back anything before as I borrowed, but just for once, I'll do it."

AT A CONVICT'S MARRIAGE*

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.....THE TEMPTRESS (F. A. STOKES CO.)

The nuptial blessing was droned monotonously in French by a stout, rubicund priest, who wore soiled and crumpled vestments.

The scene was strange and impressive.

Upon a tawdry altar, in a small, bare chapel, two candles flickered unsteadily. The gloomy place was utterly devoid of embellishment, with damp-stained, whitewashed walls, a stone floor, dirty and uneven, and broken windows patched with paper.

Over the man and woman kneeling at the steps the priest outstretched his hands and pronounced the benediction.

When he had concluded a gabbled exhortation and premonition, they rose. The weary-eyed man regained his feet quickly, gazing a trifle sadly at his companion, while the latter, with a scarcely perceptible sigh, got up slowly, and affectionately embraced her newly-wedded husband.

As the bride placed her arms about her husband's neck he bent, and, lifting her black veil slightly, gave her a fond, passionate caress.

Turning from the altar, the priest grasped their hands, wishing them health and happiness. What bitter irony! What a canting pretence of humanity! As if either could be obtained in New Caledonia, the malarial island to which the French transport their criminals. The ill-timed sarcasm caused the statu-esque warders to grin, but a tear stood in the eye of more than one of the bridegroom's complices in adversity, even though they were desperate characters, hardened by crime.

"We thank you heartily for your kind wishes," he replied, "and trust that your blessing will render our lot less wearisome."

The convict's bride remained silent, gazing about her unconcernedly.

"Come!" exclaimed the officer, rising abruptly; "we must not linger; already we have lost too much time."

After the register had been signed the husband again kissed his wife. As she raised her lips to his he whispered a few words, as if to reassure her, then said aloud—

"Farewell, dearest! In seven years I shall be free. Till then, au revoir, sans adieu!"

"Sans adieu!" she echoed, in a low voice, apparently unmoved.

He shrugged his shoulders and turned towards his stern guards.

"I must apologize for detaining you, gentlemen," he said. "Let us go. I am ready."

The bride, who was young, was dressed very plainly in black, yet with Parisian taste. Perhaps

*French convicts sentenced to imprisonment are sometimes allowed to marry if the betrothed follows her lover to New Caledonia. After the ceremony husband and wife see no more of each other until the sentence has expired.

she was handsome, but the thick veil concealed her features. The husband's appearance, however, was decidedly unprepossessing. He was undergoing a term of ten years' labor and lifelong banishment.

Tall, bronzed, and bearded, with a thin face wrinkled by toil, although still retaining traces of good looks, he remained for a moment motionless, contemplating with loving eyes the woman who was now his wife. His attire was scarcely befitting a bridegroom, for he had no coat, and wore the soiled and ragged gray shirt and trousers of a miner, while the chains that bound his wrists seemed strangely out of place.

Yet the spectators of this odd ceremony were as strikingly incongruous as the principals themselves.

There were but eight persons. Five were fellow-prisoners of the husband, comprising the labor gang in which he worked, while close behind them sat an officer and two sinister-looking warders, in faded military uniforms, the butts of their loaded rifles resting on the floor. The convicts were watching the ceremony interestedly, frequently whispering among themselves, and ever and anon, as either stirred, the clanking of their chains formed an ominous accompaniment to the hastily-gabbled formula, as if reminding them of the dismal hopelessness of their situation.

Neither replied. The warder who held the chain to which the five prisoners were manacled stepped forward and locked it to the bridegroom's fetters.

For a few minutes, while before the altar, the latter had been allowed comparative freedom; but now, the ceremony over, he was compelled to return with his gang to the atrocious tortures and dispiriting gloom of the copper mines—that monotonous, toilsome existence of French convicts; a life without rest, without hope, with naught else beyond hard labor, brutal taskmasters, and the whining homilies of drunken priests.

At the word from the officer the men filed slowly out—a dismal, dejected procession. Notwithstanding the uniform gray dress and closely-cropped heads, the difference in their physiognomy came prominently out. It was easily distinguishable that the husband belonged to a higher social circle than the others, who, from their ferocious, forbidding aspect, had evidently given the rein to their evil passions, and were undergoing their just punishment. Through the narrow door they passed in single file, the warders following immediately behind with their rifles upon their shoulders.

The officer paused at the door, and, turning, lifted his cap politely to the bride, saying—

"Forgive me, madame, for thus taking your husband from you, but, alas! I have orders which must be obeyed."

"No apology is needed, m'sieur," she replied, with a slight sigh. "My husband's honeymoon has been brief indeed; but, as one convicted of a serious crime, what can he expect? We must both wait. Nothing further need be said."

"And you have followed him here—from Paris?"
"Yes."

"Ah! what devotion! Madame, truly yours is a cruel separation, and you have my heartfelt sympathy. Adieu."

"Thanks, m'sieur; adieu," she said, brokenly; but the officer had already passed out beyond hearing.

WITH THE POETS AT TEA: A FEAST OF PARODY*

BY B. E. O. PAIN

I.

(Macaulay, who made it.)

Pour, varlet, pour the water,
The water steaming hot!
A spoonful for each man of us,
Another for the pot!
We shall not drink from amber,
No Capuan slave shall mix
For us the snows of Athos
With port at thirty-six;
Whiter than snow the crystals
Grown sweet 'neath tropic fires,
More rich the herb of China's field,
The pasture lands more fragrance yield;
For ever let Britannia wield
The teapot of her sires.

II.

(Tennyson, who took it hot.)

I think that I am drawing to an end:
For, on a sudden, came a gasp for breath,
And stretching of the hands and blinded eyes
And a great darkness falling on my soul.
Oh, hallelujah! — kindly pass the milk.

III.

(Swinburne, who let it get cold.)

As the sin that was sweet in the sining
Is foul in the ending thereof,
As the heat of the summer's beginning
Is past in the winter of love:
O purity, painful and pleading,
O coldness, ineffably gray!
Oh, hear us, our handmaid, unheeding!
And take it away.

IV.

(Cowper, who thoroughly enjoyed it.)

The cosy fire is bright and gay,
The merry kettle boils away
And hums a cheerful song.
I sing the saucer and the cup;
Pray, Mary, fill the tea-pot up,
And do not make it strong.

V.

(Browning, who treated it allegorically.)

Tut! Bah! We take as another case—
Pass the bills on the pills on the window-sill; notice the
(A sick man's fancy, no doubt, but I place [capsule]
Reliance on trade-marks, Sir) — so perhaps you'll
Excuse the digression — this cup which I hold
Light-poised — Bah, it's spilt in the bed! well, let's on go —
Holds Bohea and sugar, Sir; if you were told
The sugar was salt, would the Bohea be Congo?

VI.

(Wordsworth, who gave it away.)

"Come, little cottage-girl, you seem
To want my cup of tea;
And will you take a little cream?
Now tell the truth to me."

She had a rustic woodland grin,
Her cheek was soft as silk,
And she replied, "Sir, please put in
A little drop of milk."

"Why, what put milk into your head?
'Tis cream my cows supply;"
And five times to the child I said,
"Why, pig-head, tell me why?"

"You call me pig-head," she replied,
"My proper name is Ruth,
I call that milk" — she blushed with pride —
"You bade me tell the truth."

VII.

(Poe, who got excited over it.)

Here's a mellow cup of tea, golden tea!
What a world of rapturous thought its fragrance brings to me!
Oh, from out the silver cells
How it wells!
How it smells!
Keeping tune, tune, tune, tune,
To the tintinnabulation of the spoon.
And the kettle on the fire
Boils its spout off with desire,
With a desperate desire,
With a crystalline endeavor,
Now, now to sit or never,
On the top of the pale-faced moon,
But he always came home to tea, tea, tea, tea, tea, tea,
Tea to the nth. —

VIII.

(Rossetti, who took six cups of it.)

The lilies lie in my lady's bower
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost);
They faintly droop for a little hour;
My lady's head droops like a flower.
She took the porcelain in her hand
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost);
She poured; I drank at her command;
Drank deep, and now — you understand!
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost).

IX.

(Burns, who liked it adulterated.)

Weel, gin ye speir, I'm no inclined,
Whusky or tay — to state my mind
For aye or ither;
For, gin I take the first, I'm fou,
And gin the next, I'm dull as you.
Mix a' thegither.

X.

(Walt Whitman, who didn't stay more than a minute.)

One cup for my self-hood,
Many for you. Allons, camarados, we will drink together
O hand-in-hand! That tea-spoon, please, when you've done
with it.
What butter-colored hair you've got. I don't want to be
personal.
All right, then you needn't. You're a stale cadaver.
Eighteenpence if the bottles are returned.
Allons, from all bat-eyes formulas.

*Selected from an entertaining volume, *On Parody*, by A. S. Martin. Published by Henry Holt & Co.

APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

POSSIBILITIES OF THE TELECTROSCOPE

DR. CLOSE'S EXPERIMENTS.....ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

Dr. Frank M. Close, of Oakland, Cal., has given this name to a new application of the Roentgen X ray for seeing long distances by the aid of electricity. This apparatus at present is very crude, but it has produced some very remarkable results in light transmission. His device resembles two cigar boxes connected by ten feet of wire. These boxes he calls, as in the telephone system, the transmitter and receiver. In front of the receiver a piece of Iceland spar or tourmaline is placed and the eye is placed on this. In front of the transmitter opening is placed a lighted candle, the flame of which is distinctly seen at the receiver end, although ten feet distant and in an adjoining room. If the tourmaline is removed from the receiver the flame is not seen. The object of Dr. Close's investigation is to transmit light electrically after the manner of sound by the telephone. He describes his invention as being simply a soft iron magnet enclosed in a box, connected by ten feet of wire with a similar iron magnet at the other end. The lighted candle in front of one box—the transmitter—excites a current of electricity, which is transmitted to the other magnet and there reconverted into its original form, and by interposition of the prism the light is reproduced. While in the present apparatus only ten feet of wire is used, yet Dr. Close very reasonably believes the effect would be the same with ten miles, and he is very confident that development of his discovery will enable us to see great distances as readily as we now converse over thousands of miles.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE HUMAN VOICE

RENE BACHE.....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

Photographing the notes of the human voice! Another wonderful discovery is announced to the world. This time it is not a European scientist, but an American who makes the contribution to knowledge. He is a professor of physics at Columbia College, New York, and his name is William Hallock. For a long time he has been experimenting with a method, now at length perfected, of making pictures of musical sounds by means of the camera. Such perfect results are obtained that the voice of a tenor or soprano can be judged with absolute accuracy as to its quality and range without hearing it—merely by inspecting a series of photographs. In the near future the members of a choir will be selected by the committee on music from the voice photographs submitted by the various candidates. The operatic impresario will decide on the merits of a prima donna by examining a few pictures, instead of listening to the rendering of favorite selections by the lady in her most "fetching" gown. Professor Hallock proposes to photograph a large number of the finest voices obtainable; also, to get as many more photographs of poor voices. By a comparative study of the two series he expects to be able to reduce the peculiarities of a good voice to a basis of scientific understanding. Incidentally comes in the interesting question of articulate speech in man and the lack of it in beasts.

The most essential part of Professor Hallock's apparatus is a series of hollow spheres of metal. These are of different sizes, each of them corresponding to a note of the voice. Every voice-note, it must be understood, has a particular volume of air, which, if properly enclosed, will vibrate in sympathy with that note and only with that note. For example, a hollow ball of copper three inches in diameter will contain an amount of air that will vibrate in sympathy with the middle A on the piano. When that piano key is struck the metal sphere will be heard to give forth a ringing sound. But it will not respond in this way to the striking of any other key. The metal sphere described has a small hole on one side of it. Opposite this hole is placed a sort of drumhead, on the farther side of which is a small lighted jet of gas. Now, it is evident that when the air in the ball vibrates, the drumhead will vibrate also. An arrangement is made by which the vibration of the drumhead causes the little gasjet to jump. It follows then that one has only to watch the gasjet in order to see when the air in the copper sphere is responding to the music. The jet will jump only when the middle A is struck, and not in answer to any other note. Professor Hallock's series of metal spheres of different sizes corresponds to a series of musical notes. One of them answers to A, the next to B, the next to C, and so on. Each of them has its drumhead and jumping gasjet. The spheres are called "resonators," and they respond to the notes of the human voice as readily as to those of the piano. When the singer strikes C the C sphere vibrates responsively, and so likewise with the others. A totally deaf person looking on might see by the jumping of the gasjets what notes were being sung. When a tuning-fork or an organ-pipe is sounded, the tone is pure and simple. As a musician would say, there is only one "pitch" present. It is different when the string of a violin is struck; the tone of the string is complex. This is due to the fact that it is vibrating at many rates at once, giving out the tones of several different pitches. These tones, however, are all in pure harmony with the lowest or fundamental tone, and hence produce the pleasing effect. The higher tones are called overtones or "harmonics." These harmonics are present in the singing voice. A full and rich bass voice singing Ah on bass C would have as overtones middle C and G, treble C, E, G, B-flat and high C. This will serve as an example to illustrate the point. The singer, seated before the apparatus, sings bass C, and immediately sees from the jumping of the gasjet what overtones are present and their strength. A special device of a rotating mirror enables him to see the jumping of the flames very clearly.

But the human eye is not able to observe such a phenomenon with sufficient closeness and accuracy. Accordingly photography is called into requisition. It cannot lie, and there can be no question as to the correctness of the records it gives. The camera is employed to take instantaneous note of the jumping of the flames. Picturing not only the fundamental voice-notes, but also the overtones, it actually photographs the quality of the voice. It makes a com-

plete and perfect record, by means of which the power, purity and sweetness of any voice may be judged. Only through scientific study has it been realized what a wonderful instrument the human voice-box or larynx is. With practically one string it may be compared to the "harp with a thousand strings," as the thickness, length and tension are varied by the muscles so as to produce almost infinite changes of pitch. Changes in pitch and quality are also made by the use of the so-called "resonance cavities." These are varied in size and shape by movements of the tongue. Professor Hallock declares that the human voice ought to have but one register. If the vocal muscles be properly used, all the changes necessary to produce any pitch may be brought about.

The records of the Patent Office show that electricity is beginning to be applied to music. George Breed, an electrical engineer of Philadelphia, has recently patented an electrical attachment for pianos. A current is made to flow through the strings of the instrument, a powerful magnet being the most essential part of the contrivance. When a key is struck, the corresponding string vibrates in the usual manner; but it continues to vibrate and to produce the note until the key is released. Incidentally, owing to the electrical action, the harmonics are brought out in a wonderful way. Paderewski tried a piano with an attachment of this kind in Philadelphia the other day. He expressed the utmost enthusiasm, declaring that he could hear all the tones of the organ.

It is suggested that much might be done for acoustic effect by stringing wires over the ceiling and walls of concert halls and theatres. If properly arranged, they would respond sympathetically to the sounds of human voices or of musical instruments. The singer's notes would actually play upon a gigantic Æolian harp, and wonderful harmonic results might be brought out. This idea, so far as known, has never been tried. There is no telling how far the harmonics might be helped by causing an electric current to flow through the wires, as in the case of the piano. To return to the subject of photography, a new and very interesting process has been patented recently by Professor Joly of Dublin. It is a method of photographing in colors—the nearest approach to a solution of that problem that has been made up to date. He takes a sheet of glass and rules it with lines in three primary colors—red, green and violet. These colors together produce the effect of white. The lines are ruled so close together, three hundred of them to an inch, that they can only be distinguished by using a magnifying glass. The sheet of glass is then placed upon an ordinary sensitive plate, and the two are put together into a camera. Exposure is made, and the photograph is taken.

From the negative thus obtained is made a positive. The positive is placed over a sheet of glass just like the first one, so that the lines of the positive that correspond to the red lines on the original glass sheet coincide exactly with the red lines in the new glass sheet. Thus is made a transparency in the natural colors, the green coinciding with the green lines, and the violet with the violet lines. The effect is that of a perfect photograph in colors. If a photograph on paper is wanted, it is made by using the

positive to print the picture on sensitized paper that has been ruled with similar colored lines. George Shiras, a son of Justice Shiras of the United States Supreme Court, has patented several devices for taking photographs of wild animals in a state of nature. He is fond of making trips through wild regions and shooting various beasts and birds with a pop camera instead of a gun. For example, he sets a camera like a trap in the woods, directly in the track made by a moose or deer in coming to water. A string is so arranged that the beast springs the trap, the top of which flies up, while at the same instant a flashlight cartridge is exploded. The under side of the traptop is a mirror, which throws the glare of light directly upon the animal. The startled creature takes to his heels, not realizing that its photograph has been taken.

DIAMONDS FROM COAL GAS

ROUSSEAU'S DISCOVERY.....JOURNAL OF GAS LIGHTING

M. Gustave Rousseau recently communicated to the Comptes Rendus a remarkable statement referring to his experiments upon the cyclical condensation of carbon. It appears that, in the course of some investigations into the nature of certain managanites, cobaltites, and ferrites, M. Rousseau obtained some metamorphoses which led him to the discovery of a new phenomenon in chemical physics—that is to say, the so-called cyclical transformations to which can be subjected a particular radical under different temperatures. Thus certain compounds of manganese and soda can be formed at a given temperature, changed into something different by raising the temperature, and finally reconverted into the original compound at a still higher heat. From these analogies, M. Rousseau thought that, if hydrocarbons were heated through the range of temperature between bright red and 3,000° C., there might be produced in turn the various isomeric states of carbon, each of which presents its own degree of stability according to its place in the thermometric scale. It is known that the hydrocarbons form amorphous carbon by decomposition at red heat; while all varieties of carbon are transformed into graphite in the voltaic arc. M. Rousseau claims to have established the novel fact that carbon presents the cycle graphite-diamond-graphite in an interval of temperature comprised between 2,000° and 3,000° C. He worked with acetylene to solve this problem, because this carbon compound has a certain stability at high temperatures, and is endowed with a marvellous plasticity, besides polymerizing easily into a series of carburets more and more condensed. Acetylene was heated in an electric arc furnace, producing both black diamonds and graphite. The experiment was of a difficult character; and much acetylene escaped treatment.

M. Rousseau says that the hydrocarbons of coal gas can be made to furnish acetylene, under the action of heat; and in one experiment of forty minutes' duration, he was able to obtain twenty milligrammes of black diamond in this way: He caused a current of illuminating gas, saturated with the vapor of benzine, to pass into a hollow block of quicklime, where the voltaic arc was maintained. Unfortunately, owing to leakiness of the furnace, the gas burned; and after two hours' heating, he could only find a small quantity of graphite mixed with

some grains of carbonado. M. Rousseau proposes to continue these experiments, with a furnace hermetically sealed, and constructed of refractory material not containing carbonates. He also intends to substitute for coal gas the highly condensed carburets derived from coal tar or petroleum residuum.

WONDERS OF SULPHATE-OF-ZINC LIGHT

A NEW ILLUMINANT....LONDON DAILY NEWS

Another conquest of light is M. Charles Henry's sulphate of zinc. M. Henry is a French savant of the school of higher studies, who has revealed the power of sulphate of zinc to absorb sunlight and give it back in the dark. Poudre de riz made with this mineral gives a soft luminosity to a fair young face. A lady cyclist dusted all over with this powder is in herself a lamp on a pitchdark night. The luminous pigment is not liable to be spoiled by damp, by carbolic acid, or by any weak acid. It resists rain if united to some strongly adhesive body. There is a house in the Rue de Longchamps where a windowless set of rooms is lighted with it. The lady of the house receives there her friends at "5 o'clock." The apartments seemed bathed in moonlight, and the curtains are as if studded with glowworms, the ceiling scintillates. The furniture looks as if rubbed with phosphorus. The play of this light on colored objects gives one the impression of Aladdin's underground palace. Often they take the rich, glowing tones of the topaz, ruby, and emerald. The powder does not lose its brilliancy if used in starch or size.

IRRIGATION OUT WEST

WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.....THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

In Finney county, near the western border of Kansas, thousands of acres were planted in wheat, and it seemed the sanest of projects to build a gristmill to grind the crop. This was undertaken near the Arkansas river by enterprising merchants in the neighboring community of Garden City; but the new institution began and ended with a millrace. Before the building and machinery were required, the wheat crop had surrendered to dry air and hot winds. The semi-arid character of the great plains west of the 100th meridian, long known to stockmen and Indians, but denied by greedy land agents and discredited by eager and hopeful settlers, had again asserted itself with unmistakable emphasis. Not an acre of the crop was harvested. The prairie-schooners set sail and steered for other parts. Towns dwindled to mere hamlets. All the nebulous industrial, educational and railroad projects suddenly descended from the sublime to the ridiculous. And yet the blighted seed was destined to bear another and far more fateful crop, and the forgotten millrace on the banks of the Arkansas to grind a grist that would prove historic.

A few settlers remained to rake amid the ashes of their ruined hopes. Among them was a man who had learned the methods of irrigation while living in California and Colorado. It happened that his land adjoined the abandoned millrace, and he readily obtained the right to turn the water upon a part of his farm. The result, though not surprising to the practiced irrigator, was a revelation to his thoroughly disheartened neighbors.

The soil which had produced nothing in the previous summer responded to the new method of cul-

tivation with enormous crops of all varieties of products. In quality they surpassed anything previously grown in that region. As these facts became known a new hope arose, like a star in the night, against the dark background of past discouragements. The Garden City "experiment" became the Mecca of students of irrigation throughout the wide region devastated by the drought. The ruined crop of the previous year, and the useless millrace, gave birth to an influence which in fifteen years has assumed far-reaching proportions. This influence, by revealing the need of irrigation in a territory which had hitherto depended entirely upon the rainfall, extended the known limits of arid America hundreds of miles to the eastward and more than 1,000 miles north and south, thus adding to the empire of irrigation all the western portions of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, together with eastern Colorado.

In this vast district it has begun to revolutionize both the industrial and social life of the people. It has compelled the attention of legislatures, created new laws and administrative systems in several states, wrung a few meager appropriations from Congress, and set on foot various industrial and educational undertakings. The problems of the semi-arid region are peculiarly its own, differing materially from those of the desert states west of the continental divide. The movement which has wrought these momentous changes alike in public sentiment and in methods of industry has found its warmest championship in Kansas, where it has been reduced to perfect organization through the instrumentality of press and platform. Throughout the semi-arid region, but particularly in Kansas, there are effective state, county and township associations urging the adoption of irrigation as the price of prosperity, and extending, by means of conventions and popular literature, the common knowledge of its aspects.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE RETINA OF THE EYE

PSYCHO-PHOTOGRAPHY....THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

That real images of objects are formed upon the retina of the eye and sometimes temporarily remain seems to be proven by a series of experiments made by W. I. Rodgers, and described by him in the Amateur Photographer, November 22. Mr. Rodgers took a shilling and looked at it intently in ordinary daylight for fully a minute, with the idea of fixing the image of it distinctly upon the retina. He then drew a yellow screen over the window of the room in which he sat, so as to exclude all actinic light, and, placing a photographic plate in a certain position, fixed his eyes upon the centre of it, at the same time allowing nothing but the image of the coin to occupy his mind. After looking at the plate for 43 minutes, he developed the same, and the outline of the coin was clearly shown. The second experiment, made in the presence of three trustworthy witnesses, is still more remarkable. A postage stamp was substituted for the shilling, and gazed at in a strong light for one minute, then removed and a plate put in its place and looked at for twenty minutes. The resulting "psychogram," reproduced in the article, lacks detail, but sufficient was shown to prove that the picture of an object impressed upon the retina can send out vibrations that will result in the production of an image on a sensitized plate.

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA

It is possible to go round the world and touch on British territory all the way—viz., from England to Halifax, N. S., across Canada to Vancouver, across the Pacific to Hong Kong, thence to Singapore, Penang, Mauritius, Cape Town, St. Helena, and England; or from Penang to Ceylon, Bombay, Aden, Perim, Malta, Gibraltar, and home. There is a “sea connection” that no other nation in the world possesses.

National flowers have been adopted in various countries as follows: Greece, violet; Canada, sugar-maple; Egypt, lotus; England, rose; France, fleur-de-lis; Germany, corn flower; Ireland, shamrock; Italy, lily; Prussia, linden; Saxony, mignonette; Scotland, thistle; Spain, pomegranate; Wales, leek.

Several instances of extreme distance of voice carrying have come to light. In the great Canyon of the Colorado a man's voice was plainly heard at the end of the Canyon, eighteen miles distant. Lieutenant Foster, on Parry's third Arctic expedition, found that he could converse with a man across the harbor of Port-Bowen, a distance of about one mile and a quarter. Sir John Franklin said that he had conversed with ease at a distance of more than a mile. Doctor Young records that at Gibraltar the human voice has been heard at a distance of ten miles.

Despite its feminine name, Aliceton, Wis., is the only town in the country without one woman inhabitant. Its population is about one hundred.

The British Isles comprise no fewer than one thousand separate islands and islets, without counting mere jutting rocks or isolated pinnacles.

By actual measurement of fifty skeletons the right arm and left leg have been found to be longer in twenty-three, the left arm and right leg in six, the limbs on the right longer than those on the left in four, and in the remainder the inequality of the limbs was varied. Only seven out of seventy skeletons measured, or ten per cent, had limbs of equal length.

The eminent physician and hygienist, Sir. B. W. Richardson, recently expressed his decided opinion that, if men and women in general properly understood and steadily obeyed the laws of their being—physical, intellectual, and moral,—70 per cent of them would live to 110.

An acute musical ear will detect so slight a difference in tone between two notes as the one sixty-fourth of a semitone. This means that in the eleven octaves that the human ear compasses there would be at least some eight thousand or nine thousand consciously different notes.

The chemical constituents of the mushroom are almost identical with those of meat, and it possesses the same nourishing properties.

Doctor Schott does not think that the maximum height of the waves is very great. Some observers have estimated it at thirty or forty feet in a wind of the force represented by eleven on the Beaufort scale (the highest number of which is twelve); and Doctor Schott's maximum is just thirty-two feet.

He believes that in great tempests waves of more than sixty feet are rare, and that even those of fifty feet are exceptional. In the ordinary trade winds the height is five or six feet.

J. E. Gore writing on the Size of the Solar System, says that “enormously large as the solar system absolutely is, compared with the size of our own earth, it is, compared with the size of the visible universe, merely as a drop in the ocean.”

The tooth of a mastodon, in an almost complete state of preservation, has been recently unearthed. It weighed fourteen pounds twelve ounces, and measured ten inches by six, and is pure ivory.

Professor Hebra, of Vienna, asserts that the sun does not produce freckles. They never appear, he says, in children under the age of six or eight years, whether exposed to the sun or not.

A white object of any size may be seen in sunlight at a distance of 17,250 times its diameter; that is to say, if it is a white ball a foot in diameter, it can be perceived at a distance of 17,250 feet.

Half of the world's product of quinine is used in the United States.

Some idea of the vast extent of the surface of the earth may be obtained when it is noted that if a lofty church steeple is ascended and the landscape visible from it looked at, 900,000 such landscapes must be viewed in order that the whole earth may be seen.

From rough calculations lately made by the contributors to the Zoölogical Record, it appears that over 360,000 species of animals have been described by naturalists up to the present date.

Greater New York consists of 45 islands, just as many as there are now stars in our flag. It might be called the Island City.

It is announced that a French naturalist has invented an instrument which he terms a “glossometer,” for measuring the tongues of bees.

The surface of the sea is estimated at 150,000,000 square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 197,000,000, and its greatest depth supposedly equals the height of the highest mountain, or four miles. The Pacific Ocean covers 78,000,000 square miles, the Atlantic 25,000,000, the Mediterranean 1,000,000.

The Cuban rebels have adopted a novel way of setting fire to sugar-cane fields. A small piece of phosphorus coated with wax is fastened to a snake's tail and the creature let loose to make its way among the cane. The sun melts the wax and ignites the phosphorus and the business is done. Military protection or other efforts are claimed to be unavailing in the face of such a formidable foe.

Perhaps there is nothing that so clearly explains the intense ignorance of the Turks as the fact that the censors of Turkey prohibit the importation of all educational books, this state of affairs being brought about by the discovery in one book of the formula H_2O , which the wise men of the court interpreted to mean: “Hamid II is naught—a cipher—a nobody.”

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FANCIES

MAGNIFICENCE IN SOCIETY

A SOCIAL STUDY.....THE LONDON SPECTATOR

We confess to an interest, which to many excellent persons will seem unaccountable, in the details of the Vanderbilt wedding. It interests us, who disbelieve in equality, even as an ideal, to see the way in which the new nobility, the men who are coming everywhere to the surface with more than the usual means of an aristocracy, with all its pretensions, and with much of its ancient hold on the popular imagination, betray the ancient taste for visible magnificence. Every class of the kind, as it rises to the surface, betrays that taste, but it does not always betray it in the same way, and it is most curious to observe the new American method. It is not, so far as we can see, either an original or an admirable one. The American millionaire is armored in friends and dependents; but he does not, like the Roman noble, delight in troops of "clients," or, like the aristocracy of the Middle Ages, exult in regiments of armed followers, or like the aristocrats of Europe, seclude himself in an ancient park, with a house which will hold an army of servants, and horses that might mount a troop of cavalry. It is rather the luxury of the Jew which he affects—a city house filled with rich things, costly furniture, collections of bric-a-brac, heaps of things in gold and silver and embroidery. He pours out money on festal occasions as from a purse of Fortunatus; he makes feasts as of the Great King Belshazzar; he clothes his womankind in glorious raiment and jewels that Empresses might envy. There is magnificence of a kind in it all; but it is the Oriental magnificence, and there runs through it all, as Paul Bourget has observed before us, the Oriental note of excess, which vulgarizes everything. We have not the smallest objection to jewels, which in themselves are as beautiful as flowers, and which represent wealth as innocently as bank-notes or bonds could do; but we observe in Miss Vanderbilt's wedding-trousseau, on her marriage with the Duke of Marlborough, that the prevailing desire is for quantity, value, splendor, rather than for anything which it requires intelligence of any high order to produce. Her bouquet, sent over from Blenheim, is five feet in diameter, its size being carefully registered, though it was of course split up on the wedding day, and it is composed mainly of orchids, which are the works of man rather than of Nature, symbolize nothing except cost, and have for essential quality "splendiferousness" alone. Her brooch is a ruby of twenty carats, a stone too big for beauty—no stone, if it is to have concentrated brightness, should exceed six carats—the ruby is surrounded with diamonds, the diamonds are surrounded with pearls "a trifle larger than the diamonds," and the whole is bound together with a fringe of gold, and must look like an imitation jewel worn by some actress on the stage, and intended, not to beautify the wearer, but to amaze the audience. Her necklace consists of a rope of graduated pearls of extra size, a yard long, which belonged to Catherine II of Russia, and must have looked far too big even for the very opulent charms of that ponderous person.

One girdle is of gold set with rubies and four inches wide, a girdle which must be fatal to any figure in the world; and another girdle calls attention to itself, and not its wearer, by being studded at intervals with flashing diamonds. All that is rather disheartening.

Be it understood we are not objecting just now to the expense, though £25,000 spent on the floral decorations of a church for a single day suggests reckless extravagance, nor are we arguing, with Judas, that the whole might have been sold and given to the poor. There is no earthly reason why Mr. Vanderbilt should not invest his spare wealth in buckets of diamonds and rubies, as the Shah of Persia does, if he thinks that form of investment convenient or profitable, and if he likes to shower jewels on his daughter, or the Duke likes to cover his bride with them, we sympathize with the emotion, and only prefer other methods for its display. We want to see the new millionaires use their wealth, or exhibit their wealth if it pleases them to exhibit it, without this defect of excess,—with the restraint, in fact, which is essential to true magnificence. They are making the mistake which was made at the coronation of the late Emperor of Russia, and without his excuse,—namely, that he, as Lord of Northern Asia, wanted to show to millions of Asiatics, in a way they would understand, that he could be more splendid than even the ideal in their minds. At the coronation of a Czar, the single splendor present should have been the glitter of an army ready equipped for battle; at the wedding of the heiress of millions, every jewel should have been valueless, except as a miracle of thoughtful art. We do not exclude waste if waste was wished for, and the bouquet might have been twelve inches across, composed of flowers brought at once from Florida and Alaska, the necklace have been made of pearls of a hitherto unknown tint, the girdle have been a work such as Benvenuto Cellini would not have disdained. It is not the cost, which is a mere matter of comparison, but the importance attached to size, which is so Oriental and barbaric.

We have always rather extenuated the great offence of being a millionaire; first, because we cannot believe that the Eighth Commandment ceases to operate when its subject requires many figures to represent it; and, secondly, because we honestly believe that an individual wielding the immense power embodied in a fortune of, say, twenty millions sterling might do more for civilization than any Council or Committee ever would. He need not be fettered by the love of distribution such a Council or Committee is sure to betray; his taste need not be deteriorated by the vulgarity inherent in every crowd; and, above all, he need not be afraid of bold or even rash experiments. Nor have we lost hope even yet, though we are bound to say the millionaires disappoint us. They have not only not displayed the philanthropic spirit in any adequate way—for which we can conceive reasons, one at least being the way in which philanthropy is preached to them in season and out of season—but they have not displayed the Medicean tendency, the tendency, that is, to mount

higher in the world on a pedestal of Art, perfected by their wealth and their originality. They have done next to nothing for architecture—most permanent and widening of all the arts—or for literature, or the landscape-making, perhaps the one art to which wealth is essential, and in which the men of the future may do unsuspected things. The founders of Babylon perceived with a glance which suggests genius, the triumphs in that way which their command of labor enabled them to achieve, and had they possessed London, would have created within it lofty "paradises" as well as flat parks, a glorious lake as well as a Thames Embankment. That, the creation of lakes as the Kings of Ceylon and Southern India created them, would be a work well worthy the expenditure, for ten years, of the mightiest of billionaires. They have not given us anything which will last, forever, as the Pharaohs did; or anything of which the world is proud, as Leo X did; or anything which has relieved mankind of a terror, as Elizabeth of Russia at all events helped to do.

Still, we do not altogether despair. We have little hope that the plutocrats of to-day, especially those of America, will do much for art, give us a church, for example, that will last two thousand years, like the Mezquita of Cordova, and make all the seventy generations of those around it more reverential, but they may do something for science. That is positive, that requires, in one department at least, astoundingly grandiose expenditure, and there are signs that they are attracted towards this. They might do miracles for medicine if only by a few years of steady and costly experiment on the possibility of throwing rays of light through the human body, or a search through the world for the scores of drugs which half-civilized tribes have in ages of experiment found to exert specific effects in removing pain or disease. The virtues of the poppy were not discovered by graduates; Peruvians, who could not write, used quinine to cure low fever; and the natives of Bengal make a poultice of leaves—leaves of the neem-tree, we believe, but do not know—which has on severe bruises an almost magical effect. They may even find, if they will search on for a generation, a sedative without reaction; and so extinguish at a blow much of human misery. There are experiments still to be made with telescopes which are hopeful, for though Mr. Yerkes—is not his name Yerkes?—may have reached the limit of magnitude with his new object-glass, there are liquids which, inclosed in transparent films, will give telescopes a power that nothing melted out of flint will ever yield. There is a whole world of experiments to be made in agriculture, in which the European or American millionaire might guide the almost mystical knowledge of the Japanese gardeners to a practical result—just imagine the value of a cereal independent of weather!—and it is little we know of the methods, which must be possible, and would be of the highest advantage, of preserving food for ages without decay. There are a hundred things to be done besides giving away gifts, if the plutocrats will only do them; and as we say, we do not despair, by the time they have grown from mammoths into mastodons, of seeing them attempt them. Then perhaps among the wedding-presents of a bride we might see a light never before seen by

man, or a bottle with an unfailing cure for cancer, just found after a quarter of century of search, or, if we are to be base, a tiara bearing in its centre an exquisite design which, by the fusion of the diamond above and below and all round it, has been gifted with durability for ever. It is very dreamy all that, a little like Looking Backward? Well, well, any dream is a refuge from telegrams intended only to tell two continents that a bright young woman on her wedding-day wore in her bosom a ruby of twenty carats' weight, and on her neck a rope of heavy pearls three feet long, which had been associated with nothing except the memory of the Messalina of the North.

WONDERS OF THE TROPHY DOOR

SOCIETY'S NEW DIVERSION.....MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

These are among the latest addenda to the revised modern edition of *The Art of Love*. They are matters of art rather than of love, to be sure. Profoundly contemporary persons, with all the modern improvements, electric lighted and steam heated hearts, elevators running to the top floors, patent refrigerating and chilling apparatus, and Cupids in diamond buttons for hall boys, go on the theory that art is long and love is fleeting. The former is serious; the latter is likened to a fanciful form of roller skating. Love as a high passion belongs to a simpler age. Besides, it is liable to have an injurious effect upon the nerves, which have trouble enough without it. Artistic amusement with a certain amount of publicity is the correct style in love. Don't love or be loved too much; and don't deprive yourself of the credit of having your little affairs known.

Hence the invention of the "trophy door." The lovelorn swain who is not averse to a little publicity for his more or less consuming passion consecrates a door of his den to such gifts or memorials of his fair and unexpressive she as he can beg, borrow, or steal. A glove, a handkerchief, a veil, a shoe button—who knows? Anything he can get. Up it goes on the Trophy Door, where the offerings are hung on hooks of gold, or silver, or brass, according to the taste and bank account of the hanger. The more things on the door, the greater the awe of the ingenuous Adonis' friends. One obese old humbug has a smoking room consisting almost entirely of doors, and all those doors are decked with knickknacks, trinkets, and female gear. His brother owns a "department store." At no expense of emotion, and mighty little of money, this fellow gets the reputation of a lady killer.

SMOKING PORTRAIT PIPES

MEERSCHAUMS WITH PERSONAL CARVINGS...THE GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

One often hears about the wonderful cigars smoked by the rich men of the metropolis, but a good deal less is said about the pipes which these same men smoke. Every true worshipper at the shrine of the Goddess Nicotine has hidden away somewhere a pipe—a wonderful pipe—rich in the mellow flavor of the divine weed, a pipe which opens the cockles of the heart with a benevolent love for all humanity, a pipe which drives away trouble and creates a fairy land of peace and contentment, in fact, a perfect paradise of a pipe. Cigars, even if they cost \$1.20 apiece, are magnificent in their way,

and no one is turning up his nose at them, but then a cigar is like a good dinner, it is consumed in a short time and that is the end of it. A pipe, however, is the joy of a lifetime. Like a fine violin, it ripens and mellows with age; it is a loyal companion that never fails one at the critical moment; it teems with kindly consolation and is an angel of repose.

Small wonder, then, that even the man of fashion has taken hold of the pipe with a vengeance. It is no recent fad with him, but the pipe-smoking habit in the walks of swelldom has, however, created a fanciful custom which promises to expand to all grades of pipe-smokers. It is simply this: A young man gives an order to some famous maker of meerschaum pipes for a pipe with the image of his sweetheart or wife carved on the bowl. An order like this costs money, and big money, too, but that is regarded as one of its attractive features by the young blood whose sole occupation is to devise means for spending an income ranging from \$50,000 to \$500,000 a year. A pipe of this kind can not be called an end of the century product, for in every pipe collection of note there are dozens of meerschaums and fancy woods bearing the faces of various people. In fact, the first meerschaum ever carved in this country by an American-born workman was made for a Russian General named Raffolovitch, and the bowl was ornamented by a portrait of the General's wife. This was made by a man named Kallenberg. He worked four months on it, and the Russian paid \$1,000 for the completed pipe.

That pipe was made many years ago, and a rival pipe-maker, now at the head of the biggest meerschaum concern in the country, who heard of it, had a number of pipes made, each bearing the face of one of the Presidents of the United States. He has a complete list from Washington to Cleveland, and not one of the pipes has even been smoked, as the owner of the collection is a citizen of deep patriotism who says it would be nothing short of sacrilege for any one to smoke one of the pipes. All of the Presidential portraits are very true, showing that when meerschaum is deftly handled fine results can be had. One of the first men to take hold of the portrait pipe and give it a fashionable halo was Fred Gebhard, who a couple of years ago married the beautiful Miss Morris, of Baltimore. Mr. Gebhard is always on the watch for some novelty, and when he saw the collection of presidential pipes he determined to be the father of a new fad. He at once left an order for a meerschaum with the bowl ornamented with the portrait of Mrs. Gebhard. Portraits of the lady were given the workmen, also a tiny statuette in marble, to insure a faithful reproduction.

As money is not much of an object to Mr. Gebhard when he has a pet fancy in view his order was not handicapped in any way by price. The finest possible workmanship was his only stipulation. It took a month to make the pipe, and the bill was \$800. Many pieces of meerschaum were found to be slightly defective in formation after they had been partially worked up, and it was only after many experiments that the right piece was at last found.

The bowl of the pipe is 3 inches in height and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the widest part. Yet it required a piece of meerschaum 8 inches in height, 7 in width and 12 inches in depth. Twenty-seven different workmen

had some part in the making of the pipe. The stem is curved and very handsome, being composed of amber, gold and meerschaum. There is only about 1 inch of the latter, then comes a heavy piece of chased gold $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, and then a curved piece of delicate amber. Mr. Gebhard only smokes the pipe in the privacy of his own home, and Mrs. Gebhard takes as much interest in the coloring process as her husband. Just now the pipe is not as pretty as it will be later on, for the lower part of the bowl from the nose down is a dark brown, while the upper part, except around the rim, just where the hair waves prettily, is scarcely a whit darker than when it was first smoked.

It was not long after Mr. Gebhard's pipe was finished that young T. Suffern Tailer heard of it and decided at once that he, too, must have a portrait pipe. Mr. Tailer is famous in the gilded circle as the champion amateur four-in-hand whip of the country, and he is also considered prodigiously lucky, because he married some time ago the handsome daughter of Pierre Lorillard. Like her husband and father, young Mrs. Tailer has a great fondness for the equine thoroughbred, and she is interested in everything that her husband undertakes. The idea of a portrait pipe appealed strongly to her love of the unique, and when the order was given she not only gave the carvers all of her best photographs, but she visited the work room every two or three days to correct any little fault which she could find as the work progressed. Mr. Tailer's pipe is about the same size as Mr. Gebhard's, but the meerschaum ends at the lower part of the bowl. A stem of deftly worked gold runs into the meerschaum, and sunk into the gold are rows of tiny jewels, emeralds, sapphires, rubies and diamonds. A slender amber mouthpiece screws into the gold, and altogether the pipe is one of the handsomest that the makers have ever turned out.

The jewels brought the cost up considerably, the pipe complete costing \$1,100, but Mr. Tailer thinks he has got a great bargain, the workmen and their employes are well satisfied, and Mrs. Tailer is greatly pleased with her portrait in meerschaum. It remained for Mrs. Duncan Elliot, who was the famed beauty, Sallie Hargous, to give variety to the portrait pipe. When her husband decided to imitate Mr. Tailer and Mr. Gebhard, his wife inspected the pipes owned by both of these gentlemen and told them they could have been made in more artistic lines. They laughed, and she said she would give them absolute proof of the truth of her assertion. She accompanied her husband to the pipe makers and gave the chief carver a portrait showing a profile and with the head tilted gracefully to one side. The carver said that a pipe could not be made from that kind of a portrait. Mrs. Elliot said that it must be made, and reluctantly he undertook the job. It took six weeks of incessant work to fashion the bowl, but when it was finished Mr. Elliot had one of the daintiest pipes in the country. There is no silver or gold in the stem, merely the meerschaum and amber. One of the well-known society men whose home is near the Waldorf, having more money than brains, has threatened to have a hookah or Turkish pipe, made with a circle of portraits of six chorus girls of his acquaintance. It will be typical of the faces that made his money fade away like smoke.

BEAUTY IN ILLUSTRATION: LESSONS FROM NATURE *

COMPILED BY HUGH MACMILLAN

The Growth of Habit—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character.—Jeremy Taylor.

Unnoted Beauties—Many passages of the Scripture are like hundreds of wayside flowers, which for months and years are unnoticed by us, simply because we have been accustomed from our childhood to see them without stooping to pluck or to examine them. Many of the homeliest flowers would appear transcendently beautiful if we would take the trouble to study them minutely, to magnify their parts, and to bring out their constituent elements. And so we were taught to read the Bible so early, in the family and in the village school; and we have so often walked along the chapters that we have beaten a dusty path in them, and some of their most precious and beautiful things are neither precious nor beautiful to us, simply because we look *at* them, and not *into* them.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Undeveloped Powers—Most thorns on trees and plants are really buds, which, under higher cultivation, and more favorable circumstances, would have become fruitful branches. Even that troublesome little flower, the rest-harrow, which in wild and uncultivated land is covered with sharp and considerable thorns, when growing in rich corn-fields puts forth larger leaves, and loses all its spines. This affords a striking emblem of the powers of man. Uncultivated, and in their natural state, these are, too often, but barren, wounding thorns. Take one of earth's busy toilers, who is possessed of much natural prudence, energy, and perseverance—germs of a noble character. And yet, when the growth of his soul has been stunted, you shall see him early and late toiling only for gain, till his heart becomes utterly cold and selfish, and the whole manner of the man sharp, hard, and thorny. But it has been well said, "The love of money is the love of God run wild." Let this man be brought under the power of Divine grace, transplanted from the sterile fields of mammon into the garden of God, and the wisdom, diligence, and untiring zeal of the worldling find a new and holy direction. The true man, the ideal man of God-likeness, develops, the harsh life becomes gentle, and the hard spirit is softened to sympathizing and unselfish love.—Rev. James Neil.

The Marvels of Light—The sensitiveness of the soul to the subtlest moral influences is even keener than the sensitiveness of the eye. But the relations between the light and the eye are more astounding still. To get the sensation of redness our eyes are affected 482 millions of millions of times in a second; of yellowness, 542 millions of millions; and of violet, 707 millions of millions of times (Sir John Her-

schel). So that the seven-hued rainbow, whose firm and subtle flame is reared out of drops of water that are ever shifting, plays upon the human eye in a manner so astounding that the strongest mind might stagger beneath the awful revelation.—T. Starr King.

The Irrevocable Past—In a beautiful German lyric repentance is represented as having been awakened by gazing from a bridge upon a river as it rolled along in its steady course. The reflection of the beholder was, "Not a wave rolls back again!" suggesting the thought that the running water is an image of human life, which is daily running away, and not a day returns or can possibly be recovered.

Universal Law in Nature—Everything that occurs in Nature is the result of some law instituted to bring it to pass. No phenomena are in opposition to the laws of Nature, nor are the laws of Nature ever set aside in order to bring about conditions or circumstances that would be more conducive to man's welfare than the operation of the original laws themselves. Even "miracles" are, no doubt, in strict conformity with the primitive and immutable scheme of Divine government, which has maintained the universe in its integrity and sublime order ever since the time of that sweet aurora, when the "morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy"; and we call them "supernatural," simply because they are effected, not by suspending the laws, but by exhibiting the unaccustomed powers of Nature. For there is a spiritual law within, and thus above, every natural law, and which, being necessarily in perfect harmony with it, may dignify and expand its operation, but can never contradict it. If we feel disposed to regard miracles as works requiring the suspension of the laws of Nature, it is again simply because we do not understand—and in this our present life, probably, cannot so understand—the immensity and fulness of the laws of Nature, nor see how occurrences, apparently quite at variance one with another, may yet be in harmony and be quite compatible when viewed by the light of some grand and omnipotent principle which originates and includes both.—L. H. Grindon.

Sweet Memories for the Dead—While most of the members of the vegetable kingdom give out such odor as they may have power to give during life, the vernal grass, the woodruff, and others, are not fragrant till they have been torn away from their roots, and have begun to get dry. The rose, the lilac, the daphne, and acacia pour forth their perfume as a part of their day's duty. The woodruff, that holds up handfuls of little white crosses in the pleasant woods and shady glens, yields no scent till its life has ebbed—beautiful emblem of those who delight us while they live out of the serene abundance of their kindly hearts, but whose richer value we only begin to know when they are gone away, and of whose white souls we then say inwardly, "He being dead, yet speaketh." So the hay-field that rolls like sea-waves is scentless when we pass it uncut; we hear the measured swish of the scythe, death lays each green head low, and odor rises like mist.

* Selected from a Cyclopaedia of Nature's Teachings, being a selection of facts, observations, suggestions, illustrations and examples taken from all departments of inanimate nature. This excellent volume is published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LYONS MAIL

HISTORY OF A FAMOUS CASE.....NEW YORK HERALD

The cable brings us news of the death in Paris, at the age of eighty, of M. le Vicomte Clafy. He was a nephew of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte, of Spain, and also of the wife of Marshal Bernadotte, King of Sweden. But he is chiefly known for his connection with the case of Joseph Lesurques, the most famous instance of mistaken identity in all legal history. As counsel for the family of the unfortunate victim, Vicomte Clary worked hard, but ineffectually, to have the sentence reversed. Although Lesurques was executed as far back as 1796, though his innocence was established in 1801, though his property was restored to the family in 1824, the Corps Legislatif, after that family had tried for over half a century to have his memory judicially rehabilitated, definitely refused in 1869 to perform this last remaining act of justice. The pedantry of French law forbade the questioning of a jury's verdict by any one save the person directly interested. But though the law has failed to remove the stigma on the name of an innocent man, literature and the drama have made him a popular hero. The Lyons Mail, in which his honor is thoroughly vindicated, has been one of the most popular of all French melodramas, and the combined genius of Charles Reade and of Henry Irving have made it one of the great successes of the modern English stage. Poor Lesurques, who, when he perished on the scaffold, was but thirty-three years of age, was a good husband, a good father and a good citizen. He married, in 1790, Mlle. Campion, a lady of respectable family in Douai, and possessed of a handsome dowry. Their children, therefore, were very young and it was in order to give them the benefit of a superior education that he relinquished a public appointment at Douai and came to Paris, there to live on his own private fortune, which amounted to about \$1,500 a year.

He had but just arrived in the capital and was superintending the furnishing of his new home when the thunderbolt fell. On April 27, 1796, the mail coach between Lyons and Paris was attacked and plundered and the postilion and courier were murdered. There were no witnesses to the crime, but it was reported that a party of horsemen had been seen in the vicinity at about the time it was committed. These horsemen had taken dinner at an inn at Montgeron.

One of Lesurques' friends named Guenot was arrested on suspicion and his private papers were seized. There was no evidence to hold him on except that he answered the description of one of the supposed murderers and he was dismissed. Next day he was told to call for his papers at the Central Bureau. He was accompanied thither by Lesurques, an act of madness on the part of the latter had he been guilty.

It happened that just at that time the judge was taking the depositions of witnesses who lived in the neighborhood of the scene of the murder. Among these were two maid servants of Montgeron, who uttered simultaneous screams at the appearance of

the two friends. They were put into the witness box and swore positively that two of the horsemen were present in the audience. When confronted with Lesurques and Guenot they positively identified them. Both were arrested and thrown into prison.

At the trial four other witnesses corroborated their testimony with equal emphasis as regarded Lesurques, but were doubtful about Guenot. The latter succeeded in establishing a satisfactory alibi and was released. The former's attempted alibi seemed to break down badly when the day book of the jeweller, Lagrand—to whom he swore he had sold a bill of goods on the very day of the murder—was produced in court and the date of the charge was found to have been altered. In vain the jeweller protested that the first date was a mistake, which he had immediately corrected; he and all the other witnesses for Lesurques were looked upon as self-convicted perjurers. Lesurques was found guilty and executed, together with one of the real murderers, named Courriol, who, on mounting the scaffold, confessed his own guilt, but declared the innocence of Lesurques. Doubts began to arise as to the justice of Lesurques' sentence, and finally it was discovered that he had suffered through an extraordinary resemblance to one Dubosc, the real criminal, who was brought to justice in 1801, convicted and executed. This deplorable case had most deplorable sequels. The unhappy Mme. Lesurques went mad on hearing the news of her husband's condemnation. The children were as yet too young to understand their trouble, but as they grew up one thought alone possessed them—that of vindicating the honor of their dead father. It is easy to understand how brooding over this purpose drove one daughter to the madhouse in which her mother had been confined. It is curious that one of the witnesses against Lesurques—the woman Alfroy—also went insane from grief and remorse at her error. Still another victim was another daughter of Lesurques, who, worn out by the fruitless struggle with the pedantry of the French laws, drowned herself in the Seine. His son left France, took service in the Russian army and courted and found death there. As regards Lesurques' fortune, which had been confiscated, his unhappy family were more successful. In 1824, just twenty-eight years after their father's death, they obtained a grant of 244,000^f, supplemented in 1835 by another grant of 252,000^f, making upward of \$90,000.

THE AMERICANIZING OF ENGLAND

COCKAIGNE.....THE SAN FRANCISCO ARGONAUT

While the cry constantly goes up that there exists in America a decided tendency to copy England in many things, it is curious to note that in a number of ways there is a strong disposition in England to imitate America. First and foremost is the frequently expressed desire among lawyers to break down the barrier between solicitors and barristers and make them one, as is the case in the United States. It will, no doubt, take considerable time before this can be accomplished. Englishmen move slowly. Every innovation is regarded with

suspicion, if not downright fear. Even so-called radicals become conservatives when any alteration is proposed which in the least interferes with individual rights vested in themselves. For instance, solicitors would not care to divest themselves of the exclusive privileges, which have been theirs for centuries, in the drawing and serving of papers and the preparation of briefs. Nor would barristers like to see solicitors arguing cases in court. The great difficulty would be in the amalgamation of the men, so long known to each other in separate callings. It would not so much signify with the new set who came into the one profession. It is the oldsters who would kick. Still, I believe the amalgamation will take place some day.

Another example of British adoption of American ideas will be found in the patterns of the railway locomotives of the present day—the adoption of "bogie" wheel-trucks, the outside piston-rods, and the cabs. I myself am old enough to remember when there was positively no protection for the driver and stoker. Then a sort of shield with two eye-holes was graciously conceded. And now—well, is there any appreciable difference between the English and American railway cab? Then there is the head-light. It is in its infancy in England, it is true, but a beginning has been made. Look, too, at the success of the Pullman cars run on the different lines. I do not despair of seeing the American checking and transfer systems in full force on all English lines. One of the chief objections is the throwing out of employment of so many railway porters. But that argument has not kept steam-laundries from inundating the country. The poor washerwomen seem to get on, notwithstanding. And so, I suppose, would the porters.

Again, look at the steam-plows that are used—hardly necessary, perhaps, in the small fields of England. Still, there they are, growl as the plowmen may. And so with the steam-harrows, threshers, and everything else that the belt on the traction engine can reach. Steam-laundries were, of course, a direct importation from the United States. All of the idea, at any rate, comes from there, if not all of the machinery. American buggies have long been a fashionable vehicle for extra smart and knowingly up-to-date swells. The samples in many cases would tax the powers of recognition of an American himself, but the intent has been genuinely sincere.

Only the other day I heard a man praising up the smoking virtues of corn-cob pipes, and wishing he could get them in England. I happened to have one which a friend had sent me, and I offered it to him. I might have given him the prize-ticket in a hundred-thousand-dollar lottery, he was so beaming with joy. "Thanks most awfully, my dear fellow," said he; "do you think you could get some more sent over?" I promised him I would see. Now and then another friend sends me a packet of American cigarette tobacco, alternating it with cigarettes of the same. There is a run on both when they come. Every one says: "What delicious 'baccy! What awfully good cigarettes!" and wants to know where I get them. Oddly enough, you can not get good American cigarettes in England anywhere that I have been able to discover. I believe they would make a big boom, for there is certainly a delicacy of flavor in them that is unique. These,

however, are only small matters, though they go to show a growing taste for things American. It would be quite superfluous, of course, for me to mention as a tendency to imitate Americans, the habit which Englishmen of high state have got into of marrying American girls. We all know about that. Also the fondness of these same Englishmen for the American dollars of these same American girls' papas.

But perhaps the strongest instance of an inclination on the part of England to copy the United States, and certainly the most recent, is the proposed establishment of a naval school on shore instead of on the old hulk Britannia at Dartmouth. This move has been long in mind, but has only just been acted upon in Mr. Goschen's speech on the naval estimates. So England has decided at last to imitate the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. The addition of another year on to the ages of naval cadets is yet another step in the footprints of America. The United States years ago gave up her baby middies. England has gone on sending boys far too young to sea as officers. Who in American sea-ports visited from time to time by British war vessels does not know the English midshipman and wonder how his mamma could have let him come so far away from her? Not that they are not manly little chaps enough. But they start in too young. A year tacked on is not much, but it is in the right direction. From the picturesque side it may seem a pity to strike a blow at the "lilly midshipmiles," and turn them into gawky, hoarse-voiced hobbledehoys. It may grieve the romantic young lady to reflect that the dear little English middy whom she is now so fond of petting, will, ere long, be found only in "Pinafore" and Marryatt's novels. But the world must move onward, and there is no better sign that this sentiment is actuating England when you find her following the United States' lead.

STATISTICS OF PATENTS AND INVENTIONS

WONDER OF MODERN MECHANISM.....GLOBE DEMOCRAT

The Connecticut Yankee still preserves his pre-eminence as an inventor. For the last few years more patents in proportion to population have been issued to Connecticut than to any other State. At present one man in every 993 inhabitants of Connecticut is an inventor. It is a remarkable fact that 5,479 patents have been issued for devices used in wearing apparel. Many of them relate to the method of cutting and fitting, while others are concerned with peculiar devices employed to strengthen the material in certain parts of the garment. Strange to say, the District of Columbia contains a remarkable number of inventors, one to every 1,379 of the population. This state of affairs may possibly be explained on the supposition that many inventors make a temporary home in the District for the purpose of forwarding the interests of their devices. According to the Patent Office reports, there are 5,014 different kinds of patented beds and lounges on which "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," may be courted.

The care of live stock has received close attention at the hands of the American inventor, 3,089 appliances having been devised for the comfort and convenience of domestic animals. The natives of Germany come next in order to those of England in the

matter of taking out patents in this country. The number of patents issued to subjects of the Kaiser is 582. Massachusetts stands next to Connecticut in the number of its inventors in proportion to population. In the Bay State one man in every 1,335 of the population patents something every year. That music hath charms to soothe the savage breast of the inventor is demonstrated by the fact that he has taken out 3,928 patents on musical instruments or the various parts thereof. The bees of America have no reason to complain of neglect, there being 998 patent hives in which the busy bee, that, according to the poet, improves each shining hour, may store up its honey. The butcher has 978 patents which may be employed or not, as he chooses, in his business. Most of them are devices used in the large pork packing establishments. The manufacture of India rubber is protected by 1,864 patents.

The young American idea is taught to shoot by means of 793 patents issued upon as many educational appliances. The old-fashioned birch ruler or section of rubber hose used in education is not protected by a patent, and may be employed by any pedagogue.

More patents have been issued from our Patent Office to British subjects than to the natives of any other foreign country, the number being 689. Since the invention of the first harvester this implement has been constantly improved, there being no less than 10,155 patents upon it or its parts. Mississippi stands next to South Carolina in the scarcity of inventions, there being in the former State only one inventor to every 21,857 of its population. Window shades have received extensive attention at the hands of the inventor, there being 2,435 patents upon them and the devices to keep them in place. South Carolina patents less inventions in proportion to its population than any other State. There is only one inventor to every 25,581 of its population. The American farmer will probably be surprised to learn that there are 10,122 different models of plows in the Patent Office, on all of which patents have been issued.

The natives of Canada do not scruple to take out patents in Washington; 296 have been granted by our Patent Office to our cousins on the other side of the St. Lawrence. The greatest number of patents issued in any one line has been for devices employed in carriages, wagons and other vehicles. The total number of patents in this line is 20,096. The ordinary reader will probably be surprised to learn that 1,137 patents have been taken out either on different kinds of alcohol or on different devices for its manufacture. The new woman may choose any one of 1,506 different kinds of crinoline and corsets, all of which have been patented. The painter of this country is aided by 2,043 patents, covering his paints, brushes and other materials and appliances.

The granger of America need be at no loss for a harrow, 4,691 patents having been issued on these aids to agricultural toil. On stoves and furnaces 18,340 patents have been issued, covering every part of these indispensable articles of comfort. The manufacture of charcoal and coke is encouraged by the issuance of 178 patents on the processes or machinery employed. Rhode Island contains a large number of inventive geniuses, the proportion being

one inventor to every 1,753 of its population. Photography is not so fully represented in the Patent Office as might be supposed, there being only 1,481 patents in this art. Advertising devices have received much attention at the hands of the inventors, there being 1,922 patents taken out in this line.

The man who loses an arm or a leg, a hand or a foot, has 421 different varieties of artificial limbs or members at his command. The American housewife ought to make good preserves, for this art is covered by 1,541 patents, either of appliances or of methods. The annealing and tempering of metals have called for much attention, no less than 736 devices for these purposes having been patented. The irrigation problem, together with the necessity of having water in every room in the house, has called forth 7,707 patented appliances. Lamps and their various parts have received much attention from the inventor, there being 8,211 patented appliances in this line of lighting. The manufacture of the staff of life is carried on by the use of 764 devices employed to make it or used as material in its manufacture. Every American wears shoes, but not every American knows that 9,348 patents have been taken out on the machinery used in making them.

The processes of grinding and polishing surfaces of metal, stone, wood or glass may be accelerated by the employment of any one of 2,598 patents. The problem of fencing farm land and city lots has received extensive attention, there being no less than 6,807 patents upon fencing devices and posts. The vegetables of this country may be cut or crushed in our kitchens by the aid of 2,005 patent machines. The art of printing is covered by 5,833 patents, either of machines or special devices employed in the work. The inventors of artificial stone and the manufacturers of lime and cement have taken out 1,159 patents. The surgeons of this country transact business with their patients by the aid of 3,335 patent appliances. It seems strange, considering the delicate processes employed in the manufacture of jewelry, that there should be only 1,106 patents in this line. There is no State or Territory in the Union to some of whose citizens patents have not been granted. The great department stores and elevators of our cities may choose any one of 1,167 cash or goods conveyors. The fire extinguisher is represented in the Patent Office by 1,023 different models, each covered by papers patent.

Montana has an unusual number of inventors for a new State. There is one to every 1,738 of its population. Buttons, buckles and other devices for fastening straps or clothing have been patented to the number of 11,795. There have been 3,717 patents issued for devices or machines employed by the carpenter. There are 2,487 different varieties of fire escapes and ladders to be used in emergencies. Soda water and other cooling beverages are manufactured according to 278 patented methods. The steam engines of this country need not lack for valves, 2,465 of these having been patented. The Patent Office has issued 3,075 patents for inventions, contrivances, and discoveries in telegraphy. The fisherman has at his command 2,667 patented devices for attracting or capturing the finny tribe. According to the reports of the Patent Office, there are 4,389 different varieties of patented chairs. The

number of patent medicines is not so great as might be supposed, there being only 1,332 in the reports. Harness making has received the earnest attention of the inventor, there being 7,400 patents in this line. The erection of fireproof buildings is encouraged by 455 patents, taken out for materials or methods. Over 25,000 inventions for the manipulation of metals have been patented in our government office. Butter making is encouraged by 4,435 patents, either on devices employed or methods of manufacture.

There is no leading country in the world whose natives have not taken out patents in the United States. Woodworking tools have developed 4,235 patents, of which one is an auger which bores a square hole. Of mechanical motors there are 1,755 known to the officers of the Patent Office. There are 1,351 patents which may be employed in the manufacture of glass. Kitchenware, exclusive of stoves and ranges, is protected by 1,747 patents. Patent needles and pins are made to the number of 175 different varieties. The manufacture of sugar and salt is carried on by the aid of 2,401 inventions. The necessity of preparing tobacco for the consumer has developed 2,274 patents. There are 3,307 patents for machinery or processes employed in paper making. The farrier is aided in his work by the inventor to the number of 1,234 patents. The implements and materials used in buildings are protected by 7,792 patents. Trunks, valises and baggage contrivances generally are protected by 1,333 patents. There are 636 patents for fuel or methods of preparing wood, coal, and coke for use. Over 16,000 patents have been issued for the various kinds of electrical appliances. There are 1,771 patents on the mechanism employed in sinking of artesian or oil wells. Railways and railway appliances are represented in the Patent Office by 8,334 models. The miller of this country is aided in his toil by 9,720 devices, all covered by patents.

The American mind may be amused by 4,453 different kinds of patented games and toys. Inventors of military accouterments, harness and the like, have taken out 435 patents. The dentists of this country have at their command 1,283 patent instruments or processes. The builder has a choice of 596 patent cranes or derricks with which to do his work. There are 1,549 machines or devices for the manufacture of cordage, twine and string. The manufacture of stationery may be carried on by the aid of 4,532 patented machines. The American roof may be covered by any one of 665 patent roofs. For the propulsion of steamships 1,583 appliances have been patented. There are 2,298 different contrivances for the purpose of spinning thread. Knives, forks and spoons are protected by patents to the number of 2,103. There are 5,883 models of different kinds of steam boilers in our Patent Office. There are patents for scrubbing brushes and brooms to the number of 3,184. There are over 50,000 patents which in one way or another benefit the farmer. There are 4,854 patents for the manufacture of furniture other than chairs. New Jersey has one inventor to every 1,557 of its population. There are 2,188 tools used, or which may be used, in stone working. Patents on explosives have been issued to the number of 500. The builders of tall houses have 1,639 elevators to choose from. Papier mache

goods have been patented to the number of 3,381. Of air and gas engines, 1,025 different varieties have been patented. Cannons, guns, pistols and projectiles are protected by 268 patents. One thousand and ninety patents have been issued for paving.

There are 4,240 models of patented pumps in our Washington office. Watch and clock making is encouraged by 3,640 patents. There are 1,449 different appliances for drawing wire. Arkansas has one inventor in every 19,792 of its population.

There are 2,266 patents and models of sheet metal wire. There are 5,979 patent locks and latches for doors and gates. There are 4,299 different kinds of saws and sawing apparatus. North Carolina has one inventor to every 18,597 of its people.

The Patent Office has issued 7,633 patents on laundry appliances. There are 2,388 different kinds of velocipedes. The manufacture of gas is covered by 3,000 patents. The manufacture of felt is covered by 771 patents. Patented machines for book-binding number 2,566. Boat building patents number 1,216. There are 1,580 patented knitting machines. The steam engine is covered by 8,237 patents. There are 1,523 different patented kinds of nails. There are 459 patents for masonry work.

LARGEST AND SMALLEST BOOKS

LITERARY MARVELS...MINING AND SCIENTIFIC PRESS

Professor Max Müller, of Oxford, in a recent lecture, has called attention to the largest book in the world, the wonderful Kuth Daw. It consists of 729 parts in the shape of white marble plates, covered with inscriptions, each plate built over with a temple of brick. It is found near the old priest city of Mandalay, in Burma, and this temple city of more than seven hundred pagodas virtually makes up this monster book, the religious codex of the Buddhists. In accordance with the three parts of which it is composed, generally called in a figurative sense "baskets" (*pitaka*), the whole is often termed "the three baskets" (*tripitaka*), and constitutes a library larger than the Bible and the Koran together. As the Jews figured out that the Old Testament contained 59,493 words and 2,728,100 letters, so the Buddhist priests have computed that the Tripitaka contains 275,250 stanzas and 8,808,000 syllables. This monster book is written in Pali. Rather strange to say, it is not an ancient production, but its preparation was prompted by the Buddhistic piety of this century. It was erected in 1857 by the command of Mindomin, the second of the last kings of Burma. As the influence of the tropical climate has already marred the inscriptions, a British official, Mr. Ferrars, proposes to have these 729 plates carefully photographed, and has asked the government, or some friend of science able to do so, to make provisions for this. Professor Müller urges that this be done in order to preserve at least the pictures of this unique temple-city book.

A noteworthy contrast is furnished by a recent German literary journal describing what is probably the smallest book in the world. This is a *Konversationslexikon*, published in Berlin, and prepared by Daniel Sanders. The volume occupies the space of only six cubic centimetres (0.366 cubic inch), although it is claimed to contain 175,000 words. The book must be read through a microscope especially prepared for it.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS AND QUEER

FIRE WORSHIP IN AMERICA

ETHNOLOGIC DISCOVERIES.....ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

The National Museum at Washington has just secured a remarkable collection illustrating the practice of fire worship on this continent. It appears that most of the American aboriginal tribes have had more or less of this sort of religion in the past, and to the present day they have ceremonials associated with the making of new fire at stated intervals. For this purpose they always employ the most primitive methods—that is to say, the rubbing of two sticks together. For example, the Zuni use an agave stick with sand to help the friction. The sand is wet, because this renders the fire making more difficult and therefore more meritorious in the sight of the gods. One of the objects in this collection referred to is a so-called fire pump, utilized by the Onondagas at the feast of the White Dog, at which a white dog is sacrificed. This tool utilizes the mechanism of the pump drill for making the point of a stick revolve rapidly in another piece of wood, thus finally obtaining ignition. The Hindoos, by the way, have a similar sacred fire drill, by means of which they make fire nine times each day for nine days at a periodical festival.

The Hupa Indians of California are remarkably expert fire makers. With a couple of simple sticks of soft mesquite wood, which they keep very dry, they can produce fire in ten seconds. This method of fire making requires such expert manipulation that few civilized men have ever been able to acquire the art. Mr. Walter Haugh, one of the ethnologists of the National Museum, knows how to do it. The writer has seen him make fire in a couple of minutes by revolving between the palms of his hands a stick, the point of which was inserted in a hole in another piece of wood. Presently smoke would begin to come from the hole, and soon a spark would catch some tinder, of which a pinch was supplied for the purpose. For such tinder American savages use some very odd things. The Esquimaux of Point Barrow employ for the purpose willow catkins; those of Cumberland Gulf use the white fibre of Arctic cotton, while in some parts of Alaska shredded cedar bark is made to serve. The aborigines of Ecuador employ for tinder the linings from the nests of a certain species of ants, while in Mexico a substitute is found in a kind of fungus which is soaked in saltpetre, dried, cut in sheets and sold in small packets. In Japan the flowers of a species of artemisia are dried for tinder.

The most remarkable ceremonial of fire worship that survives in this country is practised by the Navajos. They believe in purification by fire, and to this end they literally wash themselves in it. The feats they perform with it far exceed the most wonderful acts of fire-eating and fire-handling accomplished by civilized jugglers. In preparation for the festival, a gigantic heap of dry wood is gathered from the desert. At the appointed moment the great pile of inflammable brush is lighted, and in a few moments the whole of it is one blaze. A storm of sparks fly one hun-

dred feet or more into the air, and ashes fall about like a shower of snow. The ceremony always takes place at night, and the effect of it is both weird and impressive.

Just when the fire is raging at its hottest, a whistle is heard from the outer darkness and a dozen warriors, lithe and lean, dressed in narrow white breech-cloths and moccasins simply, and daubed with white earth so as to look like so many living statues, come bounding through the entrance to the corral that encloses the flaming heap. Yelping like wolves, they move slowly toward the fire, bearing aloft slender wands tipped with balls of eagle down. Running around the fire, always to the left, they begin thrusting their wands toward the fire, trying to burn off the down from the tips. Owing to the intensity of the heat, this is difficult to accomplish. One warrior dashes wildly toward the fire and retreats; another lies as close to the ground as a frightened lizard, endeavoring to wriggle himself up to the fire; others seek to catch on their wands the sparks that fly in the air. At last one by one they all succeed in burning the downy balls from the wands.

The test of endurance is very severe, the heat of the fire being so great. Having burned off the balls of down, the warriors next set about restoring them again. On the end of each wand, one after another, appears presently a fresh ball of eagle down. It is supposed to be the one that was burned, re-created, but in fact this is only a juggling trick. Each man holds in his hand a ring that is covered with down. When the proper time arrives he permits this ring to slide along the wand to its extremity. The performers in this ceremony sometimes wear immense false mustaches and huge spectacles, in imitation of the white men.

The remarkable feats, however, are performed in connection with another dance that follows. This is heralded by a tremendous blowing of horns. The noise grows louder and louder until suddenly ten or more men run into the corral, each of them carrying two thick bundles of shredded cedar bark. Four times they run around the fire, waving the bundles, which are then lighted. Now begins a wild race around the fire, the rapid running causing the brands to throw out long streamers of flame over the hands and arms of the dancers. The latter apply the brands to their own nude bodies and to the bodies of their comrades in front. A warrior will seize the flaming mass as if it were a sponge, and, keeping close to the man he is pursuing, will rub his back with it as if bathing him. The sufferer in turn catches up with the man in front of him and bathes him in flame. From time to time the dancers sponge their own backs with the flaming brands. When a brand is so far consumed that it can be no longer held, it is dropped and the dancers disappear from the corral. The spectators pick up the flaming bunches thus dropped and bathe their own hands in the fire.

No satisfactory explanation seems to be obtainable as to the means by which the dancers in

this extraordinary performance are able to escape injury. Apparently, they do not suffer from any burns. Doubtless some protection is afforded by the earth that is applied to their bodies. It has been suggested also that cedar bark ignites at a comparatively low temperature, and thus the flames in which the warriors bathe themselves and their comrades may not be so very hot. Anybody who considers this a plausible idea is welcome to make his own experiments.

Fifteen years ago fire worship was an established religion in the neighborhood of the Caspian Sea, where the devotees found plenty of raw material in the shape of petroleum oil. It has been said that if oil were a necessary part of an equipment for a journey of such length the traveller could obtain it in small quantities anywhere from Poland along a line following the edge of the Carpathian Mountains to the shore of the Black Sea. Thence, approaching the Caspian Sea, the wayfarer would find a country literally full of oil, springs of it everywhere. The most remarkable assemblage of springs he would discover in the vicinity of Baku, on the Asperon Peninsula, jutting out into the Caspian Sea. The waters in that part of the Caspian are so oily that they will take fire if a torch be thrown into them. One may thus kindle on the surface of the waves a flame that will burn for some hours, until at length it is blown out by the wind.

The oil springs of the Asperon Peninsula have been used for the purposes of fire worship since the sixth century before Christ. It is considered not impossible that Zoroaster founded the cult which kept the sacred flames alive in that holy locality through more than 1,000 years. There were many temples, and before the beginning of our era thousands of pilgrims went annually from afar to visit them and worship at them. The Greek Emperor Heraclius destroyed the temples, but subsequently they were rebuilt, and the worship was revived. But fifteen years ago the Russian Government put a stop to it, and the sacred fire of these interesting idolaters was extinguished. Oppression does not destroy a religion, however, and it may be presumed that the cult survives, though its practices are secret.

After the conquest of Persia by the Arabs some of the people who remained true to their ancient faith withdrew to the neighborhood of Baku. From other fire worshippers who fled to the Island of Ormus, and later wandered to Bombay, are descended the Parsees of India, who number not over 100,000. During later times, when the home cult was oppressed by Islam or Christianity, Parsee priests found their way to Baku and kept up the holy fire in the temple there. The priests now surviving on the Asperon Peninsula have turned their attention to begging from travellers and are said to be a great nuisance. The finest of their temples still stands, being situated close up against the petroleum refinery of the Baku Naphtha Company. A stranger contrast of old and new could hardly be found. This temple is a massive, square building of stone, with somewhat the appearance of an old fort. It encloses a court, in the middle of which is a small temple—the holy of holies. In former days the natural gas that fed the sacred

fires was conveyed from the ground by channels to various parts of the building. Blazing lights were thus made to appear at different points on the outside of the structure when services were being held within.

Fire worshippers date back to the days of Abraham. In the religion of ancient India the resplendent, golden-haired god of fire occupied a conspicuous place. The ancient Medes and Persians held all kinds of fire in religious veneration. The Greeks kept perpetual fires burning at Delphi, Argos, Naxos, Rhodes, Tenedos and Ephesus. The holy fire was considered essential to the prosperity of the city, and its extinction was regarded as a public calamity and a portent of evil to come. In Persia, on the other hand, the sacred fires were always extinguished on the death of a king. In ancient Mexico all fires were put out at the end of each cycle year of fifty-two years. The Peruvians of old annually put out their sacred fires in order to kindle them anew.

IN A STRANGE COFFIN

BURIAL SERVICE OVER A MASS OF STEEL...POUGHKEEPSIE STAR

One of the strangest coffins ever told of is that for which the British war department is said to be responsible. The story is that a workman engaged in casting metal for the manufacture of ordnance in the Woolwich arsenal lost his balance and fell into a caldron containing twelve tons of molten steel. The metal was at white heat and the man was utterly consumed in less time than it takes to tell it. The war department authorities held a conference and decided not to profane the dead by using the metal in the manufacture of ordnance, and the mass of metal was actually buried and a Church of England clergyman read the services for the dead over it.

TERRORS OF THE BUDDHISTIC HELL

PUNISHMENT FOR UNRIGHTEOUSNESS....ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

The place of torment to which all wicked Buddhists are apt to be assigned on the day of final reckoning is, providing such a thing be possible, a more terrible place of punishment than the Christian hell is supposed to be. The Buddhistic hell is a sort of apartment house, divided into eight "easy stages." In the first the poor victim is compelled to walk for untold ages in his bare feet over hills thickly set with red-hot needles, points upward. In the second stage the skin is carefully filed or rasped from the body, and irritating mixtures are applied. In the third stage the nails, hair, and eyes are plucked out, and the denuded body sawed and planed into all sorts of fantastic shapes. The fourth stage is that of "sorrowful lamentations." In the fifth the left side of the body and the denuded head are carefully roasted, Yoma, the Buddhistic Satan, superintending the work. In the sixth stage, the arms are torn from the body and thrown into an immense vat among the eyes, nails, and hair previously removed. Then, in plain hearing of the sore-footed, blind, maimed, roasted, and bleeding victim, the whole horrid mass is pounded into a jelly. In the seventh stage the other side of the victim and his feet are roasted brown; and then comes the eighth and last stage, in which the candidate is thrown into the bottomless pit of perdition.

MODERN SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

THE NEW OLYMPIC GAMES

REVIVAL OF GRECIAN SPORT.....THE SPECTATOR

It is impossible to get honestly interested in the revival of the Olympic games. They are not contested in the old place, but in Athens, or in the old way, but among the representatives of outsiders whom the Hellenes would have contemptuously styled barbarians, or in the old spirit, for the last thing the spectators are thinking of is the comparative beauty of the combatants or the effect of their training upon the beauty of the race. The people of Athens are interested, as is natural, for of all modern nations the Greeks, having no particular present, care most to reconnect themselves with their own glorious past, and, besides, there is no overplus of exciting events in Athens; but to the rest of the world the "revival" is little more than an ordinary international contest of athletics. It might just as well be fought in London or New York; and next time, when it is to be fought in the French capital, it will no doubt draw more representative athletes and an even larger crowd of spectators. We can see nothing classical about the celebration, nor can we recognize in the presence of a number of German Princes, American sightseers, or British sporting men anything peculiarly Greek. The contests will not even help to decide a point of some permanent interest,—the question whether Europe has, within the last two thousand years, lost or gained in physical capacity. We do not know with any scientific accuracy what the Greek athletes actually did, what weights they hurled, at what pace they ran, how high they leapt, or what were the heights, weights, or ages of those who sought the wreaths.

It is extremely probable that if the old victors in the games could be made to live again for a day we should find that the English and American athletes beat them with a certain ease, for Northerners are stronger than Southerners, equally lithe and equally well-trained. The Greeks may have had more endurance, as some savages have still and Japanese coolies, but even that is doubtful, for the Greeks thought swimming across the Hellespont a wonderful feat, and an Englishman, Captain Webb, performed one at least thirteen times as noteworthy without dangerous exhaustion. He swam from Dover to Calais. This, however, is only a general deduction, and it would have interested historians to make an accurate comparison, but the materials either never existed or cannot be recovered. We know that the Greeks were good fighters, we are sure from the statues that they were beautiful, and we presume them to have been strong men, but of the precise extent of their strength when developed to the utmost we are almost entirely ignorant. All we can say is that there is no reason for believing that they were demigods as compared with the Western youngsters of to-day. There may not have been much advance in physical capacity, any more than there has been much advance in mental acuteness or force, but at least there has been no retrogression, no loss of muscular power, any more than of personal daring, from the progress of civilization. Clothes have not weakened us, or meat

diet, or the habit of reading in boyhood; nor have we lost anything, unless it be good looks, from the superior comfort with which we have surrounded modern life. That much seems clear, but it will not be made clearer by any evidence to be obtained from these Olympic games.

The unchangeableness in the bodily frame of man, and in his surroundings in the way of hills, trees, climate, and sky scenery, is curiously contrasted with the change in certain circumstances of his position. One wonders what Pericles would have said if he could have known that when the Olympic games were revived two thousand three hundred years after his death, nearly all the honors of the first day would be carried away by barbarians from a continent of the existence of which he had never dreamed, and would indeed, with his notion of the limits of the ocean, have regarded as impossible. If he knew all that was known in his time he may have speculated for an instant on the conceivable existence of a far-away island in the Atlantic, inhabited by monsters or by demigods, but of a vast continent under the same conditions as our own he can have had as little idea as he had that the unknown land would be populated by Britons and Iberians, or that they would so have mastered the secrets of nature that they could send accounts of a victory or defeat at Athens instantaneously under the ocean to their own abodes. The expansion of the world as he knew it by continuous discovery, and the contraction of the world through new methods of communication are perhaps the greatest material changes which have occurred since his time, and one wonders if he would have welcomed the prospect of them, or regarded it only as something which fatigued his mind and terrified him for the future of his race. "The barbarians, then," he would have thought, "are to capture the gods, to win by their favor new worlds, to tear down fire from heaven, to beat us even in the struggles of the stadium; what will become of Greece?" For, we take it, with all the abounding joyousness and fullness of physical and mental life which we attribute to the Greek of that age, there was little of our incurable hopelessness, not much idea of progress, no governing conviction that the world would one day be changed by continuous effort and generations of study into a happy place. There is, so far as we know, no evidence that the Greeks ever believed that persistence for ages in training and in physical education would make them physically a much finer race. They knew that they must keep up their standard, and in Sparta at all events underwent great sacrifices to that end; but we question if the idea of indefinite physical improvement ever entered their minds. Perhaps they knew too much. They knew that ages of training had left the Spartans Spartans still, good fighting men at best, not even the best of fighting men, and they must have known also that the strength and activity and vigor which result from training are no more certainly transmissible than the physical defects resulting from wounds in battle or other accidental causes. No caste arose of victors at Olympia any more than a caste has

arisen here of boxers, runners, or wrestlers matchless by hereditary right. Exceptional physical qualities are as seldom transmitted as exceptional powers of mind. Daring seems to be inherited, but not strength or speed. Mr. Galton seems sadly in want of something on which to exercise his powers of investigation, and if he will devote a year to an inquiry as to the hereditary transmission of exceptional strength or speed, we will promise to publish his figures, but we shall be much surprised if they indicate even a possibility of creating a race of athletes. Certainly the Greeks did not do it, though they had every advantage, and in particular that of time, for the Olympic contests continued for eleven hundred years, half as long again as the period since the Norman conquest. They did not save Greece from subjugation by the Roman soldiery.

One would like to know, if it were possible to find out, what the precise effect of their devotion to gymnastics was upon the Hellenic people. It may be reasonably doubted whether it enlarged their mental powers, for all Greece shared in this passion, and the triumphs of Greek thought and art are almost confined to Attica. One does not even owe intellectual gratitude to Spartans or Boeotians. It did not make them exceptionally heroic, for the Macedonians, who conquered them and the world, were not specially devoted to sport, and were, we fancy, till the time of Philip at all events, excluded from the contests at Olympia. It did not save the nation, for Greece was utterly subdued by the Romans, who gained their physical prowess in another way; and it did not keep them alive, for although the Greek may fairly be held to have survived the Roman, whom he indeed in a way absorbed, the Jew, who abhorred and still abhors gymnastic training, survived both Roman and Greek. Except an extraordinary feeling for form, we cannot trace any result from the games upon the Greek character, and it is doubtful whether this was universal or confined to a few rich citizens in Greece generally, and the forty thousand slaveholders of Attica, who for most purposes are to modern Europeans "the Greeks."

That question of the influence of these games on character has some importance for the modern world, for the passion for competitive athletics has caught hold of it, and everywhere, especially in England, France, the United States, and the great Colonies, they begin to play a more important part in life. Fifty thousand Englishmen go at a time to see a football-match, cricketers are watched as carefully as statesmen, and an international running-match excites almost the interest of a battle. The papers are everywhere crammed with the reports of athletics, and a man who can make a "record" is as much honored among the younger generation as ever he was in Greece. It is probable, as prosperity increases and the workers gain more leisure, that the passion will develop further, and we shall be curious to see what influence it has upon the national sentiment. It need not be a bad one, for we suspect that a certain barbaricism—we want that word greatly, as distinguished from barbarism—is essential to the vitality and fighting prowess of any race that dwells in cities, but we can see no reason for believing that it will be specially good. One can hardly affirm that the games preserved the manliness of the Greeks, and they certainly did not preserve them from incess-

sant internal war. International athletics, we see in newspapers, are to furnish "new bonds to bind together the nations"; but if they are only bound as the Greek States were, the advantage will not be conspicuous. The probability is that Olympic games, ancient and modern, had and will have the effect of games merely, that is, of distractions, innocent or otherwise according to circumstances, from the peremptory work of the world. They are not worse than other amusements, and being enjoyed in the open air and under thousands of eyes, they are probably better than some of them. Rather a population of football players than a population devoted, like the Chinese, to cards, or like the Bengalees, to gossip; but that is about as much as it is as yet justifiable to say.

PLAYING VARIQUE IN ENGLAND

A RIVAL OF WHIST.....MINNEAPOLIS TIMES

Among the swagger set of all England a new game has been introduced, and it is said to be a close rival to whist. The game is called varique, and, although one of cards, its nature is more nearly akin to the games of checkers and chess. The varique pack numbers forty cards, having no face cards, and the pips (spots) are all in the form of the Maltese cross, and indentured. The difference of suit is simply the difference of color, red, black, green and yellow being the shades used. The numerical arrangement of the spots is the same as on the ordinary cards—from one to ten, inclusive—and the game can be played by two, three or four hands—using as many suits or colors as there are players.

Then, besides the cards, are four boxes of pips, which fit into those on the cards, and are of the same colors, but in a lighter shade. Throughout the game each player uses one set, or color, of pips, the set, dealer and partner being determined by cutting. After shuffling, the cards are dealt, face upward, one at a time, and placed in rows in the centre of the table, the number of rows and the cards in each row depending upon the number of players. For instance, in the game for two, twenty cards are in use, and are placed in five rows of four cards each. The first player, who sits at the left of the dealer, has what is called an open field. That is, he can play on any card of his suit, which he does by placing one pip on the card which he considers holds the most advantageous position. This card becomes the controlling card for the opponent's turn, and prevents his playing upon any card in line with it, either vertically, horizontally or obliquely, so it will be seen that a card in the centre will generally restrict more than a corner or outside card.

The restriction is for one turn only. The second player can place his pips upon any of the unrestricted cards, and so in his turn controls the play of No. 1. As soon as the card has all its pips covered it becomes a full card, and is of great assistance in filling others. Suppose the three spot to be the first card filled. The player may continue his turn if any of his cards can be completed by using exactly the same number of pips as the full card contains. In this case, if four has only one pip covered he can complete that card with three pips taken from his stock, and any other card lacking three pips can be filled in the same turn.

Also the numbers on the controlling card, which it must be remembered, is the first card to be played upon at each turn, may be added to any other full card of one's suit to complete or fill another card. As the three—the controlling card—added to the four—the completed card—equals seven, that number of pips can be used to entirely fill a seven spot or to complete any card which lacks just seven pips. Only the unrestricted cards can be played upon, and the turn continues as long as any cards can be filled. A full card protects from restriction any card lying beyond it, but in the same line with the controlling card.

It will be seen that after a few plays the controlling card may block the player, in which case he loses his turn, and the succeeding player has an open field. The player first filling his cards wins the game, and thereby a certain number of points from each opponent. In order to become a successful player it is necessary to calculate several moves in advance. The element of chance is evident in the relative position of the suits, by the deal. The element of skill is displayed by the selection of each controlling card.

HOW TO PLAY PIN HOCKEY

THE NEW GYMNASIUM GAME.....THE BOSTON HERALD

The very latest game intended to combine the elements of active but not exhausting exercise and the employment of a certain amount of individual excellence in competition is called pin hockey, and, so far as known, is only played in the gymnasium of the Providence, R. I., Athletic Association, where it has proved to be highly popular with the members. Gymnasium Director Doldt is given credit for making up the game and introducing it.

Pin hockey in many respects resembles rink polo, being played with the same kind of ball and sticks, but the method of scoring is radically different and the opportunities are more numerous. In rink polo and basket ball there is but one way to score a goal, by driving the ball into the cage in the first instance and by throwing it into a suspended basket in the second. Whichever side scores the most goals within an agreed length of time wins, but in pin hockey whichever side makes eleven points first wins. The game can be played with four men, but it is more interesting with eight. The "field" is laid out upon the floor of the gymnasium. Upon dots are placed small Indian clubs, with which all well-appointed gymnasiums are supplied. They fill the same office as pins in bowling; in fact, should the game reach any proportion in its development, it is likely that candle pins will be substituted for the Indian clubs. The latter were naturally taken in the crude development of the game.

The purpose of the play is to knock down the pins of the opposing team with the ball, struck by the polo stick, which seems to be an easy thing to do, but which in reality is quite difficult. If the pins are struck fair or hard they are sure to go down, but it is astonishing sometimes how much room there is above and on both sides of them, especially when a player has to play quick to prevent an opponent getting the ball, and so does not have time to properly gauge the stroke and direction of the drive. Then, too, the pins are not set tightly together, but just far enough apart to permit the ball to pass through;

and as the handles of the clubs are smaller than the bodies, a ball can be driven between them without knocking them down. There is no positive rule of distance in setting out the "field," it being naturally regulated by the amount of floor space at the command of the players. The larger the field, of course, the more difficult it is to score, although at the same time there is a great opportunity for open play and chance to move around. If the available space is small, one pin can be set up in place of two, rendering it harder to score, for if either or both pins are knocked down in the double-pin game it counts for one, making the chances of scoring substantially double that of a single pin.

The players, stick in hand, stand by their pins to guard them from disaster, and they can be guarded from the attack of the ball by either stick or body, the same as by the goal tender in rink polo. He not only can guard his own pins, but also those of anyone in his team who may have left his unprotected in pursuit of the ball. Play opens with the toss of a coin, the winner of the "call" then placing the ball in the centre and driving it to one of his partners with such a degree of force as he may see fit to employ. Generally it is a light knock, and with an effort not to indicate in advance to his rivals just to which partner he will send it. He is not permitted to make a drive from his opponents' pins at this time. Then the game goes along as fast as possible, and very closely after the style of rink polo. When a point is scored, counting one, there is necessarily a wait until the pins are replaced. The man whose pins are down resets them, and has the privilege of putting the ball in play again from the center, as at the opening of the game.

GOLF IN THE PARLOR

PLAYING THE GAME INDOORS.....THE MEXICAN HERALD

Drawing-room golf is now in vogue. When snow and bad weather make outdoor sport impossible, the young woman who is enamored of the game sets up her parlor golf tables, and the play goes on with almost as much fervor and fun as it would under the open sky. The game of indoor golf is managed by means of a simple device. The equipment consists of a round metal disk with a hole in the middle, which is placed on a little table made for the express purpose or else can be set on the carpet. Small squares of ivory form the tees for each disk. A number of the disks may be placed in one room, or, where the house is not large, in the hall and in adjoining rooms, forming a lengthy and interesting course. Indoor golf may thus be made quite an exciting amusement, but for the sake of the bric-a-brac, lofting and driving strokes must be tabooed, and it resolves itself into putting golf.

The game is arranged for one or two persons to play on sides alternately, one round of the links to be reckoned a match unless otherwise agree beforehand. The winner is the gainer of most holes. The player chosen to start does so from the teeing ground, marked "start," to the first hole, and continues play until he misses getting in. The next player follows the miss from his starting point, to be continued until the centre hole is reached. The side taking the fewest strikes to get in wins the hole played for. Each hole is to be contested and reckoned in the same manner.

IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

THE RELIGION OF NATURE

TRUE OBEDIENCE TO LAW.....MINNEAPOLIS TIMES

The world is slowly but certainly returning to the feet of nature. Every phase of civilization shows this tendency. In education, the modern methods are what are known as the natural methods. In art the aim is to reproduce the scenes and objects of nature. In religion, all that is artificial, ceremonial and speculative is giving way before the spontaneous, the practical and the human. The time is coming when the religion of nature will be the religion of the world. What is meant by the religion of nature? Is it that poetic susceptibility that thrills before the beauties of a sunset or the perfection of a flower? By no means. Appreciation of the wonders of nature may be the outward expression of a deep natural piety, but it no more constitutes the religion of nature than the hymns of the church constitute the religion of Christ. It is quite as apt, moreover, to be only the expression of esthetic sentiment. The religion of nature is a religion of deed. Is it then the blind following of natural instincts? Far from it. Such false worship of nature would degenerate into the grossest materialism. What, then, is this natural religion? It is the divinely established order of the universe. Its observance lies in learning and obeying the laws of nature.

Every just law framed by man is the outgrowth of a natural law. It is merely the human recognition and enforcement of a law written by the hand of God in the heart of the universe. Every great religion is based upon natural law, and exactly in proportion as it conforms to it, is it ennobling and powerful. Exactly in proportion as it departs from it, is it debasing and ephemeral. Different religions grasp different phases of the religion of nature and glorify certain central virtues. The ancient Hebrew religion recognized the fundamental laws of nature that command cleanliness and temperance and it became a religion of ablutions, purifications and fasts. Oriental religions recognized the influence of the chemical properties of food in the forming of temperament and character, and they prohibited the use of animal food. The Christian religion preëminently recognized the highest law of nature, the law of love. It has fostered the family and the best interests of society, and has accordingly promoted civilization. So each of the world religions has embodied certain natural laws. The observants may have been crude and unreasoning, but it was none the less an attempt to follow nature.

Despite this observance of natural law in both political and religious legislation, the world has never realized that natural law is a vast and universal system. It governs all things. It is a religion of itself, and comprehends all other religions. That acute and brilliant philosopher, Volney, was one of the first to advance this idea and modern scientists and philosophers are following in his footsteps.

The religions of man may be called for convenience ethical religions, in distinction from the religion of nature. Ethical religions deal with thought and feeling, and natural religion with action and reality. Ethical religions attempt to crush and

overcome human nature, and to raise in its place an airy edifice of ideality. But natural religion exalts human nature. It is founded in the very elements of human nature. Built on this primitive, eternal rock, it rises into the higher air of wisdom and integrity. It does not concern itself with the remote, the abstract and the visionary. It deals with the present, the tangible and the actual. Here are no dogmas to puzzle sophists and theologians. Here are no creeds to be fought for, revised and cast aside. The religion of nature gives a definite, consistent, infallible rule of conduct, to govern man's deeds from moment to moment, and lead him upward toward perfection. Whether he believes it or not, it is the resistless force that rewards and punishes him, and carries him on, deed by deed, to his self-chosen eternity.

The object of natural religion is self-preservation. Certain systems of ethics spurn this idea and preach self-abnegation. They never practice it, because it is not possible. The law of self-preservation is the very heart of human nature. It is the root of all good. It is the cause of the maintenance of society and the progress of civilization. All that tends toward self-preservation is good. All that tends towards self-destruction is evil. Nature guides man toward the one and from the other by pleasure and pain. It rewards obedience with multiplied benefits, and transgressions with multiplied evils. Its justice is exact. Benefits are granted in proportion to virtue, and evils are sent in proportion to sin. A man's natural lot is what he has earned and what he deserves. And the final test of the merit of human deeds is nature's judgment. What she blesses is good. What she curses is evil. False standards of virtue can never be established because they are in opposition to the active forces of nature. Her justice is immediate, absolute and inexorable. There is no pleading of causes and no commuting of sentences. "As a man sows, so shall he also reap."

To live up to the religion of nature means to understand the character and consequences of every element and every action, and to obey implicitly the laws of nature. Wisdom is necessary to this observance and it is the first and fundamental virtue. Ignorance is the original sin which entails all others. When man accepts the universe as his temple and Nature as the revealed Word of God, when he conforms to every law of his being, then will perfection be attained.

THE JEWS, CHRISTIANITY, AND MODERN IDEAS

ANATOLE LEROY-BEAULIEU.....ISRAEL AMONG THE NATIONS*

Christians who belong to the educated classes do not share the antiquated popular prejudices against the Jew. Even in Eastern Europe, in Hungary, Roumania, and Russia, the thin stratum of the cultured, "the intelligent," as the Russians call them, are well aware that the Jew does not steal children to give them up to the knife of the "schochet" and that the synagogue needs no Christian blood to celebrate the Hebrew Passover. The Catholics, Protestants, and members of the Greek church have

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another grievance against the Jews, a less crude and childish one. They accuse them of being the born enemy of what they style "Christian civilization." The very vagueness of this charge makes it one of the most serious brought against Israel. If it be true that, in his secret rites, the talmudic Jew takes delight in spilling Christian blood, the Jews, it is asserted, especially the progressive Jews, do what is still worse: they are bent upon destroying Christian faith, morals and civilization. Not satisfied with the toleration afforded to them, they endeavor, openly or secretly, to "de-Christianize" Europe and modern society. Thus considered, Judaism is a disintegrating force, both from the moral and the religious, as well as from the economic and the national, point of view; it is a solvent of our old Christian institutions.

In Evangelical Germany, in Orthodox Russia, in Catholic France and Austria, the Jew is denounced as the most zealous destroyer of what one is pleased to call the Christian state and Christian civilization. In assailing the Jews and Judaism, Christians of every sect assert, with Pastor Stoecker, that their attack on the Jew is only an act of self-defence. There are men who strive to find hidden springs in every historical event, who believe in prolonged designs, mysteriously followed up through centuries; such persons go so far as to look upon the "princes of Judah" as the eternal instigators of the secular war waged against Christ, the Church, and the Christian spirit. To them the ancient, chosen people, having rebelled against the Messiah, has become the enemy of the city of God, the foundations of which it is noiselessly sapping, and on the ruins of which it hopes to establish the site of Israel's dominion. The Jews are the originators and the apostles of the great "Anticrusade" waged in our times against Christian traditions and institutions. In this sense, Antisemitism is, after a fashion, the counterpart of Anticlericalism; it is a second "Kulturkampf," a Kulturkampf that has recoiled against the secret or avowed enemies of Christianity.

Here we have, indeed, one of the real causes of the Antisemitic movement. It may be recognized by the country and the period in which it first appeared. The fact that it originated in the Germany of Bismarck, in the very heart of the struggle between the new Empire and the Catholic hierarchy, is not due to mere chance. Whilst the liberal German press, partly led by the Jews, were assailing the Church, the besieged party, trying to find the weak spots in the lines of attack, made a sally in the direction of the Synagogue, where the troops commanded by the Jew Lasker were encamped. That was good strategy. Such a digression had been suggested by the composition of the opposing armies. In fact, it is in a fair way of coming to be considered as one of the classical manœuvres of modern clerical campaigns. The Jew, who was apparently to have been the gainer, thus runs the risk of being the victim in the warfare against Christianity. This incident proves that he does not invariably play a safe game when he incites, or takes part in, religious struggles. Imprudent being! He will get nothing but blows for his pains. The shafts hurled by him, or by his people, against the Clericals, are in danger of rebounding against Israel. "Why," said a Silesian German to me, "should you try to prevent us

from returning to the Talmud the blows aimed at the Gospel? When an appeal is made to the state against our clergy and our Christian associations, have we not a right to appeal in our turn to the state and the people against the rabbis and the Jewish associations? Let the toleration which the Jews claim for themselves, who are in the minority, be shown to us, who are in the majority. Otherwise they will again have to listen to the cries of 'Hep! hep!' from millions of Christians who persist in believing that the best gifts they can make to their children are New Testament and the Crucifix." This language is not limited to believers.

Anticlericalism has thus been, by the revulsion it has occasioned, one of the main abettors of Antisemitism. In more than one country its effects have been felt by the Jews even more keenly than by the Catholics. To those who denounced the Church as a foreign body, obedient to a foreign master, the Catholics were naturally led to reply with a denunciation of the Jews as intruders of an alien race, without country, or love of country. To those who in Germany, for instance, accused the spiritual subjects of the pope of being thoroughgoing Ultramontanes, rebellious to the Teutonic spirit, the Catholics were, of course, ready to retaliate with an attack on the Semites, as persons obstinately set against the German spirit and "deutsche Kultur."

"Make front against Rome," was said one day, in 1879, in the thick of the "Kulturkampf," by one of the Berlin journals, managed or edited by Jews. This war-cry was answered by another from The Germania, the organ of the "Ultramontane Centre": "Make front against New Jerusalem." Thus, from time immemorial, has intolerance bred intolerance: "abyssus, abyssum." "The eyes of the German nation are opened at last," continued The Germania; "it sees that the struggle for civilization is the struggle against the ascendancy of the Jewish spirit and of Jewish wealth. In every political movement, it is the Jew who plays the most radical and revolutionary part, waging war to the death against all that has remained legitimate, historical and Christian in national life." And this awful charge against Israel was not advanced only by the Catholics, who had to face Prince Bismarck and his short-sighted allies, the national Liberals; Protestant Germany echoed the words of Catholic Germany. The Russian priests, uneasy at seeing that the missiles aimed at the Roman hierarchy flew higher than the mitres of their bishops and reached the Gospel and the Cross, were themselves perhaps the most ardent preachers of the new crusade. The Kreuz-Zeitung exceeded the Germania in zeal; and, outside of Germany, in states where such a movement seemed out of place, Russian writers took it up, in their turn. The Rous, edited by the Moscovite Aksakov, formed the Slav component of the cosmopolitan quartette which was composed of the Evangelical Kreuz-Zeitung, The Ultramontane Germania, and the Roman Civiltà Cattolica. Thus, for the Prussian Protestant, for the Austrian and French Catholic, for the Russian Orthodox, the war against Israel was merely a "Kulturkampf." It meant nothing less than the preservation to modern nations of the benefits of Christian civilization, by putting an end to what is called the judaizing of European society.

AT NO. 68 RUE ALFRED DE MUSSET: ELOISE'S STRATEGY *

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

It was evening early in May. The maples were covered with their little seed-pods; like the crescents of the Moslem hosts they hung redly in the evening air. The new leaf-tips of the poplars shone out like silver blooms. The mountain-ash trees stood with their virginal branches outlined against the filmy rose and gray of the evening sky, their slender leaves half open. Everything swam in the hazy light; the air was full of gold motes; in the sky lay a few strands of cloud, touched with almost imperceptible rose. At the upper window of a house in De Musset Street, Maurice Ruelle looked down upon the trees covered with the misty light. His window was high above everything and the house itself stood alone on the brow of a little cliff that commanded miles of broken country. Maurice was propped up at the window, and had a shawl thrown about his shoulders. The room was close; a little wood-fire was dying away in the open stove.

"Maurice, Maurice, I'm sick of life. I will be an adventuress."

Maurice turned his head to look at the speaker. She was seated on the floor, leaning on her slanted arm, which was thrown behind her to support her weight.

"Well, my dear sister, you are ambitious"—

"Don't be bitter, Maurice."

"I'm not bitter; I know you are ambitious; I am proud of you, you know. I don't see why you have to nurse me; fate is cruel to you."

"Oh, but I don't nurse you, you know that; what's my nursing good for? I only wish we had money enough to send you away for these terrible winters, or give you a room in some fine hospital."

Maurice watched the birds dropping through the glow. A little maid brought in candles. Eloise began to walk up and down the room restlessly.

"Ah, well, we haven't the money," Maurice sighed.

"Money—money—it's not altogether a matter of money; to me it's a matter of life."

"Well, to me it's hardly a matter of money or of life."

"Maurice, you must not think of that; I forbid it. I must do something. I feel that I can succeed. Look at me, Maurice—tell me now"—

She stood with her head thrown back, and poised lightly, and with a little frown on her face.

"Superb!" said her brother.

"I know I'll do something desperate," she said. "I must live; I was made to."

"Yes, my dear, that is the difference between us."

"Maurice, how dare you; I forbid it; I have decided. You will go South, and I will begin to live. I am going to stop wishing."

"Well, I have long ago ceased to wish; wishing was the only passion I ever had; I have given it up. But I have not wished for money; sometimes I have wished for health"—

He did not finish his sentence; he only thought of what he had longed for more than anything else, the love of his beautiful, impulsive sister. Eloise was dusting her geranium leaves. Maurice looked from his window into the tree on which the leaves were not thick enough to hide the old nests.

A short time after this a rather curious advertisement appeared in one of the city papers. It read: "Very handsome old oak furniture. Secrétaire with little drawers. A dower chest and a little table. Each article richly carved. For particulars call at No. 68 Rue Alfred de Musset, Viger."

Eloise read this advertisement to her brother. "What does this mean?" he asked. "We have no such furniture, but it is our number true enough. Is this the commencement?"

"Yes, my dear, that is what it is."

The next day callers in response to this advertisement began to arrive. Eloise answered the bell herself. The first was a rather shabby old man who wore a tall hat and green glasses. He produced a crumpled clipping from the paper, and smoothing it out, handed it to Eloise.

"I have come to buy this second-hand furniture," he explained, holding his hat by the brim. Eloise looked at the advertisement as if she had never seen it before.

"There must be some mistake," she said. "I have no such furniture."

"I have not mistaken the number—No. 68 Rue Alfred de Musset."

"Yes, but the printer must have made a mistake; this is not the place."

Many times that day she had to give unpromising looking people the same answer. Every one of them accepted the situation cheerfully; certainly it must have been a mistake. Three letters came also with inquiries about the furniture. One of these Eloise was tempted to answer; but she resolved to wait a day or two. The next day no one came at all; but on the next, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a young man drove up in a dog-cart. He left his horse, and walked rapidly through the little garden to the house. He was a handsome, vigorous-looking youth. He rang somewhat violently; and Eloise answered the summons. She opened the door a foot, and the caller could only see a bit of her white dress.

"I have called to see the furniture you have advertised," he said.

The door opened slowly, and, taking this as an invitation to enter, he stepped into the hall. He could not tell why, but he expected to see an old woman behind the door; instead he saw a very graceful girl holding the door-knob between her fingers. Without a word she preceded him with an air of shyness, and led the way into the front room. He glanced about for the furniture; it was evidently not there. She asked him to be seated.

"My father wanted me to come out and look at the things you advertised," he said.

*A selected story from *In the Village of Viger*. By Duncan Campbell Scott. (Copeland & Day.)

"You are very good, Monsieur."

"Not at all; my father picks up these things for the house, when they are really valuable."

"These are very valuable."

She still wore an air of shyness, and looked abstractedly from the window into a lilac-bush; she seemed nervous and apprehensive.

"Could you let me see them?"

There was a noise upstairs. Eloise half started from her chair.

"I beg of you not to speak so loudly."

He relapsed into a whisper.

"I beg pardon, I was not conscious of speaking too loudly."

"It is not that, but—I cannot explain." She ended abruptly. "You see," she said, hesitatingly, "I wish you had come yesterday."

"Have you promised them to someone else?"

"No, not at all; but yesterday it might have been possible; to-day it is impossible to show it to you."

"When can I see it?"

"I am unfortunate—I cannot say when. It is my brother's—but it must be sold."

An expression of slight distress crossed her face.

"Does he not want it sold?"

"Monsieur, I beg of you not to question me; I am in great perplexity." She continued, after a moment's pause, "You have rarely seen things so exquisite; the secretaire has a secret cabinet, the chest is carved with a scene of nymphs in a wood; the table is a beautiful little table." She figured these articles in the air with an imaginative wave of her hand. The young man began to regard her with some interest; he remarked to himself that she was a lovely girl.

"I'm sorry my call is inopportune, I will come again." He left his card on the table.

"Perhaps when you come again it will be more convenient," she said, following him at some distance to the door. He opened it himself, and went down the steps; as he looked back it was slowly shutting, and he caught a glimpse of her delicate white dress as it closed. Eloise took up the card. The name was Pierre Pechito. She knew the name; it was borne by one of the richest of the city merchants. She took the card up to Maurice. He held it in his emaciated fingers.

"Is this the end of Chapter One?" he asked. "Well, he may never come back; and what will you do with him if he does come back?"

"Oh, he will come; as for the rest, we must succeed. But there is one thing, Maurice, you must be the invisible ogre; you must rage about here as wildly as you can, while I am working out our destiny downstairs."

"My destiny?" he asked, with a falling touch of sadness in his accent.

A few days after this, Pierre returned. "May I come in?" he asked, as Eloise held the door open hesitatingly.

"If you wish, Monsieur." They sat a moment silently in the parlor.

"Monsieur," said Eloise, commencing hurriedly but determinedly, "in this life everything is uncertain; so much depends upon mere circumstances, which are too obscure for us to control. I am willing to show you the furniture, but how much de-

pends upon that!" She rose with the air of a heroine, and led the way to the foot of the stairs. Pierre followed. She had ascended three steps, and he had his hand on the newel post, when there was a crash in the room above. Eloise turned suddenly and leaned against the banister, glancing up the stairs, and extending her hand to keep Pierre back. "Monsieur, for the love of heaven do not come on, go back—go back into the room, I beg of you."

"I am leaving you in danger, Mademoiselle."

"I am accustomed to it. I beg of you." She accompanied these words with imploring gesture. Pierre went into the room, where he paced up and down. The noise increased in violence, and then ceased altogether. Eloise returned to the room; she leaned from the window, breathing convulsively; she plucked one of the half-grown lilac leaves and bit it through and through.

"Yet the furniture must be sold," she said aloud. Pierre took a step toward her.

"Mademoiselle, you are in distress. May I not help you? I am able to. You can command me."

"Alas, Monsieur, you mean I can command your wealth." Pierre was profoundly moved at the sorrow in her girlish voice.

"I mean I would help you; I want to do what I can for you."

"Let us go no farther," she said, with her eyes fixed on the floor. "I must not come into your happy life." There was a trace of bitterness in her tone.

"I have undertaken to buy the furniture," he said, with a smile. "I will not give it up so soon."

"Maurice, Maurice, you are a splendid ogre!" said Eloise, throwing open the door.

"It is terribly exhausting," he said, with a faint smile.

When Pierre next came it was raining quietly through a silver haze; the little maid opened the door; a moment later Eloise came into the room. When she spoke her voice sounded restrained; and to Pierre she seemed completely different.

"I have deceived you," she commenced, without prelude, "there is no furniture to sell." To all his questions or remonstrances she gave him this answer, as if she were afraid to trust herself to other words, standing with her eyes cast to the floor, and an expressionless face. But when she seemed the most distant, as if she could not recede further, she burst into tears. Pierre hurried toward her—"Mademoiselle, I cannot address you by name; you cannot deceive me, you are in great distress. I beg of you not to think of the furniture; it is not necessary that these things of wood should trouble you further; to-day I did not come to see it, I came to see you."

"Oh, Monsieur," she sobbed, "you must never come here again, never—never!"

"Make no mistake, I will come, at least until I can help you, until I know your story." He gained her hand.

"Monsieur, I cannot accept your assistance; but your kindness demands my story."

She told it. She was a lovely girl caught in a net of circumstances. She was an orphan. Her parents had left her and her brother a little money

--too little to live on--they existed. Her brother was a cripple--how often had she wished she was dead--he was wicked. She hinted at unkindness, at tyranny. It was necessary to sell these heir-looms. (Here Pierre pressed her hand, "You could not deceive me," he said.) But he would not hear of it. Her life was intolerable--but she must live it to the end--to the end. "If I could have deceived you, Monsieur, I would have done so." A smile glimmered through her tears. Pierre pressed her hand; she softly drew it away. Suddenly there was a crash in the room above; a light shower of dry whitewash was thrown down around them; the sound of an inhuman voice came feebly down the stairs. "I must go, do not detain me," she cried, as Pierre tried to intercept her. He endeavored to hold her at the foot of the stairs. "Do not go, I beg of you." She turned sweetly toward him. "I must go; it is my duty; you do yours." The tears were not dry on her eyelids. Pierre watched her flutter upstairs like a dove flying into a hawk's nest. His pulses were pounding at his wrists. "I wish I knew what my duty was," he said to himself. As he left the house he glanced up at the window, a handkerchief dropped down; he pressed it to his lips and thrust it into his bosom. When he was out of sight he examined it. It was a dainty thing of the most delicate fabric; in one corner were the words, "Eloise Ruelle."

Eloise found Maurice almost fainting with his exertion. When he recovered, he said:

"Is the game worth the candle?"

"Well, we will see."

"Eloise, you have been crying."

"I cry easily, I do everything easily."

Maurice turned away and gazed from the window. The rain was so fine it seemed to be a rising mist; the trees were hidden, like plants in the bottom of the sea; somewhere the sun was shining, for there was a silver bar in the mist.

Pierre was not slow in coming again; but, instead of seeing Eloise, he had a note thrust into his hand by the little serving-maid. It ran: "I cannot see you. He forbids it. Who could have told that our last word was 'good-by'. If I could have spoken again I would have thanked you. How can I ever do so now? Adieu." Reading this on the step, he scrawled hurriedly on a leaf of his notebook: "I would not have you thank me, but I must see you again. Your risk is great, but I will be here to-morrow night; we will have the darkness, and all I ask is ten minutes. Is it too much?"

He gave the note to the maid, who shut the door. The house looked absolutely sphinx-like as he walked away from it.

The next night was moist with a touch of frost. A little smoke from burning leaves hung in the air with pungent odor. The scent of the lilacs fell with the wind when it moved. Eloise was muffled picturesquely in a cloak. Pierre was holding her hand, which she had not reclaimed. "I have dared everything to come," she said softly.

"You are brave, braver than I was to ask you."

"You know my story. You are the only one."

"That binds us."

"How can I thank you?"

"You must not try, I have done nothing."

Just then a burning brand was hurled from the

window; it fell into the lilac tree where it devoured a cone of blossoms and withered the leaves around it. It threw up a little springing flame which danced a light on Eloise, who had cowered into a corner by the steps with her hand over her eyes. Pierre went to her. "Tell me," he said, "what does this mean?"

"Oh," she moaned, "he suspects we are here; he always has a fire on the hottest nights, and he is throwing the sticks out." This led Pierre to expect another one. He caught her by the arm.

"You must come out of danger," he said, "one might fall on your dress." The brand was glowing in spots. He tore it out of the bush and trampled on it. They went to the other side of the steps. It was the season of quick growth. In one day thousands of violets had lit their little tips of yellow in the tangle of the underwood; in one day the tulips were moulded into fragile cups of flame burning steady in the sunlight; in one day the lilacs had burst their little clove-like blooms, and were crowding in the dark-green leaves.

Pierre was saying excitedly: "Listen to me. This thing cannot go further. I love you, I am yours. I must protect you. You cannot deny me." Eloise tried to stop him with an imploring gesture. "No," he cried, "you must hear me! you must be mine! I will take you away from here."

"Oh, do not tempt me!" cried Eloise. "I must stay here. I cannot leave him."

"You must leave him. What hold has he upon you? I will never let you go back to this torment, --never? Eloise," he continued seriously, "sometimes we have to decide in a moment the things of a lifetime. This is such a moment. Before I pluck this blossom," he said, leaning to a dwarf lilac bush bearing one bloom, "I want you to promise to be my wife." A moment later he had plucked the flower, but had dropped it, and had caught Eloise in his arms. She stifled a cry, and gave herself to him.

"Maurice, Maurice," cried Eloise, "look at me, I am triumphant!" He hardly looked at her; he was cowering over the fire, which had smouldered away, and in which the ashes were fluttering about like moths.

"I have done what you asked, that is all," he said, with an effort.

"But it is everything to me; I will never forget you, Maurice, no matter how powerful I may become."

"Alas, you need not remember me for long. Perhaps I will have what I wanted here, in some other star."

A few evenings later Eloise drew the door after her. "Hush!" she said, "the least noise will disturb him." She hesitated, and left the door ajar.

"Do you regret?" whispered Pierre.

"No, but I am leaving everything."

"Yes, even the old furniture; if it had not been for that I would never have known you," he said.

"Everything—everything," murmured Eloise.

She listened for a moment, and then shut the door softly on the empty house; Maurice had gone to the hospital that afternoon; the little maid had been discharged.

The next moment they had gone cautiously away.

THE SONNET: A CLUSTER OF BRILLIANTS

At Rest.....Eugene Lee-Hamilton.....Poems

Make me in marble after I am dead ;
Stretched out recumbent, just as I have lain ;
That those who care may see me once again
Such as they knew me on my hard wheeled bed ;
Save that the motionless and marble head
Will never ache with hope forever vain ;
And down the marble limbs the waves of pain
Will never race, but all be peace instead.
And this be writ : The same blind, silent weight
That moves the planets kept him on his back
And forced him in his misery to create.
He lay for years upon a daily rack ;
And grudged to none their freer, happier fate ;
He hoped no heaven, nor deemed the world all black.

Recompense.....William S. Lord.....Blue and Gold

As some great tree that deeper, day by day,
Takes root into the earth — some hardy oak
That firmer stands for every tempest stroke,
And grapples with huge rocks which bar its way, —
Doth push abroad into the winds that sway
New branches and new buds, which suns provoke
To leaves of living green, until they cloak
Its trunk in beauty, and new strength display ;
So does the human soul, when torn with grief,
Grown stronger for the trial and the pain,
Reach out for truths that know not time nor change,
And hold them fast, until they bring relief,
While hope and gladness blossom out again
In beauty new and wonderful and strange.

Separation.....Sophia Jewett.....Representative Sonnets

Along the Eastern shore the low waves creep,
Making a ceaseless music on the sand, —
A song that gulls and curlews understand,
A lullaby that sings the day to sleep.
A thousand miles afar, the grim pines keep
Unending watch upon a shoreless land,
Yet through their tops, swept by some wizard hand,
The sound of surf comes ringing up the steep.
Sweet, thou canst hear the tidal litany ;
I, mid the pines land-wearied, may but dream
Of the far shore ; but though the distance seem
Between us fixed, impassable, to me
Cometh thy soul's voice, chanting love's old theme,
And mine doth answer, as the pines the sea.

A Drop of InkErnest WhitneyPoems

This drop of ink chance leaves upon my pen,
What might it write in Milton's mighty hand !
What might it speak at Shakespeare's high command !
What words to thrill the throbbing hearts of men !
Or from Beethoven's soul a grand amen,
All life and death in one full compass spanned !
Who could its power in Goethe's touch withstand ?
What words of truth it holds beyond our ken, —
What blessed promise we would fain be told,
And cannot, — what grim sentence dread as death, —
What venomous lie, that never shall unfold, —
What law, undoing science with a breath !
But — mockery of life's quick-wasted lot —
Dropped on a virgin sheet 'tis but a blot !

Midnight at Sea.....Ernest McGaffey.....Poems

Tall rise the mighty masts, while ashen sails,
Distended by the fast increasing breeze,
Throw ghostly shades upon the heaving seas ;
The glittering moon alternate shines and pales,
And, fraught with ancient echoes of the gales
The cordage sighs, like wind-swept forest trees ;
And then with one long swerve the vessel frees
Her form from all the shadows, as she scales
A giant steep, while down the moonlight pours ;
And on and on the myriad billows roll
In endless race across the pulsing deeps,
Until at last where far Australia sleeps,
Each wave falls headlong on the sandy shores
Like a spent runner sinking at the goal.

Love's Inspiration.....Louis A. Robertson.....Poems

As some devoted monk in days of old,
With loving labor, and with skill, would paint
On parchment roll, the face of some fair saint,
And shrine her there in crimson, blue and gold,
With rays of heavenly glory aureoled ;
Oft, while his patient fingers wrought so well,
He felt them guided by some magic spell,
And, looking up, an angel would behold.
So, when my rebel lips refuse to frame
And voice the raptures that my heart doth feel,
I breath the charm of thy belovéd name,
Then, clothed in language, forth the numbers steal,
And like a torrent rushing to the sea,
The pent-up measures flow in melody.

Realists.....Richard Burton.....Dumb in June.....(Copeland)

They peer at life with analytic eyes,
And paint so patiently each several scene,
You vow that naught is wrong, each shade and sheen
Set on the canvas in full faithful wise.
And yet it looks amiss, the picture lies —
You hardly know wherein or how, I ween,
For skies are blue, the summer grass is green,
The men and women walk of proper size.
Once I beheld a group of sorrowing men
Who bent above the death-mask of a maid.
The lines of the loved face were doubtless there,
But as each looked he started back again
As from a stranger, chilled and half afraid.
Her features lacked the soul had made them fair.

Life's Contradictions...Mary A. Townsend...Distaff and Spindle

The contradictions of existence make
A curious study, hard to understand.
Where is the palmist who shall read the hand
Of humankind, its falsehood or mistake ?
Its occult signs all given laws forsake, —
Brief days, with great deeds nobly proved or planned ;
Long life all wasted twisting ropes of sand ;
Pure dreams that in sin's odious arms awake !
One world which sits contented, stringing beads,
And calls this " work," and deems the right so won
To eat white bread, on silken beds to sleep.
One world which sobs denied and cruel needs,
Whose sore feet stumble in the race half run,
Whose bleeding hands, too tired, can sow nor reap !

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

CALVÉ IN HER PARIS HOME

FANNY EDGAR THOMAS.....VOGUE

In the very middle of the centre of Paris Calv  has a charming apartment, accessible, and prettily furnished in a Parisian sort of way as to color and divans, with five Buddhas of as many sizes and materials, to emphasize the Oriental suggestion. Although brought up as a most devout Catholic in mid-France, she is occult, esoteric, Buddhistic, and superstitious to a degree. She consults fortune tellers, is herself something of a medium, believes in reincarnation, and regards death as but a change of existence.

Somebody has said: "You never think of any one else when Calv  is on the stage." It is the same in a room. Every one seems tame and commonplace, and like every one else. It is not only that she is very handsome, but that her type and her personality are so pronounced. She is a typical gypsy, and her proper draperies are shawls and kerchiefs, sashes, big earrings, bangles, and a rag or two. No matter how elegantly she is dressed, this picture forms a double about her that cannot be shaken off. As if in confirmation of this idea her favorite position, and that into which she drops, with a little chuckle of relief, the moment the door is shut on the last of her "grand guests," is that of crouching on the floor in front of the wood fire, which by choice she has burning on the hearth instead of in the grate.

"Ah, now for comfort!" she cries, dropping down with that mobile grace of a young savage, her bare arms crossed over her knees, indolent content enveloping her whole attitude, the firelight painting Murillo flashes over the ragged mats of dense black hair tumbling about her round cheeks, the flesh tints of face, arms, and large white throat, the dark glints of eyes half closed, the marked brows, the full red lips, the sweet womanly chin, and the black-and-gilt framing of her dress. "O, how I wish I had something to roast!" she says, poking the embers with a little branch. "How I love to roast raw things in a fire!" No one would ever mistake the picture for that of a Fifth avenue belle. Anything more like a "Bohemian" never breathed. She lives alone here with her maid, "Jenny," a pious Alsatian maid, who regards the Buddhas and fetishes of her mistress with eyes askance, the sign of the cross, and an appeal to a saint. With her company manners on Calv  is a strange mixture of child and woman, now surprising by well-turned phrases and ideas that are forceful, true, and original; again dropping into the most childlike expressions. Fitful and moody, she can pay the most concentrated attention if the subject or person interests her. She passes from one thing and one person to another more with the air of a good-natured child that is being amused than of a lady who is entertaining her guests. At her table the same peculiarities prevail. A natural grace and a real good-natured desire to have people served, and comfortable, govern her manner much more than the trained attentiveness to her guests, which belongs to the

conventional society lady. Cordial, frank, easily diverted, young-spirited, easy-going, she seems unable to neglect anyone, or to say or do anything abrupt or harsh. Yet you have the feeling that if she felt like it no social laws would prevent her from doing or saying, or not doing or not saying, anything that she wished. Her choicest toy is an Edison phonograph which was the first thing she bought in America. She is never tired of listening to it, singing and talking into it, and having her friends try their voices. She is so excited and interested to find that no one ever can recognize his own voice, but that all can recognize the voices of others. She finds, too, that all vocal faults are exaggerated. She has obtained many hints from her phonograph. She understands the practical make-up of the machine, just how the "wheels go round," and why anything is the matter. She has many celebrated voices caged in her musical box.

What does she talk and think about? Oh, well, everything and anything that is suggested, with a strong undercurrent toward the stage. Not talk about herself and acting, but about plays and characters and actors. She can tell a good story with both tears and laughter in it, and she seeks suggestions and help in her work. Just now she is much concerned as to the manner of being Ophelia, mad. The conventional Ophelia she finds flat and insipid in its endless and unbroken gentle plaintiveness, which does not seem to her according to nature. She says no matter how sweet and gentle persons may be, lunacy changes the character and makes them do the very opposite of the natural bent. The most modest and timid are apt to be all that is opposite, and the most gentle are subject to fits of frantic violence. In Milan she visited the lunatic asylum in pursuit of this idea, and paid special attention to the young girls crazed by love affairs. She found her theory to be universally carried out in fact. Now she wants to vary the Ophelia representation by these sudden and unlooked for outbursts, but is afraid of shocking the connoisseurs, who so often hold much more by tradition than by truth.

Speaking of these unhappy girls, the tears came to Calv 's eyes, as she remarked that all of them were rocking dolls, or making the motion of rocking babies in their arms. She did not know whether it was the memory of childhood that was alive or the maternal instinct that was awakened by the love experience. The singer has a tender feeling for such subjects, as some years ago she herself passed through a very fierce love experience, the marks of which she will bear on her temperament through life. She asserts very gravely that she will never marry. As to a married woman being on the stage, she has strong and very straight ideas. "Never, never on earth," she says, "should a woman show such disrespect to her husband as going upon the stage while his wife. It hurts his name, offends him in all his tastes, prejudices, and feelings. It makes him an object of ridicule, whether he feels it or not. If rich, why

should he permit his wife to gain her own money? If poor, so much the worse. She is on the stage subjecting herself to all sorts of trying possibilities to make money for him to live by. Bah! disgusting, impossible! I could not play if married. Besides, a woman who loves aright cannot give the necessary attention to a stage life. Then there are the jealousies that abound—jealousy of stage attentions, jealousy of each other's gifts, if both are on the stage," and she laughs, and makes all laugh heartily, at memory of the poor tenor, who for eight months actually restrained his voice one half, so as not to outshine his jealous soprano wife. "After that time, however, he began to see the selfishness of his partner; he sang out, swept the glory, and granted the divorce."

One delightful trait about Calvé, she never bores her listeners with her triumphs, public and social. Such a relief as this is! Oh, if prima donnas only knew how tiresome and ridiculous, if not disgusting, are these recitals of how people fell in love with them, how the nations bowed down, things that have been said of and to them, even their horrible press notices! Speaking of the immense revenue which she receives, and is to receive for engagements the coming years, Calvé remarks on the pity of its coming so late. (She is only thirty.) "Ah, the pity of it!" she says, in her expressive way; "the pity that success comes so late. I never dreamed of so much money. When twenty-one, two, or three, one-third of it would have been royalty. Oh, what plans and projects I made for when I should be rich! Now there are many things I do not want or cannot have."

Calvé is very generous with her money. She is at present supporting wholly some eight or ten persons, some of them families. She is very kind to her parents. She spends two weeks with them now before making her Spanish tour. She gives much in charity also, and I found her name yesterday in the fund books of the Blind Asylum here in Paris. Another praiseworthy trait of this Carmen is her gratitude for service or love rendered. The people who were kind to her when poor, the nurse who was devoted to her when sick, her maid, her manager—she is never too hurried or engaged to say a kind word or do a good turn for any of them, and she would just as soon have them in her parlors as the most titled people. Her singing teacher, Mme. Rosine Laborde of Paris, is the special object of her veneration. She has taken lessons of her some ten years, and still studies rôles under her direction. Her attachment to this lady, who was herself a great prima donna, is very touching.

Calvé loves cats. She finds them the most independent and coquettish of created things, and full of occult influence. She does not care for jewelery. She is fond of a slender bracelet with tiny heart locket attached, turquoise on one side, diamond on the other. She wears little, tiny combs about the width of postage stamps in her shaggy hair. No one knows what for, and the wonder is they do not fall out. She wears no ring at present; her hands are plump with very pointed finger tips, a type that has been characterized as "idle hands" by some writer. Wild verbena is her perfume, the carnation her flower, autumn her

season. She laughs much that people are deceived in the size of her hands when on the stage, where they really do look quite small. She shows how she "manipulates" them. A certain suppleness saves her from being a very large woman; she has an illusive way throughout, and she has a lilting sort of walk that is fascinating.

She has a great horror of being stifled, or of being held or restrained in any way; the idea of hands being held over her ears or mouth is terrible. Being drowned is to her the most horrible of deaths. On the ocean she goes into fits of fear when she reflects that there is "nothing but water" all round. The thought of the cold, the wet, the depth, the creatures at the bottom—eternity there—ugh! The memory of her description makes me tremble as I write it. "Give me fire, give me heat, give me flames, burn me up, but oh! the waves!" It is needless to say that she insists on cremation instead of burial. If buried, she wants it to be in Spain, where they "put people into little houses and leave the door open!"

She likes Spain, it is so cheap down there, and everything so easy, and the sky so clear. She likes it better than Italy. They do not like Carmen down there, she says. They tell her no Spanish woman could act like that. But then Carmen was not Spanish, she was Bohemian, just what Calvé is. She is more tired after Carmen than after any other rôle, and says it is a constant tension. Managers keep her playing Carmen because it is so profitable, but she has a dozen other rôles at command, some of which she infinitely prefers. For example, Santuzza in Cavalleria Rusticana and Ophelia, which are her favorite rôles. She is frightened and nervous until she begins to play.

NEW WAY TO WRITE MUSIC

WITHOUT SHARPS OR FLATS.....PHILADELPHIA RECORD

The writing of music has made but very little progress since the sixth century, when Pope Gregorius I invented the system of notes which is still in use. The only changes which have been made in these thirteen centuries are slight improvements, none of which have radically interfered with the principle and form of the Gregorian notes. Quite recently a new way has been found to simplify the writing down of musical notes. The new system does away with the sharps and flats and with a great many of the more or less arbitrary signs that have been introduced into music writing. The science of music is not touched, but the new writing is as much of an improvement over the old as the typewriting of to-day is compared to the writing of centuries ago.

Professor Hans Wagner has built up his system upon the principle of giving only one note to each key. At the present time some keys may be expressed musically in three different ways, while under Professor Wagner's simplified writing the black keys of the piano have black notes, while the white keys are expressed by notes shown in outline. The natural consequence is that pieces which were difficult to read are now brought within the scope of those who were good performers, although indifferent theoretical musicians. It must not be thought that the musical piece is changed in the least when written in the new style of notes;

it is simply another way of expressing absolutely the identical piece in new characters. The greatest difficulty in reading ordinary music is the occurrence of a number of sharps or flats, which change the meaning of a note in a space or on a line. Another great difficulty is the division of the notes in a bar, and the extension of time given to a note by punctuation and other marks. This ingenious new system does away to a great extent with the most difficult problems of musical theory, and no matter how many times the key of a piece of music may be changed, the writing is always the same.

PAINTING ON METAL PLATES

PROFESSOR HERKOMER'S INVENTION.....THE STUDIO

Among the many remarkable achievements with which Professor Herkomer has punctuated the history of his life, few are likely to surpass in interest his invention of the astonishing reproductive process, some of the results of which he has just put before the public. It gives to artists a means of perpetuating their work without having to go through the laborious process of acquiring either practical or theoretical knowledge of any other form of artistic expression than the one to which they are accustomed. There is no need for them to struggle with the difficulties of lithography, no necessity to learn the troublesome details of mezzotint, no reason why they should study the vagaries and uncertainties of photography, and above all there is no obligation on them to cramp their own aspirations and to limit their freedom of action in any endeavor to "accommodate themselves to the process." All they have to do with this new black and white art is to paint in monochrome whatever subject they want reproduced and to leave everything else to the working of an actually automatic method, which gives them back their own handiwork in a permanent and reproducible form. It is this freedom from any technicalities which cannot be learned in a few minutes that makes this invention so desirable. Everyone who knows anything about oil-painting can profit by Professor Herkomer's ingenuity, and can set to work at once to produce black and white pictures that can, by the help of a printing-press, be multiplied almost indefinitely. The only limitations in working are that the artist has to paint with a particular slow-drying ink, and that he has to substitute a metal plate for his canvas.

The history of the invention is distinctly interesting. It was in 1885, during Professor Herkomer's visit to America, that the first germ of the idea from which he has since gathered so excellent a harvest took root in the Professor's fertile mind. An American artist fascinated him with a form of work which was at the time a novelty to him. This was the producing of what are known as "monotypes," or the painting, with printer's ink on a metal plate, of pictures which are afterwards, without being engraved, run through a printing-press and so transferred to paper. Of course by such a device, which has the justification of antiquity for its practice, only one impression of the picture is possible, and the work on the plate after its passage through the press ceases to exist. Professor Herkomer was so attracted by the peculiar qualities of the prints obtained in this manner that

he occupied himself frequently with the method and experimented largely with its capabilities. In all his experiments, however, he met with the trouble that his one print was all that the plate, so treated, would give him; and this fact, which seemed to him a matter for regret, led him to make an effort to discover some means by which repetition of the original painting would be made possible.

About four years ago he took up the idea as a subject for serious consideration, and set to work systematically to put his ideas into shape. He made a series of experiments, the result of which he patented. For the next two years, however, he did nothing with the invention; it lay idle and apparently neglected. At the end of that time he began a fresh course of experiments in the same connection, and soon found his way to making so large a number of improvements upon and alterations in his original idea that a second patent became necessary. When this was secured, the invention in its present form was complete and fit to set before the public. It has taken, as may well be imagined, a very large amount of contrivance to bring it into a shape capable of giving results; and it is probable no one but the Professor himself could appreciate the extent of the ground covered by his investigations. Everything, indeed, had to be examined and to be worked out through an alternation of successes and failures. The right surface for the plates had to be decided upon; the composition of the ink was a matter of long and anxious experiment; and the peculiar qualities of this most important contribution to the success of the process had to be arrived at by an exhaustive system of comparison and testing, so that exactly the most suitable ingredients might be discovered. The right powder for dusting the plates was by no means easy to find, and it was long before the correct combination of granulation and conductivity was secured; even the electrotyping processes had to be fully and elaborately rehearsed, so that there might remain no avoidable chance of failure. Nothing was treated as unimportant and no detail was left to chance; and every possibility of improvement and of extending the scope of the invention has been, and is still being, taken into account.

PADEREWSKI ON CHINESE MUSIC

EDUCATED APPRECIATION.....SAN FRANCISCO CALL

"This music infatuates me!" It was thus Paderewski spoke of the efforts of the Chinese artists who are now filling every hole and cranny of the Chinese rookeries with the din of their unmelodious but classic productions. "Then it is music?" was asked. "Music?" he answered, "music? Why, it is wonderful music. I never saw more dramatic expression put into tones. In their plays fully half their effects are produced by the orchestra. I could not understand their words, but the music told the story. What appealed to me most was the beautiful simplicity of it all and the evident art. There can be no doubt, it is art," he asserted, when someone questioned the work of the musicians coming under that head. "It is art, too, that is the result of centuries of study. Those players do not sing as they do without great study and practice.

Neither could the instrumentalists produce the effects they do without having been carefully trained. It seems to me to combine many peculiarities of the Slavic and of the Scotch music. The rhythm is perfect. Through long recitative the entire orchestra rests, yet the measure is never lost."

IN HENNER'S STUDIO

A FAMOUS PAINTER AT HOME.....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

I had always associated my impression of the works of the great French painter Henner with the memory of luminous flesh tints, accentuated in the nude, red-haired women, lying along bottle-green grass knolls in the inevitable shadow of a forest of trees near a translucent pool; or with the heads of brown-eyed maidens, their pallid waxy complexions lit by the carmine of their feverish lips and the rich auburn of their thick hair. In fact, almost all the red-haired models in France are known as Henner's models, and they have only to pull their hirsute adornment in a thick fluffy fringe to their eyebrows in order to convince one their coiffure has been dealt with from a Henner standpoint. To my surprise, however, when I visited the old artist, I discovered him anything but exotic, and vastly simpler than his morbidly unhealthy, although none the less exquisitely beautiful, interpretations of femininity. A dear old man indeed, as modest as proverbial greatness, with his whole soul in his beloved art. "Je ne fais que c'a," he told me with a little humorous expression.

He lives up under the roof in a vast atelier as unlike the *fin de siècle*, luxury-smothered dens of the popular artist of to-day who paints solely for gain rather than the passionate love of his art, as tweedle-dum from tweedle-dee. His home is in the Place Pigalle, facing the famous *Café de la Mort*, siding towards the *Rat Mort* and in the Batignolles Quarter. Henner is an Alsatian of about sixty years of age. His face is ruddy and healthy, pink in the cheeks as Father Christmas and in outline quite as merry and promising. His short beard is snow white like his hair. He wears a worsted beret, which he pulls down low over his eyes and from under which he darts out short, comprehensive glances, when you are not looking. When you are looking, as far as you know his eyes are downcast. At times, however, he gathers courage to lift them to yours, when you find them full of sweet placidity and vividly blue as those of a boy. Away from the work-a-day world as he is, in the realms of fancy, close up to the clouds which scurry darkly past his window or fleck the blue with lacy suggestions of the thunder-heads to come, he is not at his ease with foreign elements, albeit he welcomes them most cordially, if they come recommended by old friends.

He had been ill with the grip for some three weeks when we saw him, and he had crushed his hand so cruelly that he was unfitted for work. Notwithstanding this, with his unbruised one he lifted some heavy picture frames, which held magnificent proof of his untiring energy and genius. Placing them on an easel, after having pulled it into a good light, he hid himself modestly behind them as we went into ecstasies. One of his models he has made peculiarly his own, that red-haired, low-browed maiden, gazing over a pale shoulder, across

which is twisted carelessly a scarlet drapery, lent to bring into greater prominence the strange, translucent light of a red-haired woman's flesh, which is and has been and ever will be the desire of every great French painter to perpetuate. It is so impalpably elusive, however, only Henner has produced with characteristic vigor its prototype on canvas, and for this he has received quite justly world-wide acclamation. Carolus Duran painted red-haired women's backs so exhaustively at one time, possessed of that same passion for the pale greenish flesh tints for which all French artists profess a weakness, that finally someone suggested to him facetiously that perhaps the fact that "all the women turned their backs on him" was the cause of the monotony of his point of view. Whereupon Duran turned his attention to luxurious types in marvellously painted plush.

Just as Duran made a particular study of women's backs, has Henner made a specialty of that turn of the shoulder which comprises the turn of the ear and the soft melting curve of the back of the neck. His work embodies a distinct poise as well as a distinctive type of women. He showed us another half-length figure of his favorite model, all in brown. Her drapery, of a soft snuff color has slipped from her shoulders and fallen to her supple hips. Her skin was olive. The background was pale yellow, the hair red, the eyes soft and rich from under her fringe of unruly hair as the heart of an ox-eyed daisy. I asked him did "his models all drag down their hair to their eyebrows?" To which he responded with conviction "Women were never intended to display their foreheads."

Then he exhibited a shepherd, a long-haired boy with a sheepskin thrown across his shoulder, and some landscapes in which the strange turquoise blue hue of the sky ran riot with the bottle-green of the trees. He spoke little. His pictures said so much, what need? They were proof of many years of arduous, unflagging application in the cause of art. They said an individuality as keen and acute, as rich in fervor and imagination, more so, than before his inexperienced youth knew how to ripen the color in the brushes which were stacked in various vases and bowls and odd jars and boxes of quaint device and construction about the studio. A dreamer, he lived surrounded by his dreams young and old. His is the most studious studio I know. High up on his wall are his first efforts, crude certainly and yet interesting from their contrast with those for sale at the great picture-vendors on the boulevards.

His little red-haired model has evolved herself out of all this mass of detail wherein he was determining to discover a feature in which his work should excel. He dreamed many a dream from his youth to to-day, when he ranks next to Meissonier. It took years of study to arrive at this consummate art of melting one flesh tint into another in that soft, intangible curve which dimples a woman's arm or rises in the heave and fall of her breast. Later I priced a small head of that famous red-haired model. It was twenty-five thousand francs. To me it seemed worth more than that, if only from the memory of the kind old face beaming behind the pictures which expressed Henner's life effort so efficaciously.

HUMOR IN EPITAPH: CHURCHYARD CURIOSITIES*

COMPILED BY WILLIAM S. WALSH

In the churchyard of St. John, Worcester, is an epitaph which, if brevity is the soul of wit, has high claim on that character.

Honest John
's dead and gone.

Here are some miscellaneous grotesques:

Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using Cheltenham Waters.
If we had stuck to Epsom salts
We wouldn't be in these here vaults.

FROM A NEW HAMPSHIRE CHURCHYARD.

To all my friends I bid adieu,
A more sudden death you never knew.
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked, and killed me quicker'n a wink.

ON AN EAST TENNESSEE LADY.

She lived a life of virtue, and died of cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years, 7 months, and 16 days. Reader, "Go thou and do likewise."

The following was composed by three Scotch friends, to whom the person commemorated had left a legacy, with the hope expressed that they would honor him by some record of their regrets. The first friend composed the line which naturally opened the epitaph:

Provost Peter Patterson was Provost of Dundee.
The second added:

Provost Peter Patterson, here lies he.

The third could suggest no other conclusion than:
Hallelujah! Hallelujee!

The following must be taken as a fling at a noble profession:

Here lies the corpse of Dr. Chard,
Who filled the half of this churchyard.

This is as bad as the unkind hint conveyed in the following, in a churchyard near Newmarket:

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who never did aught to vex one.
Not like the woman under the next stone.

Domestic troubles have been laid bare on the tombstone from the time of the Greeks and Romans. Here is a piece of atrocious doggerel to be seen in Selby churchyard, in Yorkshire:

Here lies my wife, a sad slattern and a shrew;
If I said I regretted her I should lie too.

The following, which frequently appear in collections of epitaphs, are not credited to any locality, and may be mere wandering bits of epigrammatic misogyny:

This dear little spot is the joy of my life:
It raises my flowers and covers my wife.

I am not grieved, my dearest life,
Sleep on — I've got another wife;
Therefore I cannot come to thee,
For I must go and live with she.

*A selected reading from Handy Book of Literary Curiosities. By William S. Walsh. This book is an invaluable treasure-house of literary material, but slightly represented by its title. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

My wife's dead; and here she lies,
No man laughs, and no man cries;
Where she's gone, or how she fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,
But dead as a door-nail, and God be thankit.

In the following the tables are turned:

Here lies the body of Mary Ford,
Whose soul, we trust, is with the Lord;
But if for hell she's changed this life,
'Tis better than being John Ford's wife.

Intentional drolleries frequently take the form of puns. Among these should rank the epitaph on Mr. Foote, of Norwich:

Here lies one Foote, whose death many thousands save,
For Death hath now one foot within the grave;
and the one on Mr. Box:

Here lies one Box within another.
The one of wood was very good,
We cannot say so much for t'other;

also the famous one of Sir John Strange:

Here lies an honest lawyer,
That is Strange!

A "happy conceit" it was doubtless thought in 1640, to write over a member of parliament named White:

Here lies a John, a burning, shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all alike were White!

The following is by Swift on the Earl of Kildare:
Who killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill?
Death killed Kildare — who dare kill whom he will.

Here are a few miscellaneous examples, the first on a Mr. Fish:

Worms are bait for fish; but here's a sudden change:
Fish is bait for worms — is not that passing strange?

On William Button, in a churchyard near Sanbury:

O sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles!
Are graves, then, dwindled into Button-holes?

On Foote, the comedian:

Foote from his earthly stage, alas! is hurled;
Death took him off, who took off all the world.

The following mark of esteem is as terse as it is ambiguous. It is found in a churchyard in Grafton, Vermont:

GONE HOME



Is the satire in the following examples intentional?

Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged eighty years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confidential hope of a better life.

Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, who was accidentally killed in the forty-fifth year of his age. This monument was erected by his grateful family.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

THE WONDERLAND OF RORAIMA

THE MYSTERIOUS BORDER COUNTRY.....THE NEW YORK SUN

Perhaps one result of the Venezuela boundary commission's work will be the solving one of the most remarkable geological enigmas in the world, and the exploration of what is regarded as a unique natural wonderland. This remarkable region is a number of elevated and isolated areas of land, situated on what the British call British Guiana's southwestern boundary, which is the disputed territory. It is on the British side of the Schomburgk line. A British Guiana newspaper describes this region, as far as it is known, and expresses the hope that the final settlement of the boundary controversy will leave it well within British bounds. Should there be another result, however, the newspaper says, the region should be made an international park, something on the plan of the Yellowstone park reservation.

The region is called by the Indians "Roraima," but the several isolated areas are known by distinctive names. Each consists of what might be called an isolated mountain, but is really a tableland, comprising an area of 100 or more square miles, elevated several thousand feet above the surrounding country. The rocky sides of the mountains are as perpendicular as the Hudson river palisades and entirely bare of vegetation, and have defied all attempts to scale them. The level summits are covered with trees and other vegetation, and down the rocky sides fall a large number of cascades of considerable size, indicating certain existence of rivers and streams on the mysterious summits and probably of lakes that feed the rivers. The summits have been observed with telescopes, and are known to be as full of plant life as the tropical plains below, but beyond this nothing is known. Because so little is known of the condition of these tablelands occasion is given for all manner of speculation as to what exists there. That the vegetation is quite different from that on the plains below the telescope shows; and that it should be so is quite natural, as the tablelands are 2,000 or more feet higher than the plains. While the climate of the plains is tropical, that of the tablelands must be temperate, not only because of their elevation, but also because of the free play the winds have about them.

Of the geology of the region this explanation is given: This part of South America rose slowly from the sea, through successive and remote ages. The Roraima mountains were formed precisely as was the rest of the land, and are the result of volcanic action. Hence, they must have been above the ocean long before the surrounding plains appeared. They stood 2,000 feet above the sea level when the neighboring mountain tops were but islands in the ocean. In the course of a period, difficult to appreciate, the adjacent valleys and plains appeared above the water and became covered with vegetation and animal life. But the isolated plateaus of Roraima had a tremendous start of the plains below. Here comes the alleged ground for the speculation that perhaps on these mysterious summits there exist flora and fauna unlike any found elsewhere, forms

of life that long since disappeared from other parts of the world, but remained the same on these summits because unaffected by the influences of communication with the outer world. All sorts of wild guesses have been hazarded regarding the existence of strange reptiles and animals among the streams and forests of Roraima.

The cascades falling from the summits are among the highest in the world. One is 2,000 feet high, and is broad enough to be visible thirty miles away. It falls sheer, without a break. The mountains from which these cascades fall form the dividing watersheds of the Amazon, the Orinoco and the Essequibo, the three great rivers of South America, and the waters of the cascades flow some to one and some to another of these rivers. It is argued, that to supply these waterfalls there must be a considerable body of water on the mountain plateaus, and it is natural to conclude that where there are large bodies of water there are fish and reptiles. The resulting conclusion that, because these fish and reptiles must have been isolated on the mountain tops for ages, they are likely to be different from any known species, is regarded as quite natural. The mountain plateaus form practically little countries by themselves like islands, but more isolated, because the ocean of air that surrounds them does not afford the facilities for communication with other islands as do the waters of the ocean itself. One of these plateaus, known as Kukenham, which is better situated for observation than any of the others, is estimated to have an area of 200 square miles or more. The smallest, which bears the name common to the group, Roraima, is estimated to contain 80 to 140 square miles.

The story of this mysterious region is not new, at least in British Guiana. It is many years since any scientific men were in the region, but chance travellers and gold prospectors happen there at odd times, and when they return to Demerara they add their little store of information and mystification to the rest. Schomburgk pointed out the great importance of the region to Great Britain, as it is the dividing watershed, but the writer in the British Guiana newspaper does not say whether the exploring botanist had much to say about the wonders and mysteries of the Roraima region.

IN THE WONDERFUL NIKKO TEMPLE

A MARVELOUS STRUCTURE.....BOSTON HERALD

The more I see of Japan, the more it fascinates me. The cultivated parts are a continuous garden, every square foot utilized. Where the land rises above the level of possible irrigation pine trees are planted. Mulberries, for the food of the silk worm, and fruit trees give variety to the stretches of rice, millet and vegetables. These level and terraced fields are bounded by wooded heights. Often between the fields are hedges—not to make a barrier, but rather to indicate a boundary. There are no fences seen in a day's ride—that is, no real fences. Sometimes one comes to a light latticework of bamboo, like the work of children. The trees range from the slim and symmetrical bamboos, with tops

as graceful as ostrich feathers, to massive pines, camphors and cryptomerias, uniting elegance with amplitude.

The people interest me more than the landscapes. They present to the traveller constant adaptation of means to ends approaching perfection. Most of them are poor, but without squalor, half naked, yet not ashamed; industrious, but not without leisure and its fruits. Everything they have, from the bamboo gutters and conductors on their simple houses up to the best products of their art, serves its purpose admirably. Even their wooden pattens and clogs, their straw rain coats and oiled paper umbrellas, seem to be the very best for them. They have arrived at their methods by long experience. If their civilization is not of the highest character, it is complete. Add to this their urbanity and cheerfulness, the happiness of the children, the perfect manners of the maidens, and, indeed, of the whole population, and one gets the impression that here is a people who can teach the missionaries sent to them many useful lessons.

After returning from Atami to Yokohama and spending one day in trying to digest what we had seen and yielding to the temptations of curios which are never duplicated, but always new and original, we started one morning for Nikko. At Nikko are the most famous and the most elegant temples, in the highest state of preservation, placed in scenery at once grand and beautiful. These costly works of art are not so much temples to-day as national monuments. No words can convey an idea of their elegance or the richness of their decoration. No European cathedral or palace can compare with them in the latter respect. Of course they lack the majestic proportions of the famous Christian churches, but in variety, originality and richness of ornamentation they surpass the finest productions of European builders. Many of them have substructures of stone, but the rich effects are produced by bronze and lacquer work, and by such carving as only Japanese artists have accomplished. The carvings are generally on the exteriors. Many are grotesque, but all are full of life and action. I recall a frieze of large monkeys, one of which presses his paws upon his lips, another on his ears and a third on his eyes. Also a sleeping cat over a gateway, so lifelike that one expects to see her move if disturbed. Outside and inside the most charming harmonies of color arrest the attention.

We advance from court to court through these wonderful gateways, finding each more beautiful than the others; and around all and among all the stately cryptomerias, adorning a stone stairway here and stretching to right and left in grand avenues. Nowhere else have I seen such combinations of nature and art. As we advance we constantly ascend, opening new vistas continually, and after we leave the last court of the temple there are 200 stone steps, divided into four great stairways, which lead up to the mausoleum of Ieyasu. The tomb itself, shaped like a small pagoda, is a single bronze casting of a light color, produced by the admixture of gold. The accessories include a stone table bearing an immense bronze stork with a brass candlestick in its mouth, an incense burner of bronze and a vase with artificial lotus flowers and leaves in brass. Turning from this, we pass on to other temples,

through other stately avenues and spacious courts, to the mausoleum of Iemitsu, equally beautiful, though less profusely decorated. You must imagine tori, those peculiar temple gates of granite and bronze, great stone lanterns, huge bells, stone fountains, so finely leveled that the water flows over every inch of their circumference in a silver film, the rich colors of the bronze and the lacquerwork—the latter sometimes vividly red—leaping cascades, colossal sculptures, and, above all, the enormous trunks and the graceful foliage of the trees. I saw the temple one moon-light night and the vision of beauty was far beyond any dreams of fairyland.

The floors of the temples are either shining with lacquer or covered by immaculate mats, and the visitor is obliged to remove his boots at the threshold, putting on a pair of soft-soled slippers. When I tell you that these structures extend over hundreds of acres, and that there are miles of stately avenues, you can form some idea of the extent of the famous Nikko temples. The amount of human labor expended here—and generally labor of a high order of artistic skill—is something enormous. The richness of the materials used is also to be considered. It is estimated that these temples could not be reproduced to-day for \$50,000,000. They are visited by thousands of pilgrims, who show all the outward forms of devotion. Certain it is that the opportunity to see such works of art must be an æsthetic education. The ethical instruction is rude, but it seems to include all that is considered essential by the great body of Christians. They have a supreme god—Amida—and many subordinate deities, to whom they appeal for special blessings. They have a system of rewards and punishments after death, and the most elaborate philosophy of prayer. They are taught reverence, charity, kindness, honesty, veracity. The result of this teaching is a kindly, urbane, docile people, comparing favorably in all the fundamental virtues with any western people. It is true that there are many things which appear frivolous and childish in their theology.

IN A MEXICAN CEMETERY

RENTING GRAVES BY THE DOLLAR PER MONTH....PHENIX HERALD

A correspondent describes the queer cemetery of the Mexican village of Guanajuato. There is hardly room in Guanajuato for the living, so it behooves her people to exercise rigid economy in the disposition of her dead. The burial place is on the top of a steep hill, which overlooks the city, and consists of an area inclosed by what appears from the outside to be a high wall, but which discovers itself from within to be a receptacle for bodies, which are placed in tiers, much as the confines of the native valleys compel them to live. Each compartment in the wall is large enough to admit one coffin, and is rented for one dollar per month. The poor people are buried in the ground without the formality of a coffin, though one is usually rented, in which the body is conveyed to the grave. As there are not graves enough to go around, whenever a new one is needed a previous tenant must be disturbed, and this likewise happens when a tenant's rent is not promptly paid in advance. The body is then removed from its place in the mausoleum, or exhumed, as the case may be, and the bones are thrown into the basement below.

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

From One to Climax is the attractive title of Will N. Harben's story in Lippincott's Magazine for June. It is the complete novel of the number, and as Mr. Harben's first detective story will interest the large number of his readers and admirers.

Of Joaquin Miller's The Port of Ships, reprinted in the May number, the London Atheneum in a recent critical article on American letters says: "In point of power, workmanship and feeling, among all poems written by Americans, we are inclined to give first place to the Port of Ships of Joaquin Miller."

A "midget" Testament, three-quarters of an inch long and half an inch wide, weighing only twenty-six grains, and a "mite" Bible, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches high by $1\frac{1}{2}$ wide, containing 936 pages, and weighing 180 grains, have just been published by a Glasgow firm. They are said to be the smallest Bible and Testament in the world.

English reviewers have suggested both Herbert Spencer and James Bryce as the possible authors of the anonymous reply to Max Nordau, entitled Regeneration.

Col. T. W. Higginson has presented to the Boston Public Library his unique collection of books relating to the history of women, comprising about 1,000 volumes. The books are in a variety of languages.

The Baroness von Eber-Eschenbach is not only a celebrated novelist, but likewise a practical watchmaker. Her remarkable collection of watches has had many wonderful accessions.

The Société des Gens de Lettres has made with an advertising agent a contract, by the terms of which French books are to contain several leaves of advertisements of all sorts. These will be bound in the back covers of every volume. The money earned from this contract by the society is to be applied to its authors' pension fund.

The Chap-Book is to remain in Chicago, in spite of various reports to the contrary. It will have on its title page H. S. Stone & Co., instead of Stone & Kimball as before. This means that there will be no great change in its policy. Mr. Herbert S. Stone continues as editor, and Mr. Harrison G. Rhodes as assistant editor.

Emile Zola has written an open letter to the young men of letters who disavow in the new literary reviews the influence of his works upon them. He says: "If you knew how you make me laugh! If you could see with what sardonic smile I read your reviews! They are grayish, dull and dead, your reviews. Our antique magazines, which are so copious and grave, are light and gay in comparison with yours."

It is noted as a curiosity of book making that Hopkinson Smith's new novel, Tom Grogan, just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, will go down to fame as the first book ever bound by workmen wearing kid gloves. The cover is unique and the peculiar sensitiveness of the process by

which the delicate gloss of the covers is produced, precludes the touch of the bare hand to the unfinished book; therefore, clean white gloves are employed.

Roberts Brothers publish a series of twenty miniature posters drawn by Aubrey Beardsley. They represent the title designs for the Keynote Series. The dainty little collection sells for one dollar.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's full name is Arthur Seymour Sullivan. To avoid the unfortunate combination of initials, the second name has been discreetly dropped.

It is understood that a bill will soon be introduced in the New York legislature providing for the purchase of the Poe cottage at Fordham and an acre of ground around it, the property to belong to the New York park department and to be under its care.

The widow of the Southern poet, Sidney Lanier, is giving readings from her husband's works and is meeting with success.

The Werewolf, upon which the late Eugene Field spent an enormous amount of labor, rewriting the narrative seven or eight times, turns out to be a romantic episode of old Saxon times, in which metempsychosis plays an ingenious part.

John Jacob Astor's novel work, *A Journey in Other Worlds—A Romance of the Future*, has been translated into Swedish by Alex Josephson.

Like Hall Caine, Thomas Hardy began his career as an architect, and wrote two unsuccessful novels before he made literature his profession.

In a biographical sketch of her father, the poet, in the current number of the Cambridge Magazine, Miss Alice Longfellow says that an unpaid bill weighed on him like a nightmare. He was so reserved and talked so little about himself that sometimes a volume of his verses would appear in print without his family even knowing that it was in course of preparation.

The Transatlantic Publishing Company of New York will soon bring out a sumptuous edition of the libretto which George Parsons Lathrop has made of Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter for Walter Damrosch's opera of that name. It will be printed on good paper with wide margins, the latter of which will be ornamented with reductions of Darley's illustrations taken from Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s edition of Hawthorne.

Mrs. Custer's favorite home is a secluded log cabin near the Pocono river, seven miles from the Delaware Water Gap and "two and a half miles from a door-bell." Here she finds it possible to do more writing in a day than in a week of city life.

Literary people in London recently affixed a memorial tablet to the house at Hampstead where the poet Keats lived for some time.

The London Times illustrates the growing importance of American literature in the eyes of English critics by referring incidentally to two Yankee

authors in a review of "Q's" latest short stories. "The Bishop of Eucalyptus is good, but it is good Bret Harte." And again: "A Young Man's Diary might, in Mark Twain's violent phrase, 'make a stuffed bird laugh.'"

Gerald Massey, the veteran poet, is ill. He has recently suffered great domestic sorrow by the death of his only son, a young man of great promise, who recently went out from England to an appointment in Nova Scotia.

Mr. Howells is said to be dramatizing *The Rise of Silas Lapham* for Mr. Crane.

H. C. Bunner's forthcoming *Jersey Street and Jersey Lane* is described as a collection of urban and suburban sketches.

One of the most prolific authors of short stories in England is Mr. Pett Ridge, who in the brief five years he has been writing them has produced two hundred and fifty, besides a countless number of sketches and dialogues. Mr. Pett Ridge is thirty-five years old. He is an employe, on a small salary, of the municipality of London, and this gave him his entire support until he went into journalism.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles will be put on the London stage. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who has been engaged to take the title rôle, has been in Dorchester for some time studying the local dialect that she may more efficiently take the part. Mr. Hardy has been conducting Mrs. Campbell over the country which forms the background for the greatest of his novels.

Professor C. A. L. Totten, a former instructor in Yale, has issued a calendar for past and future time, covering a period of 67,713,250 years.

Percy White, author of *Mr. Bailey-Martin and Corruption*, says the Bookman, the son of the late Dr. Charles White, who carried on a private school for many years at Hove. Mr. White's first intention was to follow a scholastic career, but after some time spent as professor of English language and literature in a French college, he drifted into journalism. For the last eight years he has edited *Public Opinion*.

Someone asked Max Nordau to define the difference between genius and insanity. "Well," said the author of *Degeneration*, "the lunatic is, at least, sure of his board and clothes."

The delightful dialect poem *Wee Wifey* was originally written by Wallace Dunbar for an American magazine though credited by Current Literature to *Great Thoughts*, the English periodical, where it recently appeared.

Herbert Spencer has at length all but completed his great system of synthetic philosophy, although, since 1860, he has feared he would not live to finish it. He has been of delicate health from childhood, though he is now seventy-six years old. His plan for formulating his philosophic system comprehends a work in five divisions, some of one volume and some of two; first principles, biology, psychology, sociology, and ethics. He is now engaged upon that part of the sociological division which he is bringing to its close with industrial institutions. America has a peculiar interest in the work, since

it was the United States that taught England to appreciate Spencer, and it was very largely through the instrumentality of Americans—Professor E. L. Youmans, Dr. McCosh, Henry Ward Beecher, John Fiske, and Henry Holt among them—that Spencer was enabled to undertake and to go on with the work he planned in 1860. His American publishers are the Appletons.

A series of biographies devoted to famous Scots has been undertaken in London, and the first volume, *Thomas Carlyle*, by Hector G. Macpherson, is just ready.

The Chicago Dial says: "The following sentence from Paul Bourget's new novel, *A Tragic Idyl*, might fairly be described as a specimen of rainbow rhetoric: 'She had come, so beautiful, so slender, all in mauve, along her pathway lined with blue cinerarias, yellow pansies and large violet anemones. Rose bushes close at hand filled the air with an aroma like the aroma of the present. And, both seated on the white heather, under the black pines with their red trunks, which descend toward a little creek of blue water and gray rocks, he had laid his head on the heart of his dear companion.'"

M. Paul Meurice has undertaken the editing of Victor Hugo's correspondence. Victor Hugo was an ideal letter-writer. He was as punctual as Mr. Gladstone in answering communications addressed to him. No subject, from Paris drainage to the Romantic movement and French politics, came amiss to him. His letters will prove an invaluable memorial of his time.

Professor Daniel Giraud Elliott, F. R. S. E., the author of *North American Shore Birds*, sailed recently on a hunting expedition to the interior of Africa, to secure big game for the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago. He will have under him some fifteen men.

A Russian writer, N. A. Rubakin, has published a book entitled *Reading Russia*, which contains some interesting statistics. It appears that only seventeen out of every one hundred Russians know how to read. For the 125,000,000 of Russians there are but 900 newspapers, and their circulation is small. Most of the books read are translations of foreign authors, chiefly French. St. Petersburg, the capital, has only 28 bookstores. Of the many places mentioned as bookstores in the provinces, the majority are stationery stores in which a few schoolbooks are sold.

Paul Verlaine's memory is to be perpetuated by placing a marble bust in the garden of the Luxembourg. It will be not far from those of Banville and Mürger and will be adorned by bas reliefs of scenes from Verlaine's works. It is to be made by the sculptor Niederhausen. The cost will be defrayed by the publication of a work devoted to Verlaine and his masterpieces, in which many admirers of the poet are to collaborate.

It is announced from the office of the Publishers' Weekly that The Annual Literary Index for 1895, which is about ready for delivery "includes for the first time what is practically an index to the daily newspapers, being an alphabetical index to dates of the principal events of 1895."

LIBRARY TABLE : GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain, and other stories. By Charles Egbert Craddock. One of the few great living American authors is Miss Mary N. Murfree. She has focused her work on one locality, the Tennessee Mountains, and with singular power has pictured Nature in a hundred moods. It is not merely bits of constructive description carefully elaborated, but the deep sympathetic love of Nature that seems to her ever new. When one of Miss Murfree's characters steps to the window or the door, so vividly is the scene present to the author that it seems she cannot but speak it, the beauty of the full moon, flooding the valley with light, the airy halo of sunlight on a mountain peak, the mystic silence of a ravine, all are eloquent to her. Her presentation of characters is sympathetic and interpretive, so much so that she has been accused of idealizing her mountaineers. It is not so,—she has been but a voice for their silent living, the vague, unformed thoughts of theirs she has but developed and formulated and expressed. It is this element that shows her genius; any one can kodak tangible characteristics,—that is mere literary photography,—while Miss Murfree's work is imagination and interpretation of a very high order. Her touch is that of a Meissonnier in the cumulativeness of the detail, and her mountain canvases are worthy to be placed on the line in the salon of American literature. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The Religion of Hope. By Philip S. Moxom. There is stimulating, hopeful, religious thought in this volume of seventeen sermons selected from those preached by Mr. Moxom in his thirteen years' pastorate of a Congregational church in Boston. There is not in the book any unity of plan but there is unity of religious sentiment. "The sermons," says the writer "truly reflect the attitude of my mind and heart toward the fundamental truths of Christianity during the larger part of my service as a Christian minister, and they show the note of hopefulness has been, throughout, a dominant one." And in these days of pessimism, the pure, clear note of hope is what is needed. (Roberts Bros., Boston.)

Old Diary Leaves. By Henry Steel Olcott, Founder-President of the Theosophical Society. Mr. Olcott claims to tell the true story of the Society, and quotes as a mild disclaimer against doubters, Byron's lines, " 'Tis strange—but true; for truth is always strange; stranger than fiction." As to the strangeness there can be no question. Theosophy has impressed itself strongly enough upon the intellectual world to make the story interesting and perhaps no one can tell it better than Mr. Olcott. The progress of theosophic thought is shown in a way by the statement that in nineteen years, charters have been granted by the parent society to 394 branches in all parts of the world. Mr. Olcott has a supremely beautiful faith in Madame Blavatsky, a faith large, childlike, and unquestioning, and chronicles her wondrous doings with careful detail and great courage. A wonderful woman truly was "H. P. B.," as he calls her, wonderful if she really possessed the strange powers credited to her, or wonderful for the mighty spell she cast over her believers. Mr. Olcott justly points out the fact that however thoroughly the private faults and shortcomings of its individual leaders may be exposed, the excellence of the Society's ideas is not affected in the least. To kill the Society it is necessary to prove its declared objects hostile to public welfare, the teachings of its spokesmen pernicious and demoralizing. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law. By Harriette R. Shattuck. This manual, although intended for all students, is especially prepared for the use of women in their clubs, unions, or any organizations where it is important to

conduct meetings properly. Parliamentary principles and rules are given, the reasons why certain things are done are explained, and (which is still more essential) these are supplemented by practical illustrations, in dialogue form, which make so clear the points presented that the most inexperienced person cannot fail to understand them. The book is made as elementary and simple as possible,—containing all the minute details of presiding, debating, of making motions, of voting, etc.,—while at the same time it omits nothing essential to the knowledge of the principles, rules, and practice of parliamentary law. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

Life of John Livingston Nevius. By His Wife Helen S. Coan Nevius. Dr. Nevius was a pioneer missionary at Hangchow, and for forty years battled nobly to establish churches in China, to spread the Christian religion among an unsympathizing and hostile people, to do brave work in blazing paths where others may now walk in peace and safety. The work is thoroughly interesting as an individual biography and also as a sketch of mission work in the Flowery Kingdom. The volume is illustrated with reproductions from original photographs, and contains a map of Eastern Shantung. (Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.)

The Non-Hereditary of Inebriety. By Leslie E. Keeley, M.D. Modern Science made a great step forward when it discovered that inebriety is a disease, that the individual should receive treatment—that recognizes the real basis of the evil. The cure must be by the sanitarium, not the prison. Dr. Keeley, in his nearly thirty chapters, clearly builds up his case, his proof of his belief that inebriety can be readily cured and that it is not hereditary. The work is written in simple language, stating scientific facts so that they may be clear to the layman. He studies the cause and nature of disease and its treatment, and the question of immunity from disease in general and from the drink habit in particular. His reputation as an authority on the subject on which he writes makes the work specially valuable to thinkers and all interested in the temperance question. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

The Gold Diggings of Cape Horn. By John R. Spears. In this study of life in Terra del Fuego and Patagonia, Mr. Spears gives a series of interesting and valuable sketches. He apologizes for the fact that he is a newspaper man, but this work and his other excellent work in cosmopolitan journalism makes his modesty unnecessary. For a book of impressions, rapid surveys of the life, manners, customs, and salient features of strange peoples, the good reporter is the proper man for the work. His practice has given him an eye for the vital points of a situation, an instinct for characteristic bits that present life in vivid pictures, and an ability to get information and present it in a condensed form, that more pretentious authors do not possess. The present work shows the author not only has the required qualities, but he has used them to advantage. The illustrations form an excellent commentary to the text. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

From Far Formosa, The Island, Its People and Missions. By George Leslie MacKay, D. D. The literature of the world is indebted to its missionaries for its most intimate knowledge of many parts of the world out of the beaten tracks of travel. The isolation of a life devoted to spreading the gospel in foreign lands and the close contact with the people, gives opportunity of detailed writing at short range. Dr. MacKay has observed much in his twenty-three years of missionary life, and has recorded his observations in a most interesting way. As a description of the inhabitants, the physical features, and the resources of Formosa, this book must stand alone as the only reliable work on the subject: as a record of mission work it must be classed with

the Autobiography of John G. Paton. The work contains four maps, geological, botanical, missionary and general, reproduced from sketches by the author; and seventeen illustrations from photographs especially taken for the book, depicting life and scenery on "Ilha Formosa"—the Island Beautiful. (Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.)

The Sin Eater and Other Tales. By Fiona Macleod. The opening story is based on an Irish superstition that for a gift of money, food, and drink, the living may burden his own soul with the sins of the dead. "Like all the others in the volume, it has a morbid charm altogether irresistible. It is easy to see that the author's imagination is responsible for much of the magic and mystery of her characters, nurtured through their originals, may be upon dreams and marvellous folklore. No human being ever lived in a world so fervent with poetry and passion. The atmosphere of the whole is indescribable. Horrors are written of and crimes abound, all softened by the unearthly surroundings till they fail to shock the reader. A study of these weird but undeniably beautiful tales, leaves one with an unreal and fantastic dreaminess of the brain." (Stone and Kimball, Chicago.)

Oaten-Stop Series. This series of dainty little volumes bound in cartridge paper with labels, comprising the works of the best of the youngest American poets. Three volumes have already appeared: *Dumb in June*, by Richard Burton, a collection of poems of nature and introspection, all breathing a pure, helpful spirit; *A Doric Reed*, by Zitella Cocke, comprising *Sunrise in an Alabama Canebrake*, a beautiful picture in verse, *Song of the Mississippi*, a musical poem of fancy, and thirteen sonnets; *Undertones*, by Madison Cawein. Here are glimpses of real power and poetic imagination, dimmed by vagueness and artificiality, with strange combinations of words and metaphors whose meaning must be studied out, rather than forced upon us in their instant beauty. There is less eccentricity in the present volume than in Mr. Cawein's earlier verse, and we are glad to note his evidence in a fuller recognition of his own power. (Cope-land & Day, Boston.)

Lucius Q. C. Lamar, His Life, Times and Speeches. By Edward Mayes, Ex-Chancellor of the University of Mississippi. This is an exhaustive and faithful biography of the South's great patriot and statesman, bringing into view the thrilling and important eras of the struggle over slavery extension, secession and the Civil War, reconstruction of the Southern states, renaissance of the Democratic party, and reconciliation of the alienated sections. All is told in such a manner as to present in clear and authentic fashion the development and phases of Southern Sentiment, but from a historical and thoroughly national motive and standpoint. The work is a royal octavo of 820 pages, with sixteen full page illustrations, presenting portraits (single and in groups) of Mr. Lamar's family, and of numerous distinguished statesmen and jurists. The latter part of the book contains a full account of Mr. Lamar's career as Secretary of the Interiors and of the interests and policies of that important office under Mr. Cleveland's first administration, and also an account of Justice Lamar's career on the Supreme Bench of the United States. The essence of the work is an account of the reconciliation of the South to her proper place and influence in the Federal Government. (Barbee & Smith, Nashville, Tenn. \$5.00.)

Creation. God in Time and Space. By Randolph S. Foster, D. D., LL. D. This popular presentation of the revelations of modern science, aims to give facts rather than theories and to brighten and freshen the mind through the contemplation of the wonders of Nature. The work is designed to serve as text to a discussion that is to follow in a book entitled *The Nature and Attributes of the Supreme Being*. "Creation," in the title, is used as meaning the universe. It assumes that all of whatever exists is product of creative energy except the energy which creates and which is neces-

sarily eternal. The further words of the title, "God in Time and Space," are designed to imply that all created existence is product of divine energy exerted in progressive method and continuous forthputting of power to fill out the measure of infinite thought. The object of the discussion is to show vividly the superb vastness of creation in its time and space measures, and its method of advance from the incipient material atom to the topmost result in spiritual existence. The author aims to show that there is a difference between the inorganic and merely organic realms which requires a specific exertion of the divine Author equivalent to creative acts, and likewise between the vegetable creation and the animal, and also between the latter and the higher spiritual forms of life. The book is interesting, stimulating, and the thought is well presented. (Hunt & Eaton, New York.)

The Knight of Liberty. A Tale of the Fortunes of LaFayette. By Hezekiah Butterworth. In this series of biographies of patriots, the author has sought to present vital characteristics in the lives of the creators of American liberty, worthy of emulation by the youth of the land. In the present volume, LaFayette is made the hero of an interesting historical tale in which not only is the outline of the narrative true, but nearly all the incidents are authentic. The book as a whole is an excellent one to place in the hands of the young. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The Ivory Series. In this dainty little handy-volume series are published excellent short stories, some of which have already appeared and some now here see the light of publicity for the first time. Those already issued are *Amos Judd* by J. A. Mitchell; *Ia, A Love Story* by Q; *The Suicide Club* by Robert Louis Stevenson; *Irralie's Bushranger* by E. W. Hornung; *An Easter Spirit* by Harriet Prescott Spofford; and *Madame Delphine* by George W. Cable. The size is a most convenient one, the volumes slipping readily in a coat pocket. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York City.)

Evolution and Dogma. By Rev. J. A. Zahm. The author believes that the theory of evolution explains facts and phenomena of Nature as no other theory has done before, and that it has made luminous nearly all branches of human knowledge. He attempts in this volume to reconcile evolution with the teachings of Christianity and particularly of the Roman Catholic church, and to show that true religious faith has nothing to fear from evolution, which interprets phenomena and gives clearer views of the methods of Nature's revelation. The three topics discussed are the history of evolutionary theory; the main arguments for and against the theory as it now stands; and the relation of the modern doctrine of evolution at large to Christian faith. The author has presented his facts ably and forcibly; his work shows clear thinking and will be helpful to man. It is always a pleasure to testify to the growing liberality of religious thinkers, and to see that they can be tolerant even where they do not fully accept. (D. H. McBride & Co., Chicago.)

A Hundred Years of Missions; or The Story of Progress Since Carey's Beginning. By Delavan L. Leonard, D. D. This new book is not intended to serve merely as a book of dates or reference. Its design is not to tell a little about everything pertaining to the mission fields, but rather to tell enough about the most important and characteristic features and events in the history of the mission work of the century to meet the wants of the multitude of readers. As Dr. A. T. Pierson, editor of the *Missionary Review of the World*, who writes the introduction says: "The outline of thought covered in this *Hundred Years of Missions* is unique, and has been followed in no other book of which we know. There will be found here a review of the century's work in this and other lands, which will both instruct and invigorate the reader." It is packed full with history and crowded with interest, and will prove of special value to the Young People's Societies of America, all of which are taking up missions for study. The volume clearly shows that while, all

things considered, a most wonderful achievement has been made in a single century begun under the lead of William Carey, among the host that remains to be won over are about 800,000,000 heathen, 200,000,000 Mohammedans, 50,000,000 devil-worshipers, etc., also that the main battle, which shall mark the turning point, the beginning of the end, belongs in the unseen future. (Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.)

Bayard Taylor. By Albert H. Smyth. The latest volume issued of the admirable American Men of Letters Series edited by Charles Dudley Warner. Poet, novelist, traveler, translator, journalist and essayist was Bayard Taylor, who perhaps suffered as a victim to his own versatility. He was a man of generous impulses, tremendous activity, marvelous facility, and an unsatisfied ambition. It was his great hope to leave a name in American letters as a great poet, and had he been able to give to his ambition the necessary time he might have realized his dream. It is by his translation that he will be longest remembered. His travels through Europe, interesting at the time, have been eclipsed by the marvels of modern railways that make foreign travel so easy that the accounts are shelved for the pleasure of the travel itself. Mr. Taylor's novels have in them much that is delightful, as readers of John Godfrey's *Fortunes and Hannah Thurston* will testify. Mr. Smyth has successfully put in a brief space the leading facts in an interesting life; he has not over-exalted his subject or his powers. Taylor was thoroughly American and his influence upon our literature was ever for good. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston).

A House of Cards. By Alice S. Wolf. In their pretty Peacock Library, the publishers have issued this story of the matrimonial blunder of Loys Yerrington, a beautiful California girl who meets the man she loves after she is married to the man she doesn't love. Miss Wolf has not succeeded in making this old plot-germ sufficiently interesting to justify its use, nor in making her characters seem real and living. The book is beautiful, typographically. (Stone and Kimball, New York.)

A Library of Religious Poetry; a Collection of the Best Poems of All Ages and Tongues, with Biographical and Literary Notes. Edited by the late Philip Schaff, D. D., LL. D., and Arthur Gilman, M. A. New Edition. No book can form a better gift than this at any time to one to whom it is desired to pay respect and honor, as well as to impart an abiding pleasure. It is a book which, taken up in any frame of mind, will be found to contain inspiration, comfort and edification. The collection embraces representative poems of all ages, all denominations, and all countries, including the best translations from the Greek, Latin, German, Spanish, Italian, etc. It includes poems on nature, narrative and descriptive; poems based on historical characters and events; poems of country, patriotism, homes and missions; poems relating to scriptural places, scenes, and characters; poems on times and seasons, life and experience; poems on the Holy Trinity; poems of praise and of prayer; poems on the Savior, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection; hell, heaven, death, judgment, eternity, etc. There are, in all, 1,888 poems in the book, representing 716 authors. When this work was first issued, some of the notable poems of eminent living writers were especially revised from the printer's proof sheets submitted to them in preparation for insertion in the volume. The biographical and literary notes and data are of especial value, and the steel-plate engravings add value and interest to this most desirable acquisition for the library or the centre table. (Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, \$6.)

Christianity Vindicated by its Enemies. By Daniel Dorchester. The basis of this study of the Christian religion is well expressed in the title. The aim has been to vindicate Christianity from the mouths of its enemies, by accepting the proofs and testimonies in their admissions and concessions, and examining this material. It is a liberal position and a convincing one to let skeptics and men of the world outside of

Christianity be the judges. This novel method of argument has in it many strong points. Some of the subjects specially considered are God and Immortality, Genuine Historic Basis of Christianity, The Transcendent Character of Christianity as a Religious System, The Divinity of Christianity and its Vital Doctrines. Such testimony as is contained in the book is excellent as an armament of suggestion and defensive argument, and as Doctor Dorchester has presented this subject clearly and logically, the force is taken from many of the most telling positions of the opponents of Christianity. (Hunt & Eaton, New York.)

Memoirs of an Artist. Autobiography. By Charles Francis Gounod. The past year has been prolific in memoirs and autobiographies of more than usual importance — the memoirs of Barras creating, perhaps, the greatest general interest, and certainly arousing the warmest discussion. The supremacy of this book is threatened, however, by the appearance of the *Memoirs of an Artist*, by Charles Gounod, which is the autobiography of the great master brought down to the time of the first production of his opera, *Faust*, supplemented and rounded off by some charming and characteristic letters from the master to his friends. One has been accustomed to think of Gounod solely as a musician, but on reading his memoirs one learns that this is far too narrow a characterization. In the first place, the work indicates that as literary genius Gounod ranks at least beside that other great musical writer, Berlioz, for nothing more charming than these memoirs has come under review for many a day; his incisive and luminous comments on the literary work of many of his predecessors and contemporaries, showing him to have been in possession no less of the critical than the constructive faculty. The color and tone of the original has been admirably maintained by the translator, Miss Annette E. Crocker. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York.)

Child Sketches from George Eliot. By Julia Magruder. The author of *The Child Amy* and *The Princess Sonia* has done an excellent thing for young readers in selecting from the romances of George Eliot, and bringing together in book form, the child characters that peep out from her pages. Tom and Maggie Tulliver, of course have prominent places; they are almost autobiographic. But so, too, do Eppie and Lillo and the Garths and a dozen other of the charming and altogether natural boys and girls that live in the great romancer's stories. No better introduction to George Eliot could be put into children's hands, and Miss Magruder's gift of story telling has here been used to excellent purpose in thus deftly linking together these child sketches. (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.)

Great Men's Sons. By Eldridge S. Brooks. This glimpse of the sons of the world's mightiest men from Socrates to Napoleon shows who they were, what they did, and how they turned out. The book, says the author, is not intended as an argument for or against the disputed doctrine of heredity. It does not seek to establish comparisons or draw conclusions. It simply introduces certain boys of famous parentage to those boys and girls of to-day who are naturally inquisitive as to what this or that great man's son did in the world or what he amounted to. To satisfy this inquiry the writer has made a careful hunt through the records of the past with most entertaining results. The names covered are the sons of the following great men: Socrates, Alexander, Cicero, Marcus Aurelius, Constantine, Mahomet, Charlemagne, Alfred, William the Conqueror, Saladin, Dante, Tamerlane, Columbus, Luther, Shakespeare, Cromwell and Napoleon. The work is beautifully illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life. Thomas J. Hudson, in this new volume, seeks to carry to their legitimate conclusions some of the principles laid down in his earlier work on *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, in which he formulated a working hypothesis for the systematic study of all phenomena of the mind. The object of this book is to

outline a method of scientific inquiry concerning the powers, attributes and destiny of the soul, and to specifically point out and classify a sufficient number of the well-authenticated facts of psychic science to demonstrate the fact of a future life for mankind. He points out clearly the defectiveness of the old arguments, refers to spiritualistic and ancient psychic phenomena and hypnotism, declares that the brain is not the sole organ of the mind. He says: "Man has two minds, an objective mind, whose faculties are all-sufficing for this life and its needs, and whose power decreases as the strength of the body decreases, and is extinguished when the brain ceases to perform its functions; and a subjective mind, which is manifest only under morbid conditions of the body, which grows stronger as the body grows weaker, and is strongest in the hour of death, and whose faculties, such as telepathy, intuition, etc., perform no normal functions and are necessary for no use or purpose in the physical life. Therefore, if man possesses faculties and powers which have no normal functions in this life, and we know no faculties without a normal function to perform, it follows that the functions of such faculties must be performed in a future life." The author follows the lines of scientific induction, rejecting whatever statement is not axiomatic and whatever belief if not founded on provable fact. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Lee's Pocket Encyclopedia Britannica. This handy volume contains a wonderful amount of valuable information condensed into a very small space. It is illustrated with 12 full-page and 72 smaller portraits, 8 full-page maps keyed to show points of especial interest in all parts of the world, and a special frontispiece. Thoroughly Americanized and edited by a corps of university men, this work will prove invaluable to writers, teachers, students, merchants; to readers and thinkers in every walk of life. Never before in the history of bookmaking in America has any publisher attempted to bring out in pocket form so accurate and comprehensive an encyclopedia on general subjects, including history, biography, geography, philosophy, chronology and science. Laird & Lee, Chicago.)

The Midsummer of Italian Art. By Frank Preston Stearns. Most works on the genius of great men recapitulate the incidents of the greatness of power, but rarely show to the reader wherein they were great, what is the secret of their power. Mr. Stearns has with sympathetic analysis studied Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Correggio, and sought to show the elements of power in each in their varied manifestations. The principal works of each of these masters are discussed in detail, not merely in themselves, but as showing the mind, characteristics and ideals of the painter. While the work is not biographic, there are ever charming glimpses of the personality and mental life of the artists. The book makes one feel as if he were passing through a gallery with a kind and wise friend as guide, one who points out here a beautiful effect, there a characteristic sweep of the brush, at another part sums up a picture in a telling word or phrase. It is not criticism according to the recognized canons, it is stimulating the mind to fuller appreciation, ever showing the "how" and "why" behind effects. Mr. Stearns' work reveals the analytic faculty that interprets, not the analysis that merely analyzes. The book is beautifully printed and illustrated and well indexed. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Money and Banking. Illustrated by American History. By Horace White. "On the 25th of February, 1862," says Mr. White, "the Government of the United States made its paper evidences of debt legal tender between individuals. The nation was thus set upon the wrong road, and has been toiling in the wilderness ever since." The aim of the author is to call attention to the fundamental principles. He claims that the Government has no right to be in the banking business, the duty of its Treasury should be restricted to the

collecting and disbursing of the public revenue. The first step toward this is the retirement and cancellation of the legal tender notes. The author finds the Scotch banking system the best in the world and worthy of adoption in this country. There are only ten banks in Scotland, but they have branches in every hamlet in the nation. Deposits are received and loans are made at each branch, but the branches pay out only the notes of the bank which are redeemable at the head office. So it is necessary to have real money only in one place, instead of perhaps a hundred different places. A valuable, though incomplete, history of money in America is given, with a clear account of the functions and details of banks and banking. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Mrs. Romney. By Rosa Nouchette Carey, author of *The Old, Old Story*, etc. This is one of the most sweetly romantic stories that has been published in some time. It is merely an episode, a pathétique, but so full of human nature in the delineation of a long-cherished passion, smothered by adverse circumstances and blinded, that it appeals to the tenderer compassions of the heart and arouses almost a protest against the wrong of fate. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

An Art Failure. By John W. Harding. Illustrated by Wm. Hofacker. This story of the Latin Quarter gives glimpses of life in the cafés, and in the studios. The story is concerned principally with the life of Charles Burroughs, an American art student, and La Madeline, a model. It is interesting and well written, but this constant lifting of the lid from Latin Quarter immoralities is growing tiresome in our fiction. They call it life. Granting it all, give us life that is purer, sweeter, nobler and happier. (F. Tennyson Neely, New York.)

Books of Poetry. Among the best recent collections of verse, made familiar to our readers by generous selections in the poetry departments of *CURRENT LITERATURE*, are the following of which but brief mention need be made: Songs and Other Verses by Dollie Radford (J. B. Lippincott Co.), a collection of graceful and thoughtful poems that received high praise as they appeared in the English periodicals.—Ernest McGaffey's Poems, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., are poems of unusual quality and should give the author a very high place among living American poets. They are healthful in tone, strong and individual, vivid in imagination, varied in theme, and graphic in their pictures of nature and her moods. It is a pleasure to give such deserved praise to a contemporary poet.—Love and Laughter by James G. Burnett (Putnam's Sons) is a pleasing collection of songs in a lighter vein, and show great possibilities had the author's life been spared for development of his talents.—Fleet Street Eclogues by John Davidson (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is a collection of twelve poems on the English holidays from New Year's Day to Christmas Eve, the same characters, as a rule, appearing in each poem. The binding is an attractive combination of old blue and gold.—The Father of the Forest by William Watson is a dainty, slim little book published by Stone & Kimball. The three principal poems are the title poem, Hymn to the Sea, and The Tomb of Burns, with six shorter poems.—The Hills of Song is a series of graceful poems by Clinton Scollard, published by Copeland & Day in the handsome, tasteful binding associated with all their books. The sixty poems are for the most part short and give pleasing pictures of Nature in Europe and the Orient, some strong narrative poems, and melodious madrigals.—In Unknown Seas by George Horton (Stone & Kimball) is a modest, thin little volume of pure poetic thought, dainty imagery and musical expression; they are in reflective mood and have a classic tang and flavor.—Leviore Plectro by Alfred Cochrane (Longmans, Green & Co.) is a new volume by the author of *The Kestrel's Nest*. They are songs in a lighter vein, with delicate humor and happy turns in expression.—Alice Brown's collection, *The Road to Castaly* (Copeland & Day) is a volume of poems of communion with Na-

ture, of the voicing of introspective moods, and the strange phases of individual fancy. One of the best poems in the volume is Wood Longings.—A Woman's Love Letters is a collection of rare heart-poems, the sincere outpourings of human love, tenderness, longing and a hunger for affection that makes words seem feeble. They have the force of autobiography, not necessarily of the individual but the confession of the unspoken cry of the heart in a whole emotional class. The poet is Sophie M. Almon-Hemsley. (J. Selwin Tait.)

Buddhism: Its History and Literature. By T. W. Rhys Davids, LL. D., Ph. D. This volume is the first in a series of American Lectures on the History of Religions: the lectures being given in courses of six on each subject by eminent specialists, and delivered at educational institutions. The work covers Religious Theories in India before Buddha, Authorities on which our Knowledge of Buddha is Based, Notes on the Life of Buddha, The Secret of Buddhism, and Notes on the History of Buddhism. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Israel Among The Nations. A study of the Jews and Anti-Semitism. By Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. Translated by Frances Hellman. This defense of the Jews is written by "a Christian and Frenchman," in a most tolerant spirit. The author seeks to remove the spirit of Anti-Semitism by presenting the best characteristics of the Jews, and by showing that the world has no need to fear Jewish supremacy, that the seven or eight million Jews in the world will never be an insurmountably dangerous element among 600,000,000 Christians and Moslems. The author has studied his subject most carefully, he marshals his facts convincingly, his spirit is judicious, clear and liberal, and the work, as a whole, is a most valuable contribution to a question of great interest. He discusses the religion of the Jews, the Jew as the product of his tradition and his law, the physiology, the psychology, the genius, the spirit, the particularism, the nationalization, and the cosmopolitanism and fraternization of the Israelites. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Among the Freaks. By W. L. Alden. The humorist authors recounts his interviews with the doorkeeper of the dime museum from whom he hears much of interest as to episodes in the lives of the freaks. The trick the dwarf played on the mermaid, the troubles of the lightning calculator, how the fat woman eloped, and nine other stories will afford amusement for the passing hour. The fifty-five illustrations are by J. F. Sullivan and Florence K. Upton, who enter sympathetically into the fun. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

On Parody. By A. S. Martin. In this interesting work on parody, Mr. Martin treats his subject historically and critically, and claims for the parasite verse, a more dignified position in literature than is usually given to it. He traces parody as far back as 430, B. C., in the works of Greek poets. The selections given show careful research and reveal the choicest gems of literature suffering from this tantalizing burlesque. The work is a most entertaining collection. The worst parody is the most clever one, because by perfect grasp of tricks of style, it so mimics the beautiful original that we can never enjoy the beauty of the classic poem without the mental intrusion of its impish understudy. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

An Introduction to the Study of American Literature. By Brander Matthews, A. M., LL. B. This work is admirably designed to guide, to supplement, and to stimulate the reading of American authors; it is hence just what is wanted for a textbook of literature in our schools. Theodore Roosevelt says of it. "The book is a piece of work as good of its kind as any American scholar has ever had in his hands. It is just the kind of book which should be given to a beginner, because it will give him a clear idea of what to read, and of the relative importance of the authors he is to read; yet it is much more than merely a book for beginners." The plan

of the book is strikingly original, for most of the space is devoted to comprehensive little biographies of the fifteen greatest and most representative American writers. The work is rounded out, however, by four general chapters which take up other prominent authors and discuss the history and condition of our literature as a whole; and there is at the end of the book a complete chronology of the best American literature from the beginning down to 1896. At the end of each chapter are reading references and suggestive questions for school use. (American Book Co., New York.)

I Married a Wife. By John Strange Winter. The author of Bootle's Baby has written a pleasant little story of an army officer who marries Miss Geraldine. In the enthusiasm of her charitable duties she drifts into neglect of her husband who bears it bravely until a crisis comes in their affairs. It is a light and interesting volume in the Twentieth Century Series. (F. A. Stokes Co., New York.)

The Detective Faculty. By W. H. Bailey, Sr., LL. D. The aim of the author is to enable the lawyer, the detective, the examining magistrate, and others in pursuit of criminals, to ascertain and identify the suspected party to crime or fraud,—to warn them against false or deluding appearances, to suggest the proper mode of cross-examining seemingly incriminating circumstances, and to drill and guide the intelligence so as to make possible the discovery of truth in complex problems, and to instill the accurate trend of detective thought and investigation. The scheme and general plan of the book is better than the execution. The author has not been equal to the opportunity of his original conception. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, O.)

Elementary English. By Robert C. Metcalf and Orville T. Bright. This book is designed to supply or to suggest material for a three years' course in elementary language work and to form a fitting introduction to Metcalf's English Grammar. Since most of the language teaching in the schools should be based upon the regular work of the class room, an effort has wisely been made to show how lessons in reading, geography, history, and, above all, nature study must be made to contribute to the language teaching of pupils. This is a step in the right direction and should be of service to teachers. (American Book Co., New York.)

The Forces of Nature, A Study of Natural Phenomena, is an interesting and valuable little volume recently published by Herbert B. Harrop and Louis A. Wallis of Columbus, Ohio. The aim of the authors is to show in simple, untechnical language that the laws of mechanics "govern alike the systematic motions of worlds and the complicated functions of organic life." The clear comprehension of these fundamental principles enables one to understand to a degree the wondrous harmony of all things in nature.

Samantha in Europe. By "Josiah Allen's Wife." (Marietta Holley.) The European fever caught Josiah in its clutches and he and his partner Samantha left Jonesville with great éclat, to do the continent and visit all the shrines required by the unwritten laws of "touring." Miss Holley shows in this work as in others, the strong common sense underlying the unpolished expression of Josiah Allen's wife, her native shrewdness, her sterling honesty, her strong sympathy with the oppressed, and a vein of sentiment constantly outcropping even in most common place situations, and then losing itself in the humor of her afterthoughts. The story of Josiah's gallantry at sea is a comical one, wherein, mistaking the sounds of a fog horn for "some female in distress," he makes earnest efforts to "go to the rescue," and, finally, when informed that it is a siren, becomes eager to win the honor of having interviewed a siren—a droll satire upon the meanings of words. The chapter in which Samantha gives an account of her interview with a piano tuner, having mistaken him for a doctor whom she desired to consult, is very amusing. His antics in Ireland, striving to pose as a banshee, are characteristic of his most

mirth provoking inspirations; and Samantha's "lay" for an interview with Queen Victoria, and how it developed is very interesting. C. De Grimm has entered thoroughly into the spirit of the trip in the hundred and twenty-five artistic and humorous pictures in the volume. The fun of the book is always simple, natural and healthful. (Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York.)

Le Français Idiomatique. By Victor F. Barnard. An excellent handbook for students of French is this collection of French idioms and proverbs, with French and English exercises, alphabetically arranged and especially adapted for schools. The idioms of a language are so subtle, and so impossible of discovery or acquisition by any method of analysis that this handbook will repay not only the careful study of the beginner, but will prove of value to most advanced students. (William R. Jenkins, New York.)

The Captured Cunarder. By William H. Rideing. The author conceived a daring plan when he set Felix O'Grady captain of the screw steamer Rosario to holding up ocean steamers on the high seas in the interests of Irish liberty. The Rosario was employed in carrying armament for a fast cruiser, the Argentine Republic, when the idea of capturing ocean steamers for a fighting navy for Ireland crossed his mind. The first haul was the Grampania of the Cunard line, captured by subterfuge and force. The further adventures are interesting, and the reader is aghast at the cool and feasible way in which Cunarders might be waylaid and abducted. (Copeland & Day, Boston.)

Famous Women of History. By William Hardcastle Browne. In this excellent handy volume cyclopedia of noted women of all countries and times, the compiler has restricted himself to sketches merely biographical, giving in a few words the vital points in the life of each, and often summing up neatly with admirable condensation the characteristics of the individual celebrities. There is no review given of the works of the famous artists or literary women named; while this would be in many ways desirable, it would have extended the work beyond the limits set down by the editor, perhaps defeating the very end set for him to accomplish. For the three thousand biographic notices so easily accessible all readers who appreciate good reference books will feel duly appreciative. One thousand pseudonyms of eminent women are given, with an interesting table of the meaning of proper names of women. (Arnold & Co., Philadelphia.)

Lovers' Saint Ruth's. By Louise Imogen Guiney. Perhaps the strongest of the four stories in this volume is *An Event on the River*, showing in a forceful way the fulfilling of destiny, in which a father is condemned for a murder committed by his own son, but whose existence is unknown to the father. The Provider is based on an incident found in a newspaper wherein a little child commits suicide in order that there might be one less mouth to feed, one less body to clothe. The two other stories are *Our Lady of the Union*, and the opening story with its irritatingly possessive title *Lovers' Saint Ruth's*. There is a gentle strength and simple pathos in these stories written in the same pure and refined style shown in her verse. But there is so much human sin, sorrow, and tragedy unavoidably forced on the individual in his daily life that one longs for happier themes, for the sunlight of life or the dawn of new hope and courage, instead of the twilight and night of sadness and gloom. (Copeland & Day, Boston.)

The Jucklins. By Opie Read. A fresh, healthy and healthful story of the South is *The Jucklins*. The Jucklin family welcomed Bill Hawes to their home in North Carolina when he went down there from Alabama as teacher in the little country schoolhouse. The characters are clearly drawn and are lovable. Jim Jucklin is an honest, simple-hearted, old farmer with game birds whose fighting proclivities are ever a source of light, sweetness and peace to him in his times of

trouble. Guinea, his daughter, is sterling like her name, but with such humanly natural qualities, that prove her thoroughly womanly. The stern old Judge, hiding his generosity under his austerity, is a good character. The hero who tells the story is a frank, manly fellow inclined to underestimate his abilities and his attractions. Mr. Read could doubtless work over his book into a good clean, and interesting play of the "Shore Acres" type. So individual are the characters and so sympathetically are they drawn, that they seem almost personal friends to the reader who follows their fortunes. (Laird & Lee, Chicago.)

Studies in the Science of Drawing in Art. By Aimee Osborne Moore. The ground covered in this book might be termed a general survey of the philosophy of drawing, reduced to its simplest expression and brought within practical reach of every intelligent person. Drawing is not a study of value only to the artist and draughtsman. The educational value of drawing as training the senses, developing accuracy, stimulating the mind to clear imaging, and giving perfect expression for the impression, makes such a book necessary in the working library of every educator. The book is clear in its statement, satisfactory in its plates, and well indexed. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Elements of Geometry, Plane and Solid. By John Macnie. Edited by Emerson E. White, LL. D. In this treatise, an endeavor is made to present the elements of geometry with a logical strictness approaching that of Euclid, while taking advantage of such improvements in arrangement and notation as are suggested by modern experience. Great care has been taken in the wording of the definitions, to make them as clear, simple and accurate as possible. The exercises have been selected with a view to their bearing upon important principles, and are, with few exceptions, of such slight difficulty as not to discourage the learner of average ability. (American Book Co., New York.)

Cuba and the Cubans. By Raimundo Cabrera. Translated by Laura Guiteras. Revised and edited by Louis Edward Levy. At a time when American sympathies are so deeply enlisted in the struggle of Cuba for its liberty, this work will prove specially important. Mr. Cabrera's work is more than a polemic, it takes a broad and philosophic view of the subject. With scholarly insight and thorough analysis, Mr. Cabrera traces the existing social, political, and economic condition of Cuba and the Cubans with ease and power. He makes clear the needs and aspirations of the Cuban people as evinced by the thoughtful, conservative, and substantial elements of society, which form the true basis of the social structure. It was these elements that composed the Cuban Autonomist party which sought, through every peaceable effort, to move Spain to recognize the needs of the times, the demands of justice, and the dictates of enlightened self-interest. An excellent colored map of Cuba is inserted, and the book is illustrated with Cuban scenes and portraits of important persons in her history. (The Levy Type Company, Philadelphia.)

A History of American Literature. By Fred. Lewis Pattee. The aim of the author has been to show the fundamental principles underlying the development of our literature under the agencies of race, environment, epoch and personality. He has recognized that the literature of a nation is closely intertwined with its history, both civil and religious. As far as possible, he has made the authors speak for themselves and he has supplemented his own estimates by frequent criticisms from the highest authorities. In presenting these criticisms, he has not aimed to do the student's thinking for him, nor to furnish ready made estimates for him to swallow whole without analyzing and digesting the works of the author. He has wisely sought but to provide information and such suggestion as would stimulate the student to a more intelligent, personal study of the author or book in hand. (Silver, Burdett & Co., New York.)

BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

Architectural Masterpieces of Belgium, Holland, etc: N. Y., Bruno Hessling, bds.....	\$10 00
Shakespeare and His Predecessors in the English Drama: By Prof. F. L. Boas, Oxford: The University Series: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 12mo, cloth	1 50
Shakespeare's Comedy of As You Like It: Edited by Homer B. Sprague: Silver, Burdett & Co., cloth.....	
The Story of British Music: From the Earliest Times of the Tudor Period: F. J. Crowest: Scribner's, 8vo.....	3 50
Voice Building and Tone Placing: By H. Holbrook Curtis, Ph. B., M. D.: D. Appleton & Co., illustrated, 12mo, cloth	2 00

Biographic and Reminiscent.

Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Study of his Life and Work: Arthur Waugh: Macmillan & Co., 12mo, cloth.....	2 00
Bayard Taylor: American Men of Letters: Albert H. Smyth: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo, gilt top.....	1 25
In Jail with Chas. Dickens: Alfred Trumble: Francis Harper, cloth.....	1 25
Joan of Arc: Francis C. Lowell: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth.....	2 00
Life of William McKinley, Soldier, Lawyer and Statesman: Robert P. Porter: N. G. Hamilton Pub. Co.....	
Lucius Q. C. Lamar: His Life, Times and Speeches: Edward Mayes: Barbee & Smith, cloth.....	5 00
Memoirs of a Little Girl: Winifred Johnes: The Transatlantic Pub. Co., cloth.....	75
Socrates, and Athenian Society in His Day: A Biographical Sketch: A. D. Godley: Macmillan & Co.....	1 75

Educational Topics.

A Practical and Complete English Grammar: J. G. Park: American Book Co. (Park's Language Course), cloth.....	65
Concrete Geometry for Beginners: A. R. Hornbrook: American Book Co., 12mo, cloth.....	75
Elements of Botany: J. Y. Bergen: Ginn & Co., 12mo, cloth, I 20	
Elements of Physics: A College Text-Book: E. L. Nichol & W. S. Franklin: Vol. I. Mechanics and heat: Macmillan, I 50	
Le Chien de Brisquet and Other Stories for School Use: American Book Co., boards.....	
Object Lessons for Infants: Vincent T. Murché: Vol. II: Macmillan & Co.....	60
School Recreations and Amusements: Charles W. Mann, A. M.: American Book Co., cloth.....	1 00
The Art of Putting Questions: W. T. Young: C. W. Bardeen, paper.....	15

Essays and Miscellanies.

Dancing: Mrs. Lilly Grove, and others: Longmans, Green & Co. (Badminton lib.), cloth.....	3 50
Jewish Ideals, and Other Essays: Joseph Jacobs: Macmillan & Co.....	2 50
Lee's Vest-Pocket Pointers for Busy People: Laird & Lee, leather.....	
Occasional and Immemorial Days: A. K. H. Boyd: Longmans, Green & Co.....	2 00
Official, Diplomatic and Social Etiquette of Washington: Katherine Elwes Thomas: The Cassell Pub. Co.....	75
On Parody: A. S. Martin: Henry Holt & Co., cloth.....	I 25
The Art of Reading and Speaking: James Fleming: Edward Arnold, cloth, 12mo.....	
The Child and Childhood in Folk-thought: Alex. Francis Chamberlain: Macmillan & Co., cloth.....	3 00
The Detective Faculty: W. H. Bailey: R. Clarke Co., 12mo, cloth.....	1 50
The Mystery of Handwriting: J. Harrington Keene: Lee & Shepard, cloth, illustrated.....	2 00
The Sketch Book: Washington Irving: Silver, Burdett & Co., cloth	
What They Say in New England: Collected by Clifton Johnson: Lee & Shepard, cloth.....	I 25

Fiction of the Month.

A Fool of Nature: Julian Hawthorne: Chas. Scribner's Sons, I 25

A King, and a Few Dukes: Robert N. Chambers: G. P. Putnam's Sons: Cloth.....	\$1 25
A Rogue's Daughter: Adeline Sergeant: Frederick A. Stokes Co., cloth.....	I 00
A Strange, Sad Comedy: Molly Elliot Seawell: The Century Co., cloth	I 25
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NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Mahmoud's Flight.... W. J. Linton.... The Independent

Only his water-gourd and dates for food,—
Mahmoud is in the desert, to evade
The enemy who may not be withstood,
Fleeing dismayed.

Night after night the warning voice had cried :
“ The Sultan's Vanquisher is on his way ! ”
The unknown danger, not to be defied,
Bred his dismay.

But whither flee? To some far distant land
Where none have heard of his world-reaching fame,
Where none his proclamations understand,
Or know his name.

Far, far in the desert! Let the camel take
His way unguided, with the rein on neck :
With wide footprints — the swift sand hides the wake—
The merest speck.

Not man and camel, but a point scarce seen,
Lost soon as seen, in all the horizon shows.
Safe is he even as if he ne'er had been
Afraid of foes.

And now the rein may tighten ; past the might
Of ill, however closely it pursue.
There is no track upon the starless night,
No fear in view.

Rest for the night! But in the night his fear
Wakens and bids him further from the foe.
What if through accident he draweth near?
How can one know?

So on! Yet on! rest not for night or day,
While the last strain of sinew bears him through!
On, on, pursue the solitary way,
Though none pursue.

So hastening toward the safely distant land
Beyond o'ertaking, he one evening meets
A poor, lorn wretch, who, crouching in the sand,
Him humbly greets.

A poor, weak, failing wretch, so weak, so poor,
'Twere worse than shame to pass such wretched one,
Though the gourd empty is, and all the store
Of dates is gone.

Mahmoud alighteth : “ I have naught for thee.”
He looketh up and answereth : “ It is said.
What hast thou for thyself? Why comest to me ? ”
Then bows his head.

Bowed down, he wraps him in his mantle-folds,
Maketh no sign, nor other word he saith.
Mahmoud sinks down beside him — and beholds
The face of Death.

Far, far into the desert he had fled
To avoid the Unavoidable ; and there
They sit in the dust together, dead with dead,
Death and Despair.

The Planted Heel... Arthur T. Quiller-Couch... London Speaker

By Talland Church as I did go,
I passed my kindred all in a row ;
Straight and silent there by the spade
Each in his narrow chamber laid.
While I passed, each kinsman's clay
Stole some virtue of mine away :
Till my shoes on the muddy road
Left not a print, so light they trod.

Back I went by the Bearers' Lane,
Begged the dead for my own again.

Answered the eldest one of my line —
“ Thy heart was no one's heart but mine.”
The second claimed my working skill,
The third my wit, the fourth my will :
The fifth one said — “ Thy feet I gave ;
But want no fleetness here in the grave.”

“ Of feet a man need have no care,
If they no weight of his own may bear.
“ If I own naught by separate birth,
What binds my heel e'en now to the earth ? ”

The dead together answered back —
“ Naught but the wealth in thy knapsack.”
“ Nay, then,” said I, “ that's quick to unload : ”
And strewed my trifles out on the road.

“ O, kinsmen, now be quick, resume
Each rag of me to its rightful tomb.”
The dead were silent then for a space.
Still I stood unhurt in my place.

Said one, “ Some strength he will yet conceal.
Belike 'tis pride of a planted heel.

“ Man has but one perduring pride :
Of knowledge alone he is justified.

“ Lie down, lie down by us in the sod :
Thou shalt be wise in the ways of God.”

“ Nay, so I stand upright in the dust,
I'll take God's purposes all on trust.

“ An inch of heel for a yard of spine,
So give me again the goods that are mine ! ”
I planted my heel by their headstones,
And wrestled an hour with my kinsmen's bones.

I shook their dust thrice into a sieve,
And gathered all that they had to give.
I winnowed knowledge out of the heap :
“ Take it,” I said, “ to warm your sleep.”

I cast their knowledge back on the sod,
And went on my journey, praising God.
Of all their knowledge I thought me rid :
But one little grain in my pack had hid.

Now, as I go, myself I tell —
“ On a planted heel man wrestles well.”
But that little grain keeps whispering me —
“ Better, perhaps, on a planted knee.”

Weed and Rose.... Atlanta Constitution

A little weed grew at the foot of a rose,
And they both breathed the soft summer air,
But the little weed sighed as it looked at the rose,
For the rose was so tall and so fair.
At sunset the little weed trembling spoke,
And told of its love to the rose,
But the rose did not hear, for the language of weeds
Is a language a weed only knows.

Then the little weed wept, washed the fair rose's feet,
And the rose was refreshed for the night ;
The songs of the morning birds opened her heart,
And she lifted her head to the light.
And taller she grew, and her green leaves spread wide,
Till they shut out the sunlight and air ;
So the little weed died at the foot of the rose,
And the rose never knew it was there.

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all literary questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

248. *Stormy Petrel of Politics*: Who was the "Stormy Petrel of Politics"?—P. D. Chicsie, Wakefield, R. I.

[John Scott, earl of Eldon (1751-1838), was so popularly called because he was in the habit of hastening to London when any rumor of a dissolution of the Cabinet came to him, with the expectation of being summoned by the King to form a ministry. His errands were fruitless, both at the death of Lord Liverpool and of Canning, and at the resignation of Lord Goderich.]

249. *The Power Behind the Throne*: Who first used the expression, "The Power behind the throne"?—Kate N., Ashuelot, N. H.

[Pitt, earl of Chatham, in his speech of March 2, 1770, said: "A long train of these practices has, at length, convinced me that there is something behind the throne greater than the King himself." Dr. Samuel Johnson, who reported the proceedings of Parliament at that date, states that he wrote this in a garret, on Exeter street, London.]

250. *Dead as Chelsea*: How did the expression, "Dead as Chelsea," originate?—Phoenix, Chicago, Ill.

[It is said to have been first used by a grenadier, at Fontenoy, on having his leg carried away by a cannon-ball. It signifies death only so far as action and usefulness are concerned. Chelsea, England, is the seat of the famous hospital for superannuated soldiers, built by Sir Christopher Wren, in the reign of Charles II. A person who obtains the benefits of this institution is virtually dead to the service and to the world at large.]

251. *Seven Wonders of the World*: What are the famous wonders of the world?—M. X. P., Washington, D. C.

[The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World were: The pyramids of Egypt, the mausoleum of Artemisia, the temple of Diana of Ephesus, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Colossus of Rhodes, the statue of Jupiter Olympus by Phidias, and the Pharos or watchtower of Rhodes.]

252. *Poems Wanted*: Kindly direct me through the columns of Open Questions (a) to a poem called *The Midshipmite*, (b) and also one entitled *The Tramp*, beginning:

"Down in the Lehigh Valley me and my people grew."

—G. R. M., Rome, N. Y.

[(a) See *The Midshipmite* by Clement Scott, in *Poems for Recitation*, page 23; French & Son. (b) The line quoted by you is the ninth, not the first of *The Tramp* desired by you. See Williams' *Fireside Recitations*, No. 1, page 33.]

253. *Shakespeare and the New World*: Does Shakespeare allude to the New World in his dramas?—Quebecas, Scranton, Pa.

[Yes; he refers to America in the *Comedy of Errors*, act iii, scene 2; to Mexico, in the *Mer-*

chant of Venice, act i, scene 3; and to Bermoothes, or Bermudas, in the *Tempest*.]

254. *Silent in Seven Languages*: Who was said to be silent in seven languages?—Reader, Detroit, Mich.

[Count Helmuth Carl Bernhard von Moltke, who was born on October 26, 1800, at Parchim, in Mecklenburg, Germany, died April 24, 1891, was far from being loquacious and, as he was thoroughly conversant with several languages, it was said of him, epigrammatically, that he was silent in seven languages.]

255. *English Literature*: Would you kindly tell me where I may obtain the fullest, most complete catalogue of English books (of the English language) up, as closely as possible, to the present date?—R. Q. B., Hackensack, N. J.

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258. *The White Feather*: What is the origin of the phrase, "to show the white feather"?—Vinegar, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

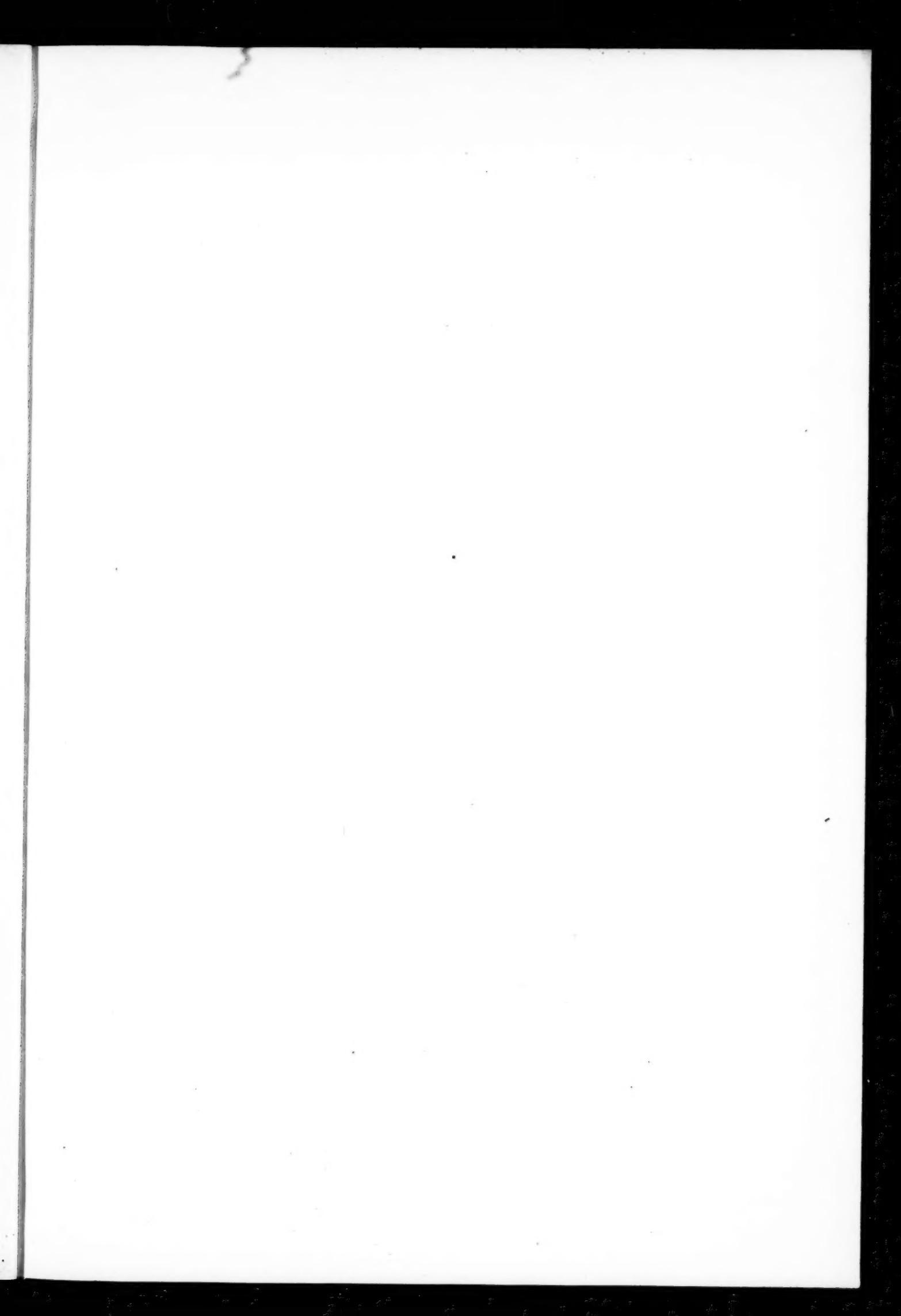
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259. *First Mention of Cycling*: In the April issue of Current Literature, under the head of "Brief Comment," the question is asked, at the end of a quotation from an Italian "Cycling paper."—"Where, we wonder, in English poetry, is cycling first mentioned?" Perhaps Pope alludes to cycling, when he says:—

"Then wheeling down the steep of Heav'n he flies." —N. D. W., New York City.

260. *The Ghost Walks*: What is the origin of the theatrical slang, "The Ghost walks?"—Geist, Hoboken, N. J.

[This expression is equivalent to "salaries are paid." During a rehearsal of *Hamlet*, by a company of English strolling players, whose salaries had long been in arrears, the Ghost in response to Hamlet's exclamation, "Perchance, 'twill walk again," shouted, emphatically, "No! I'm d——d if the ghost walks any more until our salaries are paid."]



OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all literary questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

248. *Stormy Petrel of Politics*: Who was the "Stormy Petrel of Politics"?—P. D. Chicsie, Wakefield, R. I.

[John Scott, earl of Eldon (1751-1838), was so popularly called because he was in the habit of hastening to London when any rumor of a dissolution of the Cabinet came to him, with the expectation of being summoned by the King to form a ministry. His errands were fruitless, both at the death of Lord Liverpool and of Canning, and at the resignation of Lord Goderich.]

249. *The Power Behind the Throne*: Who first used the expression, "The Power behind the throne"?—Kate N., Ashuelot, N. H.

[Pitt, earl of Chatham, in his speech of March 2, 1770, said: "A long train of these practices has, at length, convinced me that there is something behind the throne greater than the King himself." Dr. Samuel Johnson, who reported the proceedings of Parliament at that date, states that he wrote this in a garret, on Exeter street, London.]

250. *Dead as Chelsea*: How did the expression, "Dead as Chelsea," originate?—Phoenix, Chicago, Ill.

[It is said to have been first used by a grenadier, at Fontenoy, on having his leg carried away by a cannon-ball. It signifies death only so far as action and usefulness are concerned. Chelsea, England, is the seat of the famous hospital for superannuated soldiers, built by Sir Christopher Wren, in the reign of Charles II. A person who obtains the benefits of this institution is virtually dead to the service and to the world at large.]

251. *Seven Wonders of the World*: What are the famous wonders of the world?—M. X. P., Washington, D. C.

[The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World were: The pyramids of Egypt, the mausoleum of Artemisia, the temple of Diana of Ephesus, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Colossus of Rhodes, the statue of Jupiter Olympus by Phidias, and the Pharos or watchtower of Rhodes.]

252. *Poems Wanted*: Kindly direct me through the columns of Open Questions (a) to a poem called The Midshipmite, (b) and also one entitled The Tramp, beginning:

"Down in the Lehigh Valley me and my people grew."
—G. R. M., Rome, N. Y.

[(a) See The Midshipmite by Clement Scott, in Poems for Recitation, page 23; French & Son. (b) The line quoted by you is the ninth, not the first of The Tramp desired by you. See Williams' Fireside Recitations, No. 1, page 33.]

253. *Shakespeare and the New World*: Does Shakespeare allude to the New World in his dramas?—Quebecas, Scranton, Pa.

[Yes; he refers to America in the Comedy of Errors, act iii, scene 2; to Mexico, in the Mer-

chant of Venice, act i, scene 3; and to Bermoothes, or Bermudas, in the Tempest.]

254. *Silent in Seven Languages*: Who was said to be silent in seven languages?—Reader, Detroit, Mich.

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In this Number: { The Fight at Naseby.....Owen Rhoscomyl
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Volume XIX
Number 6

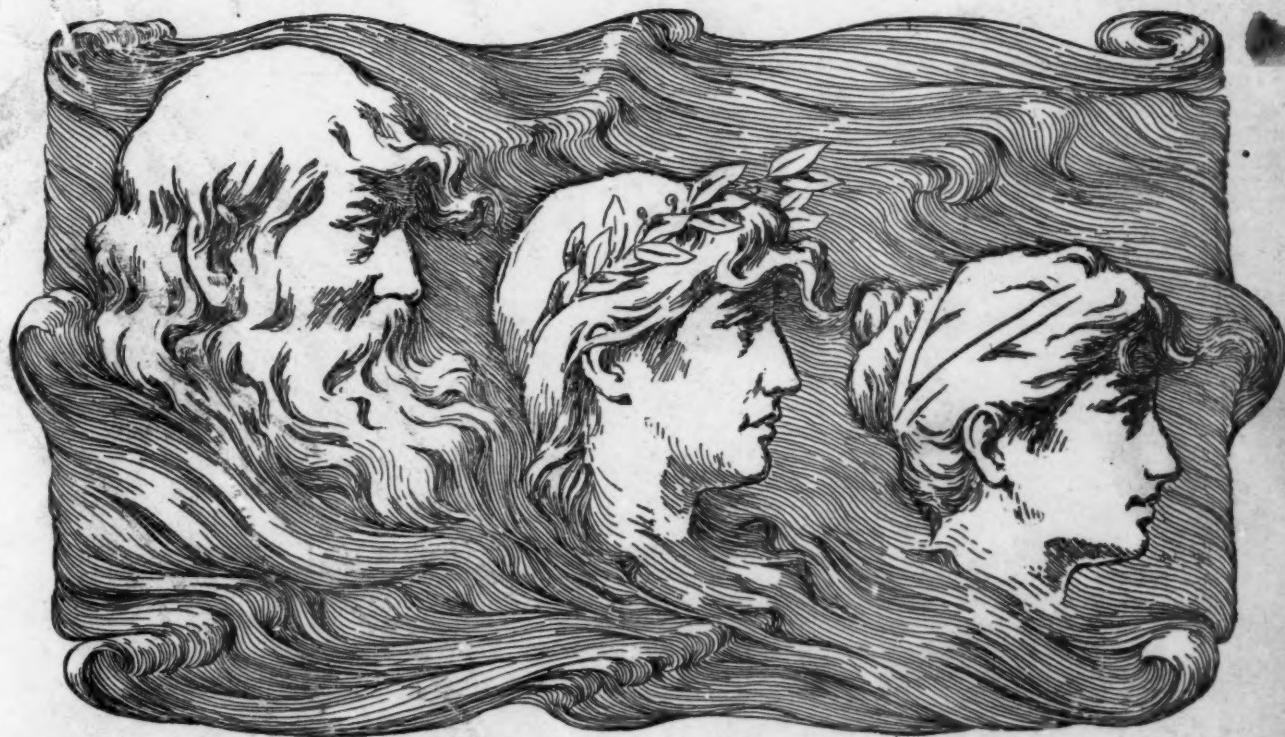
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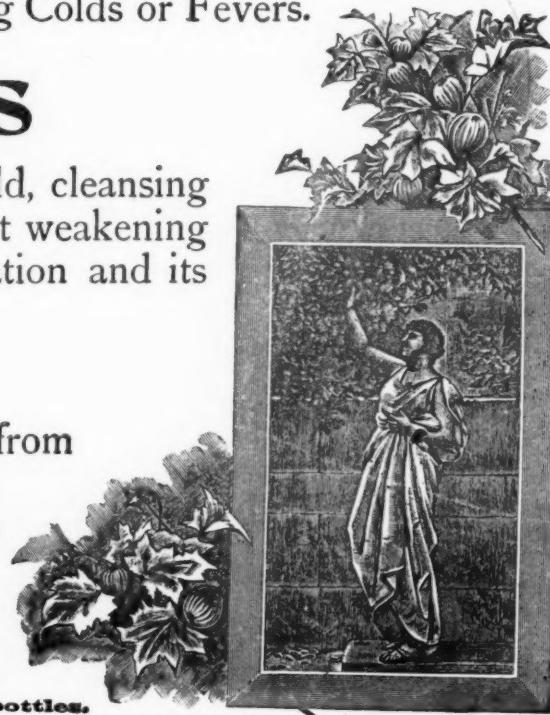
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* *

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Imperial Library	Vienna	570,000
Bodleian Library	Oxford	530,000
Leipsic University	Leipsic	504,000
Royal Library	Copenhagen	500,000
Stuttgart University	Stuttgart	500,000
Budapest Library	Budapest	463,000
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KEATING BICYCLES

Are strong as well as light. Prove it? Of course I will. See that curve? Call at our stores and I'll tell you about it. Factory, Holyoke, Mass. Art Catalogue 4 cents in stamps.

BICYCLE RECREATION DEPARTMENT

OVERDOING IT

To the Editor:—

Sir: I have noticed in my tours a number of very young children riding bicycles, sometimes with parents or older adults, at a pace which cannot but produce bad results. Greater care should be observed by parents with children until their bodies are somewhat fairly developed. Of course, from the physiological point of view, perfect development is not attained until about the age of twenty-one. Now, with a little thinking, it must appear evident to persons of ordinary intelligence that if the cartilaginous structures, or the soft, tender bones are given too much exercise, the natural result is premature growth, and almost without exception some degree of deformity. Children are not of course informed in these subjects. They do not seem to know how easy it is to injure the spinal column by too early riding, or by too much riding. At no period is it so easy to deform the curve which gives to the spinal column the ease and graceful attitude for standing erect, or for stooping, and bending, which nature has designed for it. Parents should, therefore, insist upon their children sitting erect upon their saddles and should do so with as much tenacity as they will insist upon their observing good manners at the dinner table.

Another danger of youthful riding is in the exercise of the heart. This organ is probably more exercised than any other of the body. If cycling at a brisk pace is kept up, the motions of the heart increase rapidly. I have read an authority who has given considerable study to this subject, and he states that

the beats of the heart rise from 80 to 200 in a minute, in the first exercise of bicycle riding. This increase more than doubles the amount of work done—which is a very serious fact. In children especially, the heart cannot be forced to do more than nature has designed for it. When it is overworked, it grows abnormally large, and the harmony of its work is out of tune with the other organs of the body. It is well known by those who have been engaged in the training of athletes that it is wrong to develop any particular set of muscles, and that the best training is that which develops the entire group of muscles, evenly and systematically. Now this is just what cycling does not do. It develops the muscles of the legs, and in a degree, the muscles of the arms and hands, at the expense of the rest of the body. It does not develop the muscles of the chest, the abdominal muscles, nor necessarily the muscles of the back. I have in my mind now two cases of children who, because of too much riding, became actually deformed in the lower limbs, one so that in walking he would raise his feet each step two or three times higher than he should, so high indeed that walking became almost an impossibility. In the case of the other, the calf muscles and the forepart of the thigh were developed so out of proportion that the whole body was unbalanced, and unable to perform its natural functions. Too much cycling with the young has its effect on the nerves also. With children brain and nerves ought to develop slowly. Like the muscles and the heart, if they are called upon to do too much, they be-

come unequal to the task; and yielding to over exertion, a nervous temperament is developed, and the organs of sight and hearing are sometimes affected. Even accidents and collisions may be traced to this very same source.

Yours very truly,
A Parent.

A WHEELMAN'S OPINION OF THE NEW BICYCLE LAW.

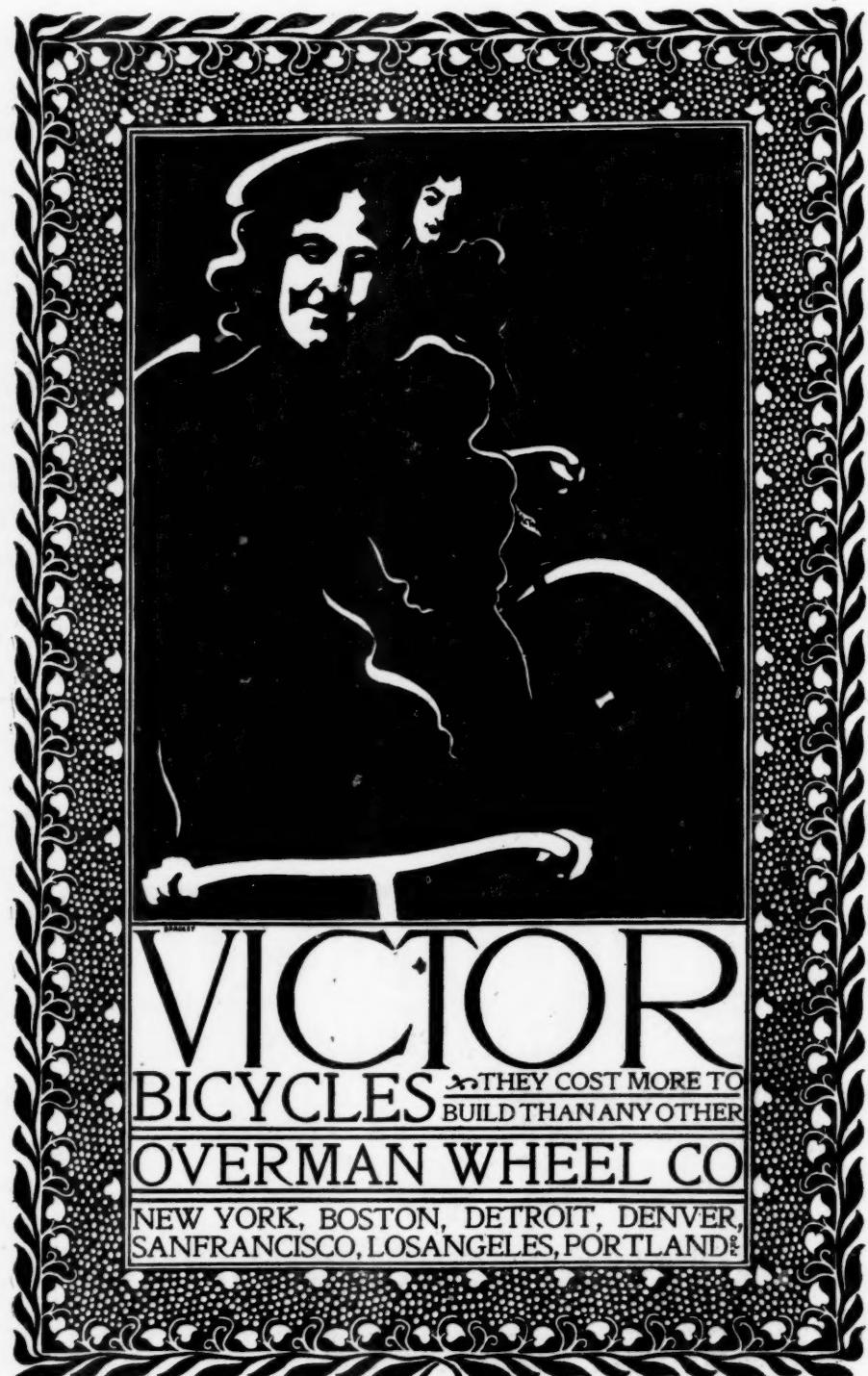
Editor of Current Literature:—

I notice that you print every month some bicycle literature in your advertising pages. As an enthusiastic wheelman I have read these items with considerable interest, and I have been considering the morality of the present law recently passed that compels railroads to carry bicycles free of charge in this city.

BARTER PRINCIPLE, COURT FAVOR.

I certainly think there are two sides to the question, and that possibly our legislators were somewhat influenced by selfish, political considerations to favor us unduly as a class. As a citizen I notice very often that our legislators are often inclined to court the voter's favor at the expense of principle. A few years ago, when bicycles were not nearly so numerous, probably there was no injustice in asking the roads to carry your machine as personal baggage, but times have changed, and in regard to the bicycle very rapidly. It is estimated that over half a million wheels were sold last year, and that a great many more are being disposed of this year. Now let

CRESCEENT BICYCLES
"SKY HIGH"
WESTERN WHEEL WORKS
CHICAGO
SEND FOR CATALOG
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Turn the
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Ride a

HUNTER
Shoot a **SMITH**

Hunter Arms Co.

Fulton, N. Y.

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W. FRED. QUIMBY, Manager



me mention briefly a few, of what seem to me, the railroads' grievances.

DIFFICULTY OF BICYCLES AS BAGGAGE.

With such an enormous number of bicycles, will the railroad companies not be compelled to add more baggage cars? They cannot tell at what point on their road they must receive any number of bicycles that are presented. Bicycles are hard things to handle in a baggage car. They cannot be tossed around like a trunk. They cannot be placed on top of one another. They must be handled carefully, and they occupy a great deal of floor space, and also the space from the bottom to the top of the car. Of course the space difficulty can be obviated somewhat by the roads fitting up cars adapted for bicycles to be stood on the floor, and to be hung from the roof. The roads will also require to have additional men to handle these bicycles.

"TIPPING" THE BAGGAGE MASTER.

A case came under my notice very recently—a baggage man had 43 bicycles in his car coming into the city. The result was that he had to leave several pieces of baggage at one of the depots. I noticed also that there was a great rush, and considerable feeling between the bicyclists themselves as to the placing of the bicycles in the car, as to the order they should be put in, and as to who should receive their machine first from the car at the place of destination; At one place the man was delayed nearly five minutes to the grievance of the passengers, in trying to ferret a machine that had got into the centre of the group. In other cases I noticed bicyclists hand the baggage master "tips" to buy favor and the right of others. Now this may appear from the baggage-man's point of

view all right but if some pay for favors, and others do not, the law will to some extent be violated, and the question of morality enters in. I also ask if it is fair to other passengers, who are riding without bicycles, to be detained so long at stations where wheels are not only to be taken off but must be searched for amongst a number of others, and which causes more than the usual delay of trains?

SHALL THE RAILROADS BE COMPELLED TO CARRY SADDLES, HORSES, BUGGIES AND BABY CARRIAGES FREE?

Bicycle riders insist that not only their wheels must be carried free, but they must be checked and handled like other baggage, and that the company must be responsible. What right after all has a man to ask that his bicycle be carried free any more than a man ask to have his saddle horse or his dog carried free? In England arrangements were made on trains for animals, but passengers must pay for these accommodations. One might also ask if the railroad companies are obliged to carry bicycles, why they are not also obliged to carry carriages of any description. If a person wants to leave his horse in the city, or at some point, and bring his carriage home. Why can't women also have their baby carriages carried free, and checked as personal baggage? If a passenger is not satisfied with the seats provided in the cars why can he not bring his easy chair along? Of course it is argued and argued correctly, that railroads are receiving a revenue from bicycle riders, which they would not receive were bicycling not so popular as it is. Riders go out for a trip, and in a great many cases make part of it by rail. Bicycling promotes a movement of people, especially on Sundays,

and the railroads profit by it. But this may reach a point where it can reasonably be assumed that railroad companies may be compelled to do business at a loss.

THE LAW UNFAIR—A COMPROMISE SUGGESTED.

It seems to me that a fair way would be to enact a law allowing the railroads to make a small charge for bicycles, and to accept the responsibility for the safety of them, as for any other baggage checked by them. It seems to me that the majority of wheelmen acknowledge that the present law is unfair, and I also believe that we bicyclists as a class are as fair-minded and honorable as any other class of citizens, and if it is shown to us that we are getting more than we pay for, we will be willing to make generous concessions, and to use our influence to undo what may be an infringement of other citizen's rights and an abuse to the railroad companies.

Yours very truly,
HARRY JENKS,
West 72d St., City.

A Maine contributor to a New York paper asks this question:

"Inasmuch as bicycling has become a fixed institution of civilization, and has assumed an importance and dignity that cannot be overestimated, would it not be a profitable investment for capitalists to construct a road connecting the great Atlantic cities?" We believe that such a plan is feasible. Of course it would involve an enormous outlay, but must in the long run be a paying investment. A good road could be constructed from Boston, through some of the larger New England towns, to New York, thence by bridge across the Hudson, on through

"WHO WOULDN'T WANT TO RIDE
and own so beautiful a wheel as the

?—Rambler—?
Rambl'r

"Just so, and when you ride a RAMBLER you feel
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is a fountain of health. The roots,
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Many people walk because they do not own a bicycle; others because their wheels
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Riders of REMINGTONS find cycling a pleasure, and are never compelled to walk.

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to whoever shall send us the greatest number of *different* Columbia Bicycle advertisements clipped from newspapers or magazines issued since Jan. 1, 1896.

Many advertisements differ only in a word or two; others in the style of type; distinct variations only, however, will be counted.

Each advertisement must have plainly attached to it the name and date of the newspaper or magazine from which it is clipped.

Separate entries cannot be combined.

Entries must be received by us at Hartford on or before Tuesday, June 30, 1896. In case of a tie, the award will be made according to priority of receipt and entry. Address

**Department of Statistics,
POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.**

New Jersey, through Princeton, through Philadelphia Boulevard, Washington, continuing through the thickly settled parts of Virginia until it reaches Richmond. It is estimated that this would cost \$100,000,000. There are at present 10,000,000 people living near enough to be accommodated by such a course daily, and the population is steadily increasing. His idea is to make a lightly constructed covered course, in which riders going one way should keep to one side, and returning, on the other side; the tract to be constructed as level as possible, and elevated most of the way to avoid drifting snow, road crossings, etc. Speed could be made equal to or faster than on the best racing tracks, and cyclists of all classes would flock to enjoy the advantages of such a course. Travel between cities would be made easy for the devotees of the wheel, and business thus could be combined with pleasure. Such a road would certainly give an impetus to bicycling. The course would become world famous for its novelty and the pleasure which could be derived from excursions awheel where 20 to 30 miles an hour could be made; and so it would become like some of the boulevards of Paris, a common ground for all nationalities. It is suggested that fees could be charged to those who witnessed the panorama from certain vantage points, as well as those who ride. Altogether it would be an investment for those who wish to invest that would pay good dividends, and more and more as time goes on.

Waverley Bicycles. \$85.

.. America's Favorites ..

Are built in the Largest and Best Equipped Factory in the World.

LOST \$15.00 By thousands of people who have paid \$100.00 for a bicycle when they could have purchased a Waverley, the Highest of all High Grades for \$85.00, the wheel that is the result of a combination of the best material, the most approved lines of scientific construction, the greatest mechanical skill, and finest labor-saving automatic machinery. They are built to wear for years, and are the choice of experienced riders, who select a mount they can always depend on. Send for catalogue.

Eastern Wholesale Branch, 339 Broadway, New York.

**INDIANA BICYCLE CO.,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**

Mr. Sidney Stevens argues that out of ten millions of people, 100,000 people a day would avail themselves of the track at twenty-five cents each. This would bring about \$8,000,000 a year; while money earned by letting bicycles, and from spectators, would probably pay the running expenses, which would not be very heavy. It is said that great parades could be indulged in, tours could be made into the country from points all along the great course, and the range of territory to be explored by enterprising and inquisitive riders could be extended indefinitely. For instance, a man leaving New York could run to Richmond within a few hours, and take a little run out through old Virginia, dash home again on a quiet Sunday, or if he was devotionally inclined, could go to Boston, hear a good sermon, eat luncheon with his brother or friend, and be back again before night.

Here is something for the L. A. W. and for the great army of bicycle riders to consider.

Editor of Bicycling and Recreation Dept.,

Dear Sir: A few days ago I called on a friend whom I had not visited for some months. On my previous visits these friends, who are in comfortable circumstances of life, owned three horses and two or three driving carriages. Imagine my surprise when I was taken to the cellar by my hostess, and shown a line of bicycles placed neatly in bicycle stands, ten in number. I asked what it meant, and briefly the answer was this: "We have sold our horses and carriages, and adopted the bicycles. We are all riding bicycles, and here are ten of them, as you see, three ladies', for my two daughters and myself, the rest for my husband and sons, except one, which my maid uses." Thinking this over the question occurred to me, "Are we not on the eve of a horseless era?" I read only yesterday in one of the papers that the Pennsylvania and New York Central Railroads are considering the question of adopting electricity instead of steam, and it also seems to me that the people are going to adopt the bicycle instead of the horse. Certainly the public at large have taken a firm hold of this system of locomotion, and the general opinion of a year ago, that the bicycle was a fad of the day and would pass away in a short time, has undergone a complete change. It seems that everybody is now converted to the bicycle, the secret of its success being that no other method of locomotion is so convenient, so cheap, and so productive of pleasure and recreation. I would like to see some opinions from other readers on the question of the bicycle completely supplanting the horse.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. L. W. BURTON.

N. Y. City.

Editor of Bicycle and Recreation Dept.,

Dear Sir: A few of us started out from Harlem last Sunday to make our first visit to Jersey on the wheel. We knew nothing of course about Jersey roads and scenery, but we were all so pleased with our trip that we thought it might be of interest to some of your readers to know the road that we traveled over. Reaching the 42d St. ferry, we crossed over to Weehawken. From Weehawken we had a hill of probably a mile or a mile and a half long, which some of us preferred to walk, but near the top of the hill we came to the Hudson County Boulevard, which we had not followed very far until its attractions were evident to us. The boulevard is a broad stretch of excellent road bed, almost as smooth as a track. When the wind is favorable to your course, it certainly affords great pleasure for a party of cyclists. In the vicinity of Weehawken or Union Hill the surroundings are not so very desirable, but there are some distant views of rare excellence. For instance, it is very interesting to look down from such a height over the beautiful North River, and get a somewhat distant view of your own great city. There are some hills, but not many, and none very steep. We passed through Hoboken, Marion, Jersey City, Greenville and Bayonne, and finally came to Bergen Point, where we found ourselves at the end of the boulevard and on the road of the Kill von Kull. We turned to the left, rode about two blocks to the ferry to Port Richmond, Staten Island. From Port Richmond to St. George it is about five miles. The road is fair. At St. George we took the ferry again to the Battery, and continued the journey from there up to Harlem with considerable pleasure, as the streets were comparatively free on that day. A better plan however for cyclists might be to cross to Brooklyn by South Ferry, or the East River, landing at Atlantic Ave. From that point the best road to Prospect Park is by Atlantic Ave., Clinton St., Schermerhorn St., Nevins St., Dean St., Flatbush Ave., Sixth Ave. and Lincoln or Berkeley Place—all the way is asphalt, except a few blocks of Atlantic Ave. and Nevins St. From Prospect Park the road is by the Eastern Boulevard and Bedford Ave., to Broadway, within three blocks of the 23d St. ferry, from which you can go to Madison Square, and continue your journey uptown. The cost of the ferries is thirty cents. Altogether the trip can be made a very pleasant one, and New Yorkers can get an idea of the surrounding suburban towns.

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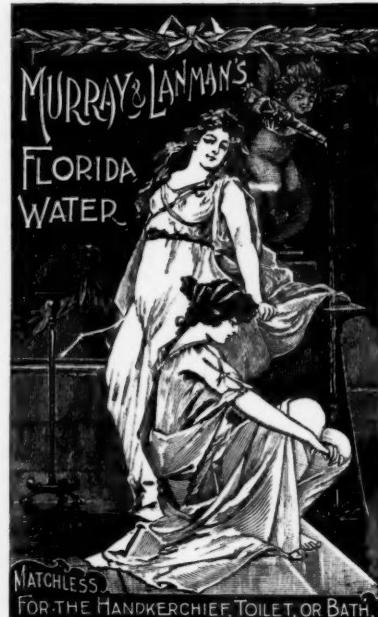
is again in service.

Leave Boston,	- - - - -	12.00 Noon
Due New York,	- - - - -	5.30 P. M.
Leave New York,	- - - - -	12.00 Noon
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Additional trains leave and arrive at each city—

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9.00 A. M. - - - Buffet Parlor Cars, - - -	3.30 P. M.
11.00 A. M. - - - Buffet Parlor Cars, - - -	5.20 P. M.
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France, or indeed any European country, if interested in this line, notice the vast difference in European methods of making roads from those in vogue in their own country. The writer, some time ago, spent a day very profitably watching the laying of a portion of a street in Paris, and of the sidewalk; and if he had seen only this one French art he would have been convinced that, however smart we may think ourselves to be, we have a great deal to learn from Europeans. In nothing is this more true than in this particular work of making roads. On reaching Germany a few days later, he sought an opportunity to study the German method. He noticed it resembled that of the Frenchmen very much, and was as thorough in every detail. The question of time does not enter the Frenchmen's consideration. No obstacle is allowed to stand in the way of perfection. There they enter upon the business of road-making as the great German scholars start their boys to get an education. I once heard a professor say that they spend weeks devouring the preface, the antecedents, the surroundings, and everything else pertaining to a book or a subject, before they enter on the book or subject proper. The same is true of their road-making. Here may be found the reason for the superiority of European roads over our American roads. They are built to endure. There is less expense in keeping them in order, and the pleasure to be derived from riding over them is in the ratio of about 20 to 1 when compared to our roads. The geometrical axiom that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points is rigidly observed by the European road-builder. As, for instance, if a big hill or a little mountain is in the way, they must get out of the way. It would be well for those who are making a study of road-building in this country, and before entering more fully on the great work of American road-building, which is soon to commence here, that our road engineers and all those who are to do the work, to spend a little time in France, Germany and England, and make thorough study of European methods. There is nothing in which cheapness is so expensive as in road-building, and if we continue our past and present methods, the American people will find themselves spending millions of money for results that will last only a few years, and necessitating similar expenditures periodically. Permanency is the great object in building. Dirt roads should disappear entirely. We are leading Europeans in a great many things, and there is no reason why we should not rise above them in this great art. We have enough deserts in this country without making our roads such in the summer, and enough marshes without making them such in the winter.

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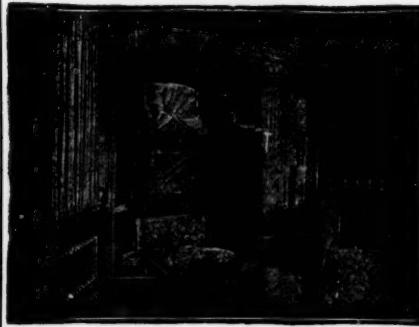


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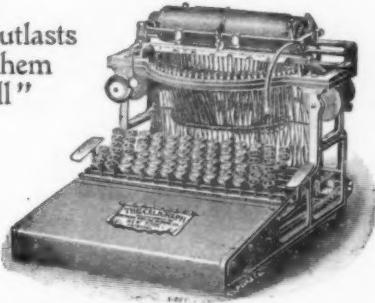
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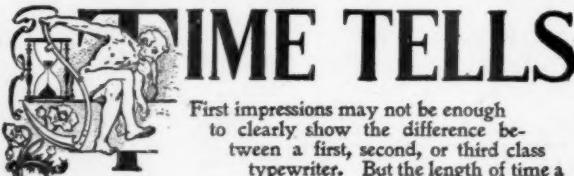


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